

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FREE NOVEL

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1935.



SYDNEY



VERSE BY P. DUNCAN-BROWN

DRAWING BY BOOTHROYD

White sails swelling in the silver wind
Where the circling sea birds fly,
Songs are rollicking,
Waves are frolicking,
And, oh! the blue of the sky.

CRUISE GIRL

Clean decks heaving in the ocean swell
Where the truant sunshafts lie,
With her love of ships
And her laughing lips
There the cruising girl sails by.

MARRIAGE

... at 6 a.m.

Unique New Year Wedding Plans!

Australia has been quoted as the land where, among other peculiar things, the people get married at 6 a.m.; but apart from Mildura, where the fact that the daily train to Melbourne left soon after 7 a.m. made it necessary to face the altar at an unearthly hour, no other Australian town can boast of weddings in the dewy dawn.

This week a wedding was planned to take place at 6 a.m. some thirty miles from Melbourne in St. Peter's Church of England, Mt. Eliza, though the bride's home is at Essendon, about five miles on the other side of the city.

WHEN asked why they chose such an inconvenient hour for their wedding, Miss Lorna Wannan and Mr. John Bechervaise said: "We want to be married in the loveliest hour of the day, and on January 3, the loveliest hour is six in the morning in the first beauty of the summer sunshine."

Apparently Miss Wannan, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Fourn Wannan, of Fletcher St., Essendon, does not mind rising early, for she planned to don her wedding finery at home long before the dawn and journey more than 30 miles, so that the ceremony could take place in the charming little church at Mt. Eliza.

The vicar at Mt. Eliza has Violet Teague to thank for being dragged out of bed so early. She is a friend of the bride and bridegroom, and they admire the altar piece that she painted for St. Peter's Church so much that they always promised themselves to be married there.

Miss Teague has also painted a portrait of Miss Wannan.

In keeping with the hour and the simple little church the bride and her attendants chose simple

organdie frocks and picture hats. The bride's frock is lemon, and the three bridesmaids—Phyllis Wannan, Marie Hitchcock, and Mary Bechervaise—chose tones of green, lemon, and apricot not unlike the delicate colors of the early summer morning.

Future Plans

THE wedding arrangements promised a long day, for Mr. and Mrs. Wannan issued invitations for a reception for older people to be held at their Essendon home in the afternoon, as well as for a young people's dance at Grosvenor, Toorak, at night.

Mr. Bechervaise is soon to take up a post at Geelong College, Geelong. Mr. P. Rolland, the headmaster, has brought back from England a new guild scheme, whereby the boys will be encouraged in their hobbies, arts and crafts, photography, pottery, hiking, rambling, and many other things.

Mr. Bechervaise is to take charge of the guild scheme, and he and his wife will be in residence at the House of Guild, in the college grounds.



A SKETCH of the Princess Marina in her bridal gown, sent specially to The Australian Women's Weekly by the England-Australia air mail, which arrived last Saturday. The gown, by Molyneux, was of white and silver brocade, with a design of English roses.

No 24

FACE POWDER

DEDICATED TO THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN—"No. 24" was first created for an exclusive English clientele, but its fame has spread far and wide through the fashion centres of the world. Eight perfect shades. . . . 1/6 LARGE BOX

A. & S. ATKINSON (AUSTRALIA) LTD

TELL US Your New Year Wish

£50 Must BE WON!

What is your New Year wish? It may win a cash prize of twenty-five guineas.

A wide variety of New Year wishes has been expressed by readers who are competing for the £50 in prizes offered by The Australian Women's Weekly for the best wishes expressed in a few words.

THE conditions are quite simple, and the competition is within the reach of all.

In this competition we will award the following prizes:

First prize of 25 guineas.
Second prize of five guineas.
Third prize of three guineas.
Thirty consolation prizes of half a guinea each for the 30 entries elected by the judges as next in order of merit.
The New Year wish may be a personal one, or it may relate to friends and

relatives, or to the world in general. It should not consist of more than 15 or 20 words, and be written on a sheet of notepaper with the name and address of the sender.

While it is not imperative that the wish should be confined to 20 words, readers who express their wish for the new year briefly will have a much better chance.

A COUNTRY reader sends in her entry as follows: "I wish for our beloved Commonwealth a return to prosperity

with employment for every man and woman, and a quick end to the sufferings of women and children caused through the world depression."

Another wish also comes from a country reader: "I wish for all my friends freedom from every form of pain and suffering from unhappiness and want, and a full measure of joy, gladness, and opportunities for serving each other every day of the new year."

"I wish for strength to assimilate whatever good or ill the year may bring, that its joys may be accepted with full appreciation, and its sorrows as the refiners' fire to ennoble the soul," is another entry.

You may be able to improve on these beautiful thoughts.

Entries should be forwarded so as to reach P.O. Box No. 137CC not later than 5 p.m. on January 10, when the competition will definitely close.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Women's Weekly photo.

Y.A.L. CHAPERON.

MISS EILEEN MACKAY, who is president of the Young Australia League, is conducting a party of about sixty girls from Melbourne and Sydney on a tour to Melbourne and Canberra.

Miss Mackay formerly was company chaperon to Melbourne and the Barrier Reef during expeditions in 1933, but this time she is head chaperon.

Her plans, after leaving Brisbane on December 29, included visiting Melbourne on January 3 with her charges, then, after joining a group of girls from West Australia, continuing on to Canberra.

As well as her Y.A.L. interests, Miss Mackay is a keen kindergartener.



SECRET SERVICE AGENT.

DOROTHY WARING, known also as "Secret Agent Number 89," has had an intrepid career as a foe of the Nazi organisation, and has now saved the "Deutsche Zeitung," a pro-Nazi organ, for one hundred thousand dollars. Miss Waring claims to have exposed Nazi plotting in the United States on behalf of a congressional committee, and the "Deutsche Zeitung" denies this. The "Deutsche Zeitung" declares that Miss Waring failed to obtain truly the secrets of Nazi propagandists while she was working as a spy for Congress.



—Dickinson-Macintosh.

MUSICIAN'S CLEVER BRIDE.

MADAME TOSSY SPIVAKOVSKY, who was married only a few weeks ago in Melbourne to the famous Russian violinist and member of the Spivakovsky Trio, which has been engaged in a series of broadcasts in Adelaide, is a charming and intellectual woman. She is German by birth, and speaks several other languages besides her native tongue, including French, Spanish, Portuguese, English, and Italian, and is now hoping to learn Russian from her husband. She is indeed a brilliant young woman, as her degree of Doctor of Philosophy will signify, and, like her husband, she is intensely fond of music, and is musical herself.

She completed her degree in Berlin only about a year ago, and afterwards went with her mother to live in Florence, which she made her headquarters during a tour which included most of the cities of culture in Europe, so that she is well versed in modern and ancient art and architecture.

IT Took FOUR MONTHS to Build the Royal Wedding Cake

When the Duke and Duchess of Kent were married, they celebrated the occasion at the wedding breakfast at Buckingham Palace with a wedding cake which has probably never been equalled in the history of cake-making.

Muriel Segal, our special representative in London, describes the months of work which went into its creation.



By Air Mail From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe.

TWO details especially interesting to Australians with regard to the great cake for the Royal wedding are that the hexagonal stand which supports the four stately tiers is made of Australian silky oak and that the top tier, which represents the British Empire, has a panel in beautiful coloring showing the arms of Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and India.

The cake took four months to prepare, and was designed by the two men you see in the picture. They are father and son, and the father is eighty years old.

The two men were sent to Greece by Huntley and Palmer, the well-known cake and biscuit manufacturers, who have made the cake.

It was decided that, the bride being a Greek Princess, it would be fitting to seek inspiration in Greece for the design of the cake. In any case, where is there any more beautiful architecture to serve as model than Greece?

Grecian Beauty

So every scroll and decorative pattern found on the cake is an exact copy of some of the masterpieces of delicate workmanship found in the temples of Greece. Thus the bridal cake reflects the symmetry and balance of beautiful Grecian art.

The cake is one of the finest examples of decorative skill produced in our generation.

The bottom tier shows beautifully-colored plaques depicting the Parthenon at Athens, the Acropolis, and other famous Grecian scenes, all exact copies of the scenes which were used to make the fringe of the Parthenon.

THE second tier is typically British, with beautiful hand-painted pictures of Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and



SHOWING THE Viking tier in compliment to Marina's Danish ancestry, and the crowning British Empire tier, which bears the Australian coat of arms in color.

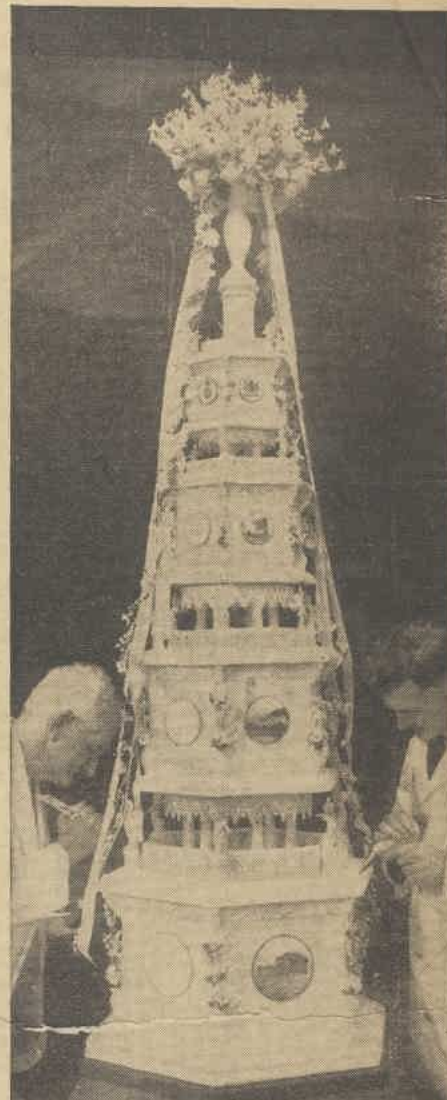
Balmoral, all reproduced on sugar.

The bas-relief sugar plaques show a statue of Eros and a statue of Peter Pan with a cupid holding a shield bearing the monogram "G&M."

Vikings and Viking ships are the theme of the third tier, in deference to the bride's Danish ancestry.

Crowning all comes the British Empire tier, with the arms of Australia in place of honor.

This enormous cake rivals in splendor any bridal cake which the world has ever seen. Portions were despatched far and near to friends of the various members of the British and Grecian Royal families, and to hospitals and orphanages and other charitable institutions which always benefit from our Royal Family's unending generosity.



IN THE BIG picture above is seen the "crowning tier" of the Duke and Duchess of Kent's wonderful wedding cake. The designers were sent to Greece

specially to consult Princess Marina and to obtain first-hand studies of Greek architecture for using on the cake. The men who designed and made the cake for a well-known English firm are father and son—the father is 80 years old, and has been making wedding cakes for half a century. He is seen at work with his son above.

Forget your Liver!

You shouldn't know you have a liver . . . or kidneys either. Their job of removing impurities from the blood stream should be carried out

quietly and efficiently . . . without ever reaching consciousness. When they begin sending unpleasant messages to the brain . . . through backaches or sleeplessness, biliousness, nerve trouble, rheumatism or sciatica . . . then you know a corrective is needed. Some such well proven remedy as Warner's Safe Cure.

Here is a letter from a grateful user of Warner's Safe Cure. It is one of hundreds of similar letters on our files.

"Some years ago I suffered from a complication of ailments arising from disordered liver and kidneys. I had frequent headaches, severe pains in my back and side, great nervousness, constipation and depression of spirits. My appetite seemed completely gone and I lacked energy. After trying various medicines I was induced to try Warner's Safe Cure with the result that I was soon thoroughly cured. I can now sleep and eat well, and am in the best of health."—Mr. H. Gillan, 31 Docker Street, Richmond, Vic.

Warners Safe Cure

Sold everywhere by chemists and storekeepers, in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated (non-alcoholic) form at 2/9.

HORROR News Reels Must be STOPPED

British Home-Office Acts to Protect English Public

There has been such a public outcry in England against horror newsreels that the British Home Office has taken steps to ban them.

It is high time something was done in Australia, but public opinion is not yet strong enough to influence the censor.

Following the screening of the ghastly picture showing the shooting of King Alexander, The Australian Women's Weekly attacked horror films of this kind in an editorial and many women wrote endorsing our point of view. In America the people evidently revel in newsreel horrors, and the camera-men who take them are lauded as heroes.

IN the near future we will know whether Australia is going to follow America in encouraging news reel horrors, or whether we are going to ban them, as in England.

Great Britain has only just taken this important step to protect its cinema audiences from gruesome exploitation of the worst side of life.

Australia has yet to make its decision. The Censorship Board has to be guided by public opinion, in such a matter. The fact that people swarm to see these horror news reels is not necessarily a sign that the public likes them, and it is certainly not a sign that they are good for the public.

Morbid curiosity will attract a crowd round a street accident in the same way, but that's no reason why we should encourage such curiosity.

In a report to the Home Secretary in England, before action was taken, The Film Censorship Consultant Committee stated:

"There may be a great difference between the effects produced by a picture on the screen and by a description in a newspaper, and it is necessary, in order that the susceptibilities of the public may not be offended, that this fact should be taken into account in the presentation of pictures and commentary."

Commenting on the situation Mr. Creswell O'Reilly, film censor, says: "Australia will not necessarily follow any lead on Great Britain's part. If our Censorship were to coincide with that of Great Britain, what would be the point of our having a separate censor of our own?"

Moreover, while he is not prepared to comment upon any particular newsreel, Mr. O'Reilly says "every type of film, including, of course, the newsreels, is first passed before the censor."

All those films which have been shown in Sydney have, therefore, first been approved by Mr. O'Reilly.

Nevertheless, the public is not always compelled to accept Mr. O'Reilly's verdict

as the last word, unless it agrees with him.

A Sydney Government official who is very interested in the Censorship says that if the public when it disapproves of any film or any type of film were to write to the Chief Secretary, an inquiry would probably be made by the Chief Secretary or his representatives, including, probably, the police. This has already happened in the past, when protests have been received regarding certain films.

Police Opinion

Mr. Childs, N.S.W. Police Commissioner, says:

"I am strongly of the opinion that the presentation of an actual murder, or an actor's conception of what takes place during any particular murder, is something which would better be left un-presented."

"Doubtless pictures afford an opportunity of giving our people, and particularly our young people, a wider idea of what happens in other parts of the world, but this shouldn't be abused."

Mr. Swainson, secretary of the Y.M.C.A. and a foundation member of the Australian Film Society, says:—

"Nothing is gained from the standpoint of the imagination by showing newsreel 'horrors' for most of us have a sufficiently strong imagination to be able to realise the unhappy facts of life without their being portrayed. Sensitive minds, too, and particularly young minds, may be so affected by scenes of death or disaster that they may receive an impression that will not be easily eradicated. It would be to the public's good were such films not shown. Also, box office receipts might benefit, for if people feel they may see pictures of things they would shrink from seeing they may stay away altogether."

While Australians seem divided on the question as to whether horror newsreels should be allowed or not, America is quite definite about accepting them.

The American Way

Here's an account, republished word for word, from "Time," one of America's most respectable journals. It deals with the King Alexander assassination:

"No complete view of an assassination—before, during and after the act—was ever caught by the camera lens until last fortnight at Marseilles. The heroes were the newsreels."

The stage could not have been set more neatly. Press agents for the Quai d'Orsay, eager that the visit of King Alexander to France get wide publicity, gave the cameramen carte blanche. Eight U.S. and European newsreel crews, some with sound trucks,



LADY BADEN-POWELL, wife of the famous originator of the Boy Scout Movement, is Chief of Girl Guides. She gives a special greeting to Australian women through The Australian Women's Weekly.

were allowed to swarm so close to the King and French Foreign Minister Barthou that an intruder would never have been noticed.

"As the automobile carrying Alexander and M. Barthou moved out of range of the sound trucks at the quay, cameramen seized portable machines and trotted after it. There they were when a man jumped on the running board of the car and opened fire. A French cameraman fell with a bullet in his leg."

"Paramount's close-up camera was kicked over in the melee. Fox Movie-tone's George Mejer ground away as the police hacked down the assassin, then fought to the side of the car for closeups of the dying king, wriggled away to focus on the bleeding assassin, and a closeup of his gun. Before the eyes of a half-dozen cameras, the assassin was trampled to death by the

crowd, and bystanders fell before a wild fusillade of police bullets."

"The newsreel crews rushed their precious films to Paris by air, hoping to catch the Bremen or Aquitania about to sail for the U.S. To their indescribable rage, the films were seized at Le Bourget Airport and at Cherbouy on orders of the Surete Nationale, because supposedly the pictures vividly illustrated lack of police protection for Alexander. After two days of wrangling, the French authorities finally released the films in time to catch the George Washington, due in Manhattan that week. Universal Newsreel barely overtook the steamer at sea, dropped its films from an airplane to the deck."

Meanwhile some reels, including Paramount's and Universal's, had been smuggled across the Channel to London, and were being shown throughout the British Isles.

"NO BOTHER WITH HER NOW" - - - -

says M. A. W. Kergunyah



Laxettes are admirable for children—they are not habit-forming—do not place unnecessary strain on growing bodies, nor weaken sensitive intestinal muscles. Adults, too, will find Laxettes a blessing. Every Laxette is a prescription compounded by chemists of the highest degree of skill. Make certain that you secure genuine square Laxettes, with the name on every tin and tablet. In tins only, 1/6 at all chemists.

SAMPLE

We will send you a free sample. Write your name and address here, and post to The Laxette Manufacturing Company, Dept. WW Melbourne, C.I.

Name _____

Address _____

LAXETTES

FOR INTESTINAL WORMS
Use Baxter's Worm Tablets

If unobtainable from your chemist write The Laxette Mfg. Co., Melbourne.

LADY Baden-Powell's Special Message to WOMEN

Guiding Is Not a Game; Real Work for Girls!

In a special message of greeting to Australian women, Lady Baden-Powell, who arrived in Melbourne last week, said: "I am tremendously glad to be back in Australia because I have such pleasant memories of my last tour in 1931. Australian women are so friendly that one immediately feels at ease. I have kept in close touch with my Guide friends in Australia, and when I arrived it was like coming home."

"I am very glad to find that on the whole the Guide movement has progressed in quality as well as quantity. We could double our numbers if only more of the clever, capable, wide-minded younger women would join the movement and help to play the game which has such great possibilities for useful work for the oncoming generation."

"I WISH they could realise what opportunities there are in giving up more selfish interests to devote themselves to a movement that provides so much valuable training for themselves and such splendid service for their younger sisters."

"Guiding is not merely a game for children, but is a definite world movement inculcating the high ideals of patriotism and service which are bound to have fruitful results when implanted in the young mind."

"The character of a nation is based on the character of the individual and the Guide movement helps every type of girl and woman to get the best out of herself and out of life."

"The homecraft aspect is particularly important, because in spite of the many avenues open to her in the world, a woman's job is still definitely that of home-making, the care of her menfolk, and eventually the care of her own children."

"I would like to pay my tribute to the fine self-sacrificing work of all the Guiders who are giving their time and energy to work for their younger sisters. It is their magnificent efforts which are making the movement so successful. But we want more of them and I am convinced there are many more fine young women who could and should help them."

A Mother, Too!

AS the mother of two daughters Lady Baden-Powell is very interested in the problems of parents in all the countries she visits.

"Bringing up children is one of the most difficult tasks facing any woman. When they are babies we worry about their bodies, at school age about their brains, and later their hearts. The task was never more difficult than it is at present when conditions have changed

so much, and so much is done for children."

"We of the present generation are tempted to spoil our children, to give them too much enjoyment, and too many luxuries, not realising that we are destroying their zest for living, even making them bored in their early youth, and are taking away their initiative, and their resourcefulness, and tending to make them too selfish."

"One of the serious defects in our social system to-day is selfishness, and we can only counteract it by implanting the idea of selflessness and consideration of other people."

SMILING and happy, a tall, brown-eyed woman arrived in Melbourne this week. On the way from England, the world Chief Guide, sister of thousands of Guiders throughout the Empire, met huge assemblies of Guiders and Scouts at ports on the route, and said it was like greeting more members of the family at each stop.

Lady Baden-Powell will go to South Australia with her husband and daughters on January 17, and will sail from Sydney on January 26 for New Zealand. They will spend May and June in Canada and Newfoundland, and after a visit to U.S.A. will return to England, leaving for Sweden in July for the big Rover Meet. In October they will sail for Africa, Egypt, and Kenya, and return to England in May, 1936.

OF COURSE It Isn't LOVE

THAT was what everybody said about Peg Harmon and Lord Brayton. For in spite of the fact that he was extraordinarily attractive and the girl so pretty that she was accustomed to facing a circle of males wherever she went, how could love feature in an affair between an American heiress and an English peer?



"I dear," said the large woman in the purple dress to her friend in the mauve hat, "don't be a naïve. Love? Aren't you funny?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said her friend in the mauve hat, in the tone which the nicest ladies use when they wish to appear tolerant, large-minded, while all the while they are secretly agreeing with the doubtful side of a choice bit of gossip.

"Well, I do!" said the large woman in the purple dress.

In her very positiveness she echoed the sentiments of a great many others.

For how could love feature in an affair between an American heiress and an English peer?

They met in a drawing-room in London.

When Peg had soliloquized thoughtfully one morning at breakfast that she would like to go abroad shortly, to England particularly, because there, in London, was a Mrs. Stanford, who had been Peg's mother's friend, and whose letter assured Peg of a warmly affectionate welcome and a good time, Peg's aunt had looked up from her well-filled plate and sighed:

"Oh, Peg, my dear, you are always so sudden!"

But her father said, suspending a bit of bacon nicely balanced on his fork two inches from his mouth:

"Mind, now, Peg, don't bring one of these lords or something home with you. You won't get a cent!"

"No, darling, I won't," she said, sweetly. "But if I did, you'd love him, huh?"

Peg had no idea, that night in the drawing-room, that she was going to meet John Evelyn Estes, Lord Brayton.

John had been a disappointment to his family. He had been expected to grow up to be a fair, highly-colored giant like his father, and his father's father, and his father's father's father;

My Favorite Poem

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind.
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot,
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not,
—Shakespeare.

Sent in by Miss M. O'Belly,
Bartondy Station, River Darling,
N.S.W.

and to hunt and ride and be passionately fond of the country according to tradition. Instead of which John had turned out to be an amusing, amusement-loving city-dweller, tall, but wiry, olive-skinned, and with dark hair and eyes; had wasted his time at Oxford on nineteenth-century literature; and had disgraced his father for ever by writing a poem and nearly having it published.

He was genuinely sorry when his father died, but that did not prevent him from enjoyment, being completely on his own in London, albeit, somewhat limited as to funds. He cheerfully admitted that he was disgustingly close to being penniless, but friends were many and invitations ditto—so why worry?

He loved listening gravely to advice on the necessity of his marrying well—and went undisturbed on his own sweet way. He even went so far as to promise his aunt that he would be specially "nice" to the beautiful American about whom he had been told.

One look at Peg sufficed to inform John that being especially "nice" to her would not be difficult. Putting on his most agreeable expression, he plotted the shortest, which was the straightest, course, and followed it to Peg's side.

"Peg," murmured Mrs. Stanford, "let me present my nephew, Lord Brayton. John, Miss Harmon."

Peg did not look higher than his tie when she murmured:

"How do you do?"

He was just one more man.

But she hadn't counted on Mrs. Stanford. That lady was a clever aunt and more than skilful at tactful

manoeuvres. So that, had Peg been suspicious she would have noticed at once the unspoken, politely disregarded conspiracy to leave her and Lord Brayton alone together—at least for several successive moments at a time. As it was, she wondered—and looked at John with disfavor.

He set out to be his most entertaining self, sure of winning a pleased smile from this charming young person.

His efforts, alas, were in vain; Peg thought he was silly. She wished someone would come and take him away. She could have wept. She had dreamed so of the drawing-room in London—the brilliant conversation, her own success.

The evening had just begun to prove itself amusing, with herself in a usual scene surrounded by admiring men, when this Lord Brayton appeared. And now, now, she who was so accustomed to face a circle of fatuous males wherever she consented to go, could draw nothing better than this—this amiable idiot.

With a thinly-veiled politeness, she made some vague excuse, and, rising, left John. To her right were french windows which opened on to a tiny balcony. Without looking at him, or saying one further word, she took this opportunity and went out on to the balcony.

John stared after with amazed eyes, his agreeable mask askew. For the first time in his life he had been snubbed by a girl—and he didn't like it. When Lord Brayton so signally tried to be amusing, the least a girl could do was smile. Usually the smile was enhanced by brightened eyes and coquettish little motions of feminine hands.

But perhaps this other was a form of American invitation. He followed Peg out on to the balcony. His aunt watched him, and smiled. Little she knew.

Peg stood to one side of the balcony, leaning back where vines were thickly matted, looking vaguely into space.

She became aware of a masculine

presence, and, turning her head, blinked at John.

"Oh, it's you!" she said absently, but not hostilely.

Nevertheless, John knew instantly that the other had not been a form of invitation. He was annoyed. He would go back at once, he thought, and let the fire of his wrath play in gently sarcastic flames. He had every intention of doing so.

But the curve of Peg's cheek—so distinct against the black shadows of the matting leaves, was very distracting, following its smooth line to her chin and flowing into the white column of her throat. Her hair gleamed dully in the half-light, like old-gold. Her dress was shaded into purple by the night, and splashed into brilliant color by the light streaming out from behind them. The arm turned away from his glowed palely, like marble in twilight, the other held warm tints of flesh.

How much better, thought John, to teach this girl the pleasure of his company rather than leave her to her own devices.

"Aren't you chilly out here?" he asked in the pleasant English voice which had fallen on Peg's ears so unheeded before.

Peg meant to say, coolly, just:

"No."

She had already turned, and her lips had already formed for the monosyllable, when for the first time that night she saw John as John, not as Lord Brayton.

For the space of a moment or two she met his eyes in silence. Then she lifted her chin in a little impulsive gesture she had—and smiled. John was certainly glad he had decided to stay.

"Do forgive me," said Peg in her most charming manner.

"I've been most awfully rude to you, haven't I?" she crooned remorsefully.

"It—it is—ah—chilly out here for you, you know?" said John brilliantly, because he could think of nothing else to say.

Peg giggled, and John laughed—because her chuckle had been so infectious. Then they went inside and found a million and one things to talk about.

The following day John took Peg to tea and was introduced to her aunt; the day after that they had dinner together.

At the end of the first week he kissed her—and was slapped. At the end of the second week he kissed her—and was roundly denounced. At the end of the third week he kissed her—and again and again, and again.

They both completely forgot that all Peg's friends were being highly entertained by the tableau of their Peg and a grocer's boy engaged in an ineffable embrace—both sitting in the dust and somewhat entangled with a bicycle and a basket.

Illustrated by FISCHER

Complete Story BY Alice Altschuler

Peg sent a cablegram humming across the Atlantic.

"Dear lamb Stop Would you really mind if I brought home a lord."

The answer came snapping back promptly:

"Not a cent."

Then cables flew west and east:

"Who cares."

"Wait and see."

"Scenery grand."

"Don't be a fool, Peg."

"Don't be stuffy, darling."

And the last:

"Don't forget there are two years before you are twenty-one Stop Come home at once."

And it was that cablegram which gave Peg to think. For on the day she received it she overheard rather more than was intended for her to hear.

John's friends were not unkind, and they liked Peg, but it was inevitable that the "affair" between him and the lovely American should form a good part of the general conversation, the consensus being that John was doing wonderfully. And it was inevitable that two or three girls who would have given much to possess John should drop an acid flavor into the conversation by means of a lifted eyebrow and a tight, amused little smile—an indignant expression which implies the worst without a word.

"At any rate," Peg heard one feminine voice laugh lightly, that afternoon of the cablegram, "Johnny isn't doing badly at all. He is playing a lucky game, isn't he?"

But then, Johnny knows! All that money, and . . . She's quite pretty, don't you think?" Peg could positively see the slanted brow, the puckered smile.

"Do you remember that awful one—Miss What-was-her-name?—who set her cap at him?"

Peg, who was running her powder-puff over her face before going down to play bridge, snapped to attention, her eyes narrowing, her nostrils quivering.

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She went downstairs and played an excellent game, more unhappy than she had ever been in her life.

"If they think what they do"—the thought crept into her brain indolently, unwanted—"there must be others who think the same thing. Oh, it isn't true what they meant, it isn't! He loves me, he loves me!"

She triumphed her opponent's ace of diamonds with vicious enjoyment, some detached part of her mind marvelling that she could play so well with this torture raging within her.

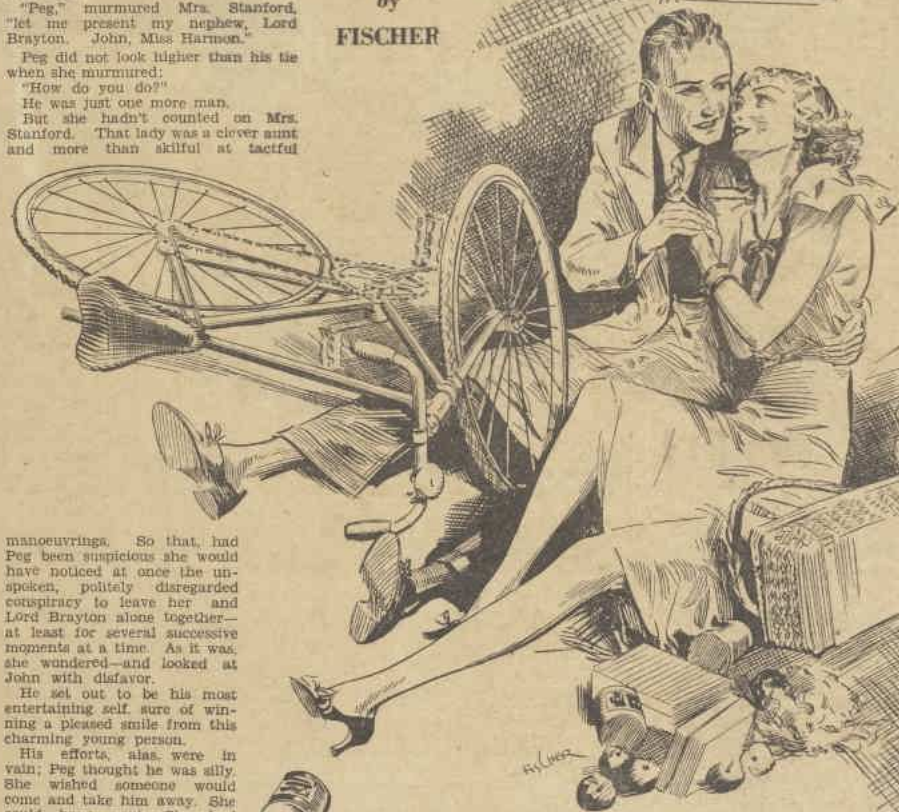
"Shall I phone him?" she wondered. "But that would be horrible. How can I know—for sure? Oh, Peg Harmon, where's your faith? But I must know, I must! Shall I have it out with him, face to face? But I shall be tactless, I'm sure of it! And I'll hurt him. I'll write him a note!"

So, with a fine appearance of carelessness, she dashed off a note to be delivered by messenger, a note that was not achieved until after twenty-odd efforts at writing it—a gay, defiant, cocked-hat sort of note, it was, and clever.

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Illustrated by FISCHER



They both completely forgot that all Peg's friends were being highly entertained by the tableau of their Peg and a grocer's boy engaged in an ineffable embrace—both sitting in the dust and somewhat entangled with a bicycle and a basket.

presence, and, turning her head, blinked at John.

"Oh, it's you!" she said absently, but not hostilely.

Nevertheless, John knew instantly that the other had not been a form of invitation. He was annoyed. He would go back at once, he thought, and let the fire of his wrath play in gently sarcastic flames. He had every intention of doing so.

But the curve of Peg's cheek—so distinct against the black shadows of the matting leaves, was very distracting, following its smooth line to her chin and flowing into the white column of her throat. Her hair gleamed dully in the half-light, like old-gold. Her dress was shaded into purple by the night, and splashed into brilliant color by the light streaming out from behind them. The arm turned away from his glowed palely, like marble in twilight, the other held warm tints of flesh.

How much better, thought John, to teach this girl the pleasure of his company rather than leave her to her own devices.

"Aren't you chilly out here?" he asked in the pleasant English voice which had fallen on Peg's ears so unheeded before.

Peg meant to say, coolly, just:

"No."

She had already turned, and her lips had already formed for the monosyllable, when for the first time that night she saw John as John, not as Lord Brayton.

For the space of a moment or two she met his eyes in silence. Then she lifted her chin in a little impulsive gesture she had—and smiled. John was certainly glad he had decided to stay.

"Do forgive me," said Peg in her most charming manner.

"I've been most awfully rude to you, haven't I?" she crooned remorsefully.

"It—it is—ah—chilly out here for you, you know?" said John brilliantly, because he could think of nothing else to say.

Peg giggled, and John laughed—because her chuckle had been so infectious. Then they went inside and found a million and one things to talk about.

The following day John took Peg to tea and was introduced to her aunt; the day after that they had dinner together.

At the end of the first week he kissed her—and was slapped. At the end of the second week he kissed her—and was roundly denounced. At the end of the third week he kissed her—and again and again, and again.

They both completely forgot that all Peg's friends were being highly entertained by the tableau of their Peg and a grocer's boy engaged in an ineffable embrace—both sitting in the dust and somewhat entangled with a bicycle and a basket.

Illustrated by FISCHER

Complete Story BY Alice Altschuler

Peg sent a cablegram humming across the Atlantic.

"Dear lamb Stop Would you really mind if I brought home a lord."

The answer came snapping back promptly:

"Not a cent."

Then cables flew west and east:

"Who cares."

"Wait and see."

"Scenery grand."

"Don't be a fool, Peg."

"Don't be stuffy, darling."

And the last:

"Don't forget there are two years before you are twenty-one Stop Come home at once."

And it was that cablegram which gave Peg to think. For on the day she received it she overheard rather more than was intended for her to hear.

John's friends were not unkind, and they liked Peg, but it was inevitable that the "affair" between him and the lovely American should form a good part of the general conversation, the consensus being that John was doing wonderfully. And it was inevitable that two or three girls who would have given much to possess John should drop an acid flavor into the conversation by means of a lifted eyebrow and a tight, amused little smile—an indignant expression which implies the worst without a word.

"At any rate," Peg heard one feminine voice laugh lightly, that afternoon of the cablegram, "Johnny isn't doing badly at all. He is playing a lucky game, isn't he?"

But then, Johnny knows! All that money, and . . . She's quite pretty, don't you think?" Peg could positively see the slanted brow, the puckered smile.

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Peg, who was running her powder-puff over her face before going down to play bridge, snapped to attention, her eyes narrowing, her nostrils quivering.

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Please turn to Page 38

The PARTY

Alice was always a substitute when someone else had fallen out of a party. It is not much fun to be the odd one—and happiness, it seems, lights only on people in pairs.



THE telephone rang just as Alice opened the front door at six o'clock. She went at once and took down the receiver.

"Yes?"

Jenny Sterret's voice came over the wire in a high shrill of excitement.

"Alice, thank goodness you're at home! My dear, will you help me out to-night? If you don't say 'Yes' I'm a lost soul! Can you come?"

Alice considered for the briefest second. She was tired after a hard day in the office. But she thought a trifle bitterly, who was she to refuse the social crumbs that fell from Jenny's gay table?

"Yes, I can, Jenny. What is it—bridge?"

"Alice, you angel! Oh, my dear, it's all such a mess, and I thought it was going to be such fun. I invited ten couples for a scavenging party."

"A what?"

"A scavenging party. You know—a big treasure hunt. You must have heard of them. They're absolutely the latest thing. And no one has had one in Glenwood yet. So everything was arranged for to-night, when Tom telephoned from the office at four."

Jenny caught her breath and then plunged on.

"It seems that a Mr. MacIntosh, a frightfully important man from the North, has come to town to-day, and Tom felt he absolutely had to do something for him to to-night, so he must needs invite him to dinner—and me with three lamb chops to be eaten off the kitchen table—and the hunt on my hands! If Mr. MacIntosh were only married I could make him understand. But he isn't. And Tom says he's very dignified, and reserved, and intellectual, and we must make him enjoy it somehow."

A tiny smile crept to the edge of Alice's mouth, the faintest color to her cheeks. The thought of an attractive unattached man was stimulating.

And then Jenny was hurrying on:

"The trouble is this, Alice. When they all get here, everybody just simply snatches partners and dashes off. Now, since this Mr. MacIntosh is so dignified and all that, he really ought to be paired off with somebody awfully vivacious; don't you think so, Alice? And so I'm going to try to edge Millicent Upton towards him. And Alice—to get things going properly—Tom's going to ask you. You see, Toby Monroe's had a sprained ankle, and he can't drive yet. So he's staying at the house with me to check up the things when you all get back."

Jenny paused and laughed nervously.

"I think I'm being an awfully brave wife to send you out with Tom, when he admires you so much! Oh, yes, he'll call for you at eight-thirty sharp. Alice, you are a lamb! Good-bye."

Alice hung up the receiver and then sat very still at the desk.

After a while, of course, she might be amused—but not just now. Jenny had not deceived her. At this party, as at all the others, she would be merely the odd one, the filler-in. Jenny wouldn't trust her to entertain the important young man. She had to be wished on Tom to ensure the success of the occasion.

For one burning minute she decided to call Jenny back, to say coolly and decisively:

"Awfully sorry, old dear, but I've just remembered another engagement for to-night. So careless of me to have forgotten!"

Just like that.

But she didn't.

Instead, she walked slowly up to her room and sat down by the window.



Illustrated by
FISCHER

In the midst of them stood the two lovers, curiously silent, with the light of their happiness spread shamelessly upon their faces.

She looked out at the pleasant tree-lined street and at the houses showing lights through the early dusk. In each one dwelt a man and a woman. In a place like Glenwood there was simply no place for such an anomaly as an unmarried female of thirty.

It seemed as though happiness could never be individual. It must light upon people in pairs.

She heard the door below open and close. That would be her brother Will and Hester, his wife.

Alice ran her fingers through her thick chestnut hair and rose slowly to her feet. There wasn't much time if she was to be ready by half-past eight. She went to the head of the stairs.

"Jenny Sterret has just telephoned," Alice called out. "She wants me to go over to-night. She's having a scavenging party."

Will was already at the foot of the stairs on his way up. Hester appeared behind him.

"Leave it to Jenny," Will was saying. "She won't let Glenwood get behind the times if she can help it."

"The thing that bothers me," Alice went on, "is what the best-dressed women wear to a scavenging party. I forgot to ask Jenny."

Will grinned as he climbed the stairs.

"Knowing Jenny's set, I should say your doggiest evening dress. If they have to extract anything from a dust-

bin they want to be clad in ermine while they're doing it! More dramatic, you know."

"I believe you're right," Alice said, turning back to her room. Will leaned against the doorway, watching his sister with affectionate eyes.

"As a matter of fact, Alice, I'm glad you know Jenny Sterret at school. It gives you an entrée into an amusing set here. I'm afraid it's dull for you most of the time. You were always used to a good time in the old days. Well, I hope Jenny has a nice man in tow for you to-night."

Alice managed a rather twisted laugh over her shoulder as she looked at her wardrobe. That last speech of Will's had hurt. A homesick qualm that she could not fight down threatened to get the best of her. In the old days she had been so secure so sure of herself. She had always been popular, one of the innermost group. There were always men about, especially Henry, who had been in love with her.

Good old Henry! But she couldn't

marry him, somehow. She had never really been in love, but there had seemed no need of haste in the old days. Life was so good as it was, until such time as—Then her father had gone suddenly; finances had been in a muddle; the old home was sold, and she had come to Glenwood to live with Will and Hester.

And suddenly, before she knew it, she was a different person. A rather quiet young woman of thirty who worked in an office by day, and was the odd girl at Jenny Sterret's gay parties when any of the wives couldn't come!

"I hate Glenwood!" she said savagely, as she turned on her bath water. "I feel archaic here. And this is the last time I'm going to Jenny's, so that's that!"

She felt a little better as she dressed. Her prettiness was the kind that responds quickly to the invigorating effects of the toilet. She chose a simple dinner dress of golden brown which she had bought because it so exactly matched her hair and eyes. She

in his later thirties, with dark hair and serious eyes.

Jenny had him in tow and Millicent Upton hovered near. Alice could see her making eyes at the newcomer as she made her usual silly jokes. The stranger was smiling and saying nothing.

Suddenly, as the last couple entered, Tom clapped his hands and shouted the directions, while Jenny and Toby Monroe, who was remaining with her, passed round sheets of paper to the men.

"Now, listen, all of you! Time's the important thing. As soon as you've got your list, grab any girl except your wife and make for your car. Don't wait to read the lists here. Do it as you go. Get the items on the list in any way you can. Beg, borrow or steal it. Only get it! And the first couples back with the articles win the prizes. Now, hurry, everybody. Off you go!"

It was at this point that things began to go wrong. Nellie Cabot, who could always be counted upon to put her foot in it, called out:

"Who's driving Toby's car if he isn't going?"

"I am," Tom said. "I'm giving my car to Mr. MacIntosh."

Nellie made a clutch at Tom.

"You're my partner, then. Come on! Toby's car is the best of the lot! Come on, Tom! Let's go!"

Tom gave a baffled backward glance, but he hadn't a chance. He disappeared through the front door with Nellie. There followed a mad scramble, through which couple after couple clutched each other and made a noisy exit. Over their heads Alice could see Jenny fluttering about her prize guest and nervously looking from him to Millicent Upton, who, with her sleek black hair and scarlet-bowed lips, was evidently putting forth plenty of effort on her own account.

But the stranger, Alice saw, was standing, like herself, rather as a spectator, making no move to find himself a partner. In three more minutes the room had emptied.

"Come on, Millicent. Let's be on our way," John Cabot called, and Millicent, with one flicker of an eyelid toward Jenny, went.

In the big drawing-room there were left only Jenny and Toby, the promoters of the hunt, the strange young

By
Agnes Sligh
TURNBULL

man, who apparently would not be hurried, and Alice.

Mr. MacIntosh crossed the room toward Alice. Beside him Jenny scurried, her face in a panic.

"Oh Alice, this is Mr. MacIntosh! I—really—this hunt was probably a daft idea! If I had only known in time that you could be here, Mr. MacIntosh, I would have planned a dinner-party and bridge. You would probably—perhaps, even now, you would rather—"

"Not at all. I think this is going to be great fun. Will you be my partner?" He looked at Alice.

She knew her face was flushing under Jenny's eyes.

"Of course," she said hastily.

Jenny followed them to the door.

"Alice, you know the streets and the roads fairly well, don't you? I do hope you'll have good luck—I hope you'll—"

Her voice trailed after them as they got into the car.

WHEN they had started down the street, MacIntosh spoke in a rather puzzled tone.

"Do I look as dangerous as all that? Mrs. Sterret didn't seem to like the idea of trusting you to my care for the evening. I assure you I'm a very harmless chap."

Alice gave an hysterical little laugh. After all, she would never see him again. Why not tell him the truth? It would at least set Jenny right as far as he was concerned.

Her voice had the faintest bit of edge, but some of the laughter remained, too.

"You were quite wrong about Jenny. The thing that bothered her was that I was wished on you by circumstances instead of a much more amusing lady. You see, she wanted to be sure you would be entertained."

"And she doubted your qualifications?"

Alice could feel that he was smiling. A nice smile, she knew from his tone. She felt her own lips curving a bit more naturally.

"Oh, absolutely! I'm quite out of the running these days. The gayer they all are, the quieter I become. It's terrible. So I'm only used as a 'substitute.'"

He did not reply, and she went on.

"I may as well make a clean breast of it while I'm about it. There was another reason, I know, why Jenny wouldn't have chosen me to be your partner for the evening. You see, Jenny's set prides itself on having the modern attitude about everything, and that includes a little love-making. They're all sound enough, really. What's a kiss or two under a moon like

By a Girl of 17—

Broken Phantoms

I was so very young when first
you came,
So very innocent, so very gay;
But now my youth is but a hollow
name
For something you have stolen
all away.
You taught me things I did not
care to know,
You trampled down my little
youthful pride,
You left me puzzled, haunting to
and fro,
Until my laughter trembled
low, and died.
And now I see beyond the dark
of night,
Like some pale shadows of a
weary moon,
Small, broken phantoms, foolish
in their flight—
The dreams of one who grew
old all too soon!
—YVONNE WEBB.

this? You know the idea. Well, they've found out I'm no good at that sort of thing."

"So you really belong to the old school of 'ask-me-to-marry-you-first-and-kiss-me-afterwards'?"

Alice didn't answer for a minute. He was making fun of her, of course. Who wouldn't, after all she had said? She wished she had held her tongue. For she liked him. Strange how one could feel a personality even in the darkness.

She liked the set of his square shoulders, the line of his face, the look of his strong, bare hands on the wheel. But she had no reply. She tried to keep her voice light.

"Well, perhaps I do. Every generation has its throw-backs."

Please turn to Page 76

WHEN A-Fishing WE DO GO!

Mixing the Anchors With the Hooks

Have you ever been out with a fisherman? Don't blush; I mean out with a fisherman to fish. It's marvellous.

Having made all necessary arrangements about who's going to pay for the beer and sandwiches, the fisherman says, "Righto, then. I'll call for you to-morrow morning." At some unholy hour in the night when you're just about getting to sleep he calls. "Great Scot!" he gasps. "Aren't you up yet!"

YOU drag yourself out of bed, cursing softly but steadily, and get dressed. In the hallway is a mass of rods, reels, landing-nets, gaffs, hooks, sinkers, baskets, harpoons... everything except the boat.

"Just wait till we get on to the grounds!" he says enthusiastically, "I'll show you some fishing!"

You wonder dully why he is going to fish on the ground, but still being only half awake, you decide that it doesn't matter.

You eventually get to the place where the boat is moored. He gets into the boat and you pass the gear to him. Then you get into the boat. He yells, "Look out, you damfool! DONT! You'll have us both in! Take your foot off the sandwiches!" and a few things like that.

Then when you've got your head out from underneath the seat, you sit down and he takes the oars. After he has rowed for about a quarter of an hour, he says, "Did you get the bait?"

You gaze at him with your big, round, blue eyes and say, "What bait?"

He goes mad and groans and gnashes his teeth and curses out real loud. Then



Lower and Wep weep over a fish story.

Baiting the Hook

AT last you arrive. "Put the kellick down at your end," he says. You wonder what a kellick looks like, and you pick up something and ask, "Is this it?" He moans and says, "No, you silly so-and-so, that's the landing net." He points out the kellick and you throw it over and nearly fall out of the boat, and then you get out your fishing lines.

Having got the hook well plastered with bait, you stand up in the boat with the intention of hurling the line at least part

of the way to Tasmania. You whirl it around your head, the bait flies off the hook, the hook catches in your trouser leg, and the cork with the line on it falls into the water.

While he is explaining why you shouldn't stand up to throw your line out, you retrieve your line, pass it over to him, and say: "Would you

By

L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost
-- HUMORIST --

Illustrated by WEP

mind untangling this for me, please?"

You gather from his reply that you'd better untangle it yourself. After a few attempts you come to the conclusion that it would be easier to throw it out knots and all. This means that you've only got about five feet of line, but you console yourself with the thought that you won't have so far to haul the fish into the boat.

Not a Fish

As a matter of fact, you don't haul any fish into the boat. You just sit there getting sunburnt, hauling your line up now and then to see that the bait is still safe, and wishing you'd brought a cushion to sit on.

This goes on for hours, and at last you say: "Ronald, don't you think we ought to be getting home?"

"Why," he exclaims, "we haven't started yet."

You say, "I know. That's why I think we ought to go home."

You start to pull up your line. He suddenly says, "Ssh! I've got a bite!" You stop winding. "By Gosh! I've got something here," he says as he pulls it in.

And he has, too.

He's caught the bunch of knots on your line, and now his line has almost as many knots as yours. If you are wise, you will immediately dive overboard at this stage and swim like mad.

Personally, I think this fishing business is over-boomed.

DOUBLE the RIGHT Way in CONTRACT!

Informatory Penalty Doubles

THERE is a certain very pugnacious type of player who just loves to make a vindictive slam double. There are few calls so gratifying to the bridge addict—and few which so often resemble the well-known process of cutting off one's nose to discomfit one's face.

As I have often pointed out, the non-informatory type of double is often most informative, and proper allowance for this fact should be made before taking the fatal plunge. The double may steer declarer into a makeable slam contract in another suit or in no-trump, or it may, by locating the outstanding trumps, give him the clue to a finesse, or even a series of finesses, which otherwise would be unthinkable.

For this reason it is a good rule not to double a slam contract in a suit unless your trump tricks are absolutely

certain and, in addition, a successful slam in another suit or in no-trump is impossible.

In the following hand West's double gave South the key to a successful finesse not only against the jack but against the nine as well, thus enabling him to fulfil with ease a contract which would not otherwise have been fulfilled by anyone but a very lucky lunatic.

South, dealer.

North-South vulnerable.

S: A 10 8
H: K J 10 8 6
D: A 9
C: K Q 5

S: J 9 7 6 3
H: Q 9 4
D: 5
C: J 8 6 4

N: —
W: 5 2
E: 10 8 7 6 4 3
S: 10 9 7 3 2

S: K Q 5 4 2
H: A 7 3
D: K Q J 2
C: A

The bidding:	West	North	East
South	Pass	3 H.	Pass
1 S.	Pass	4 N.T.	Pass
4 D.	Pass	6 S.	Pass
5 N.T.	Dbl.	Pass	Pass
7 S.	Pass		

IT was inevitable that a grand slam should be reached after South, with his 41 honor-tricks, heard North make a forcing take-out which guaranteed at least 25 more. As soon as South heard of North's adequate trump support in spades, with all four aces placed by the 4-5 no-trump convention, South knew that the combined hands contained eight spades headed by the A K Q, and since the chances are approximately two to one that five outstanding trumps will be divided 3-2, there is no doubt but that the contract of seven spades was correct.

West's double is the only factor

... By ...
ELY CULBERTSON
World's Champion Player
and Greatest Card Analyst

imaginable which could have allowed the contract to be made. By no conceivable reasoning could South have failed to play the spade king as the first trump lead. But after the double, when West opened the four of clubs, South had only to look at his hand and the Dummy to see that there could be no card with which West might hope to win a trick outside of the trump suit. With only four trumps to the jack, West would surely fear the loss of his guarded honor through a finesse; so West obviously must have had five trumps and East would be void.

After winning the club ace on the first round, South, therefore, led a spade and, when West played low, finessed the eight. Since East showed the subsequent play was simple. The ace of hearts constituted an entry to take a second spade finesse, and a diamond lead to the jack put South in again to draw West's remaining trumps. At this point South needed to exercise some care lest he be blocked. On the king of spades a small heart was thrown; on the queen of spades, the last trump led, it was necessary for South to discard Dummy's diamond ace.

This unblocked the diamond suit, and the king and queen of diamonds could be led, furnishing discards for two more of Dummy's hearts. Now the king of hearts and king and queen of clubs in Dummy won the last three tricks.

Through this extreme case we find an admirable illustration of how important the bidding can be in determining when and how to finesse. In most cases information received from the bidding can tell only which opposing hand should be assumed to hold a missing king or queen; but the range of information extends to the point illustrated above in which the first finesse is for a nine-spot.

(Copyright)



BUY-BUILD-PROVIDE WORK

A message to all Australians who are working and earning —

Although employment has steadily increased since 1932 the rate of re-absorption of unemployed during 1935 can be hastened by wise private and public spending.

Every man or woman put back to work increases the spending power of the community, stimulates trade and thus helps to provide further employment.

Every man or woman who provides employment, whether it be in house repairs or even half a day's gardening, contributes to the return of national prosperity.

Producers, manufacturers and the public generally are invited to explore all possibilities of expanding their activities and to consult the Bank of New South Wales on their financial problems.

The Bank has ample funds available for those who can profitably employ money in developing production and trade. Advances against satisfactory security are made at reduced interest rates. The maximum rate charged on secured advances is now the lowest on record.

Bank of New South Wales.



Beauty comes from internal cleanliness

A clear complexion and eyes that sparkle with the joy of living are only possible when the system is kept clean and free from constipation.

Chamberlain's Tablets rid you of constipation gently but surely—they tone and purify sluggish intestines and restore to you the beauty that is rightly yours.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait,
sketched by Petrov



• NAVY blue and white heavy printed crepe-de-chine fashions this ultra-smart bathing costume, consisting of shorts and a brassiere top.

• THIS ensemble is suitable for town wear, and without the coat for the beach. The dress is backless. White linen is used and colored initials.

BEACH WEAR

TRULY fascinating are the beach clothes to be seen this season. Whether they are for sunbaking, for walking about at seaside resorts, or for actual surfing, the styles are so varied that it is possible to suit every individual taste and figure.

BEACH ensembles are composed of detachable parts such as shorts, skirts, trousers, shirts, breeches, jackets—complete when worn with a bathing costume.

By changing these different pieces around one can have an endless variety of beach wear which quite often will look equally suitable for town.

Last year one had shorts, pyjamas, or a skirt to choose from. This year there are many varieties of these three types of clothing. The beach skirt is often a divided skirt or short pyjama. Shorts are often knee length, or, aided by pleats, have the appearance of a very short skirt. Shorts are mounted on a little bodice.

Trousers may be all lengths down to the middle calf, but never longer unless they are flared and cut very wide, thus looking like a very long skirt.

FOR the slim, shorts are certainly the smartest. They form 90 per cent. of the beach wear seen in the south of France and at other Mediterranean re-

Joyous Ideas for Sunbaking Surfing & Seaside Strolling!

sorts. White is the most popular color, worn with white or colored shirts over bathing costumes. When all white, spotted, striped, or colored belts and scarves are worn. When you leave the beach you can add a hip-length swagger jacket with short or long sleeves, or a three-quarter-length coolie coat.

Materials used are linen and pique, lightweight towelling, and jersey cloth, all the cottons, and many artificial dull crepes.

If you are very slim have your shorts cut just like a man's. If you are a little big around the hips or thighs have them a little longer and with two box pleats at the front and back of each leg—but if you are fat or have ugly legs keep well away from shorts and choose one of the innumerable beach dresses or skirts.

Beach Frocks

YOU can have a skirt matching the color of your shorts or shirt, which wraps on and buttons up the back or side front with three or four buttons—the rest is left open. It can reach to below the knees, to the middle of the calf, or to the ankles. It should be of

the same material as the rest of the costume.

A skirt of green terry towelling is worn over a white bathing costume with a little waist-length matching jacket. A white monogram is embroidered on one lapel and a green monogram on the costume.

The beach frock is cut low at the back and either high or low in front. It wraps around the body and either ties or buttons. It is made of plain or printed cotton or crepe, linen, or terry towelling. Contrasting belts, buttons monograms, and little jackets of matching material you will have a costume suitable for town wear providing, of course, that towelling is not the material used.

You can choose your own color. White, yellow, and all the blues are first favorites. Keep to dark colors if you have a skin that does not tan—navy, royal-blue, bright green, brown, black. This rule applies to bathing costumes as well; a fair skin does not look well in a white, yellow, or pale blue costume.

Bathing Costumes

THE most unusual and attractive bathing suit of this season is sketched above. Made of navy-blue and white printed crepe, it is very scanty and should be worn only by a girl with an

• A SMART and practical beach ensemble consists of a canary yellow terry towelling coat with rope buttons worn over a brown costume.

• ANOTHER coat of white towelling is lined with navy blue and worn with white costume and shorts.

• RED and white printed Shantung is used for this beach dress tied with white rope.

excellent figure. There were a great many of these costumes worn on the Riviera this summer, made of printed cotton, taffeta, or crepe.

The woollen costume is really more suitable for our Australian surf, and this year we have a great variety of weaves, styles, and colors. The one-color costume helps the figure most, or the light top and dark shorts style.

Stripes and spots are attractive only on good figures. New colors are yellow, old gold, violet, pale grey, and turquoise-blue.

A word must be said for the towelling dressing-gown for beach wear. It is, after all, the most practical style, and it can be very smart. Note the sketch above of the yellow terry towelling gown with loops of rope for buttons, and, again, the white gown lined with navy-blue towelling. These gowns can be cut just like a man's and have contrasting linings or collars and cuffs, patch pockets, monograms, and cord girdles. They are middle-calf or ankle length.

PARIS... SNAPSHOTS

PASTEL-COLORED terry towelling shirts have been seen with linen shorts.

WHITE terry towelling is combined with black and brown taffeta in smart beach-lounging ensembles.

A STRIP of canvas six feet long, with one end padded for a pillow, rolls into a bundle and is carried to the beach for you to sunbake on.

BROWN or dark cream powder is always used for beach wear—never white or pink. Keep your face the same color as your neck and arms.

IF your face will not tan, there are many liquid creams that can be applied, giving you artificial sunburn. You can go further and lightly stroke a suntan film over your arms and legs.

THERE are attractive canvas bags to go with your beach outfit that will hold your comb, dark glasses, powder, and sunburn cream.

GOLD and silver lame and brocade tunics over dark-colored velvet skirts are smart new evening styles.

For The Royal Wedding!



• **HOSTESS GOWN** designed by Helene Yranda to the order of the Duchess of Kent. It consists of a lame coat over an underdress of banana satin. The lame is gold faced with silver. The dress is very slender and simple in line. Cut very low in the back, it could be worn very suitably as an informal dinner dress with the usual accompaniments of jewels. It could also be worn with other coats.

• **A HAT MADE** for Princess Marina, now Duchess of Kent, by Madame Suzy, the famous Parisienne modiste who has made chapeaux for the Greek Princesses since their school-days. This is a most becoming model in quilted satin (centre above.)

• **HER HIGHNESS, Princess Helena Victoria, G.B.E., C.I.,** wore at the Royal wedding this distinguished gown specially created by Reville, of Hanover Square, London. It is fashioned in lapis lazuli blue silk velvet, with soft draperies of silver lame on the corsage. With the gown is worn an attractive shoulder-cape of the same velvet, having a chinchilla collar. A becoming turban of flat South African ostrich feathers, dyed to tone, and silver lame completes this charming toilette. F

• **THE QUEEN'S GOWN** (at the right) is in the Princess style, a gracefully-sculptured skirt revealing an underdress of supple cloth of gold. With the gown is worn a capelet of the same brocaded velvet, lined with pale gold and collared with Russian sable. The turban is of blue and gold velvet, with a mount of pastel blue South African ostrich feathers.



• **FOR THE QUEEN.** This beautiful gown was specially designed and executed for Her Majesty the Queen by Reville of London to wear at the Royal wedding. In pastel blue and Australian gold-embroidered velvet, it is woven in a classic floral design.

Her Majesty wore the Blue Ribbon of the Garter and her jewels were diamonds.



• **TYROLEAN SPORTS HAT** in green velvet felt, made by Madame Suzy for the Duchess of Kent to wear on her honeymoon. Madame Suzy made most of the dozens of hats for the Princess' trousseau.

THESE interesting sketches of the gowns worn by Her Majesty and the Princess Helena Victoria at the Royal wedding and the photographs of the hats and hostess gown from the Duchess of Kent's trousseau were selected in London by Muriel Segal, our special representative in Europe, and sent by air-mail.

There may be a doubt about his choice in drinks, but one glance at his shoes shows there is no doubt about his choice in shoe polish . . .

A Kiwi shine for him!



Kiwi Polishes
Protects
and Preserves the
Leather

KIWI

The Quality Boot Polish

BLACK
POLISH

TAN
POLISH

TAN—All Shades



White Cleaner and Cream

417784

An Editorial

JANUARY 5, 1935.

ANNO DOMINI

1935

IN the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-five. So we are marking another milestone on that long, long road that leads back to a man and a manger leaning over a manger-cradled Babe.



No bells pealed on that humble birthday in the year One in Bethlehem. Did some star-gazing shepherd murmur to his neighbor, "Men will learn to reckon Time by this Babe's birth?" If so, doubtless his neighbor counted the man mad.

A few days ago, the chimes of Bethlehem's bells rang round the world. Science hath her victories. But who of the countless thousands of listeners was moved by the marvels of the mechanism that made this broadcast possible?

Listeners paid little heed to this triumph of Science. For them the pealing bells brought a vision of that little family group of nineteen hundred and thirty-four years ago. A lowly little group that, in the highest sense, has come to symbolise Home.

They who mourn the lost opportunities of woman forget that woman got her charter of freedom just nineteen hundred and thirty-four years ago.

Individual honored wives and mothers and happy homes existed before that. But from that hour ALL women were liberated. All mothers were enshrined in the hearts of mankind. The world was given a new ideal of home and the whole history of woman was changed.

Women have used their charter well. Undeterred by poverty. Undaunted by circumstances. They could not all be learned, but they could all be loving. Not all intellectual, but all understanding. In league with life if not with the universities.

So they have used their liberty to make homes and shown motherhood to be the greatest of all careers. In the common round of daily life, the mother is forever exemplifying the truth of that great paradox which binds us all: That only in service is true freedom found.

Times have changed in 1934 years. Wider worlds have unfolded and men soar into the stratosphere and descend into the bathysphere. They talk from continent to continent and put a girdle round the earth in thirty seconds. But the heart of man has not changed. It is still home centred. Still not greatly moved by the miracles of the intellect. Still in willing bondage to the simplest things. To a woman and a child and the ideal of home manifested all those centuries ago. So, till "the last syllable of recorded time," it will probably remain as it is now, in this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-five.

THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Concerning Collars

SOMEONE has discovered that the life of a starched collar depends to a large extent on the temper of the wearer. The hard-tempered person, when he is pulling a tie through his double collar—and they are nearly all double these days—gives it a jerk, or otherwise uses unnecessary violence, and the linen fabric gets frayed, or goes to pieces.

It is valuable information for ladies who do the family washing and ironing and are inclined to wonder why the men's collars don't last longer. You see now what the remedy is—get the collar-wearer into a good temper before he starts to grapple with the encircling object. Tell him, if you can get in early enough, that he looks unusually handsome, and that his great abilities are sure of recognition before the year is out.

Of course there are hardened offenders on whom even remarks like the foregoing would be wasted, but in the majority of cases the result should be a useful saving in the course of a year.

Word for Motorists

MOTORISTS in Australia are now about one in every dozen of the population. This means that at holiday time in and around our big cities about 50,000 cars are charging along the main roads, and if only one per cent. of the drivers of these cars have been celebrating the New Year's birthday, or their own, something is likely to happen.

Really the motorists of Australia, particularly in cities, are a careful and competent lot; if they were otherwise the casualty lists after a public holiday would be appalling.

In proportion to men drivers the number of women have been increasing every year. Ten years ago they were only one in a dozen; now they are one in four or five. The woman motorist is on the average a factor tending to safety on the road for one important reason—it is the rarest thing to find her "under the influence" when at the wheel.

Mental Factor in Tennis

ENGLAND'S greatest tennis player, Fred Perry, is settling the world a problem. He has everyone trying to answer the question—When is a man fit, or unfit? Until a year or so ago we used to think that if an athlete was in good physical trim, and not physically tired, he must be in a condition to do his best.

Apparently that isn't so—at least not with champion tennis players. Even if they are fresh as daisies and vigorous as young antelopes they will come to grief if they are not in the right frame of mind.

It boils down to this: You must enjoy the game, whatever it is, or you won't keep on top when you are playing it. That is reasonable and understandable. The world's greatest tennis players at the moment are Perry and Crawford, and both are illustrations of the truth that the psychological factor in lawn tennis is nearly as important as the physical.

Official "Must Nots"

THE official who assumes the right to tell people what they should do, and fixes penalties for not doing it, is an increasing menace in all civilized countries. In Australia, he is becoming a worse nuisance than the grasshoppers.

Consider the case of Don Bradman, who was asked by a newspaper man in London if he would play cricket when he got back to Australia. "I don't know," replied Don. In the same breath he added: "I must not discuss cricket now. I must not forget I am still under the Board's control."

It is three months since the last ball was bowled in the Australian tour. But Mr. Bradman is not yet a free agent. He "must not forget," and he "must not discuss"—because this cricketing official in this country has no order. Why the players put up with all this unnecessary dictation, three months after their cricket bats have been stowed away, is known only to themselves.

No Creeds in This

THE serious illness of Archbishop Kelly, head of the Roman Catholic community in New South Wales, and the oldest prelate in Australia, has drawn expressions of sympathy from all classes, creeds and conditions. The world of to-day isn't nearly as concerned about dogma as the world of a few centuries ago.

It was Pope who said two hundred years ago: "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight. His can't be wrong whose life is in the right." And most of us are inclined nowadays to subscribe to the Pope couplet.

A Melbourne cleric has been telling his congregation that people are bound to be dissatisfied with a clergyman unless he has the following gifts among others—(1) Great eloquence; (2) Profound learning; (3) Fine presence; (4) Nice manners; (5) Organising ability; (6) Timeless energy; (7) Flawless tact. It seems a fairly large order, but when you look for divines who measure up to the standard you think of Archbishop Kelly as soon as anyone.

Compliment to the Films?

MENTION of George Arliss as the likely recipient of a knighthood is another instance of the advance made by the stage on a very old preserve. So far the film actor or actress has had to be content with the form of recognition expressed in publicity and hard cash. And that kind is more than sufficient in these material-minded days to rouse the envy of people who have neither one nor the other.

George Arliss, whether they make a "Sir" of



MISS JOCELYN HYSLOP, one of the highly-trained young women who has joined Australia's pioneer band of social workers and almoners as Director of Training in Victoria.

him or not, has done a great deal for the profession he adorns.

It takes to be valued by discerning people, they will have to be distributed less among wealthy go-getters and more among those who have really done something worth while.

Lyric of Life

Time

Time is not without mercy as we think. Not the destructive enemy of youth and newness.

It merely lays these things away, And in their place Builds up a throne of harmony And understanding sweeter Than the blundering steps of youth.

P.D.B.

FROM SUE TO LOU

A Bright Girl's Letters



Dear Lou—
It's all right
for a woman
to hang
on to her

youth but not
while he is
driving a
car!
Yours,
Sue.

Putting Social Service On A New Basis

Not many years ago social service was the prerogative of and refuge from boredom for the squire's wife or daughter.

The need for social service has grown so tremendously that it now affects millions of people.

The indigent poor are only a small section with which it is concerned.

FROM the squire's wife and her gift of a basket of vegetables has grown a tremendous movement, and now we have in Australia a Board of Social Studies with a programme of study drawn up by University professors, economists, doctors, charity workers, and kindergarten teachers, and in amazing contrast to the squire's wife we have people like Miss Jocelyn Hyslop, highly qualified in training and practical experience, who has been appointed Director of Training in Victoria.

Miss Hyslop has a charming manner and a forceful personality, and a very sympathetic smile in spite of her high efficiency.

She is a Bachelor of Science (Economics) London, holds an academic diploma in sociology (London), and social science and mental health certificates, London School of Economics. Miss Hyslop was organizer of Children's Care for the L.C.C. and lecturer in child welfare for the L.C.C. Training College for Teachers. She has worked with the Liverpool Child Guidance Clinic, and was Child Guidance worker for Baby Clinics in Leeds.

On her way to Australia, Miss Hyslop toured America, where she visited social service training centres in non-University schools in New York and Pennsylvania, and the University schools of Western Reserve, Chicago, and Minnesota.

The Board of Social Studies has drawn up a tentative scheme of training and already there are 14 trainees, all women. Miss Hyslop will meet the board this week to discuss any alterations to the curriculum.

Miss Hyslop says that in America the majority of social training students are men. Social service has become a highly skilled and highly trained profession, and men are in charge of most of the big relief organisations.

The New Scheme

THE board's scheme of training is for men and women desiring to prepare for social work either voluntarily or as a profession, and will fit them for work among children for health, recreation, and general welfare; among adults to organise recreation, education, and relief; among delinquents, in hospitals and in any organising work in the community where knowledge of social structure and functions is needed.

Discussing English and American methods, Miss Hyslop said American professionalism in social service may seem rather hard and unsympathetic. Actually it is carried out with a great deal of knowledge and skill. What lies behind it is an effort to preserve independence and initiative in people who seek aid, and to restore the self-confidence of those whose succession of bad luck may make them feel failures. The American system destroys the often humiliating nature of help given under more personal conditions.

A similar policy is gradually spreading in social work in England. It has been introduced through the Child Guidance Clinic. In dealing with the problem of the difficult child the social worker considers not only the child, but its parents. The parents' history and personality are studied as thoroughly as the child's. Frequently mothers lose all confidence in themselves, and their children, difficult in the first place, become even more so when they realise the mothers' sense of failure. When the child is so difficult that it is taken to a nursery school, the mother is told of any improvement, but she is also told when the child asks for her, and this knowledge that her child still needs her, in spite of the more successful treatment from other sources, helps to restore her confidence and to carry on the child's training on the lines of the nursery school when it returns to its home.

A Social Consultant

IN England we have gone a long way from the old humiliating, patronising approach to those needing help, and in America social service has become so much a part of national life that well-to-do middle-class people frequently seek out one of the various social agencies for advice on anything from health to careers. The social worker is as much a consultant as a charity agent.

WHILE the English system provides a much wider background of knowledge—the historical development of society, its present structure, the philosophies underlying social change, and the psychology behind human relationships and human behaviour—the American system gives a much greater opportunity for practical training, and we are hopeful that we can combine the best of the two systems here.

"It is very encouraging to see the progress that has been made in co-ordinating social services here. The Charity Organisation Society is a much more vigorous organisation than similar bodies in England, and it is a very auspicious beginning for social training."

BEGGARS' Horses

By
P. C. Wren

Author of the World-famous
Novel—"Beau Geste."

A fascinating story of six men
whose wishes were strangely
influenced by a woman.

Colonel Harrington-Spens' secret wish is
for Unbounded Wealth.

Captain Hazelrigg, above all else, desires
Courage.

Captain Wogan's greatest desire is for
Happiness.

Major Wallingford craves Long Life.

Captain Burlestone asks for Health.

Lieutenant Easterwood's ambition is to
possess Great Strength.

kick of a mule, and Easterwood, almost
knocked from his feet, was sent reeling
back to the ropes, the upper one
catching the back of his neck, the
lower taking him behind the knees.

Through the ropes he went, and to
the ground five feet below.

Knocked clean out of the ring,
"I'll spoil his beauty for him,"
growled Mackleworth.

To the accompaniment of loud
cheers, Aubrey Easterwood climbed
back into the ring, evaded Mackle-
worth's immediate rush by a swift
side-step and a dancing dodging, duck-
ing retreat—a running-away, a flight,
which stopped suddenly as, flinging his
left arm across his down-turned bleed-
ing face, he bent low, and, with legs
and body in the position of a lunging
fencer, drove with his right at the
charging Mackleworth, just above the
belt.

The terrific blow stopped Mackle-
worth's rush. It was as though a man,
running swiftly in darkness, had
dashed suddenly against the end of a
horizontal scaffold-pole.

The gasp with which the breath was
driven from his body was audible
throughout the arena. Instinctively he
dropped his right to the spot where the
blow had fallen, as his opponent
straightened to his full height.

And then Easterwood really struck.

With all his strength, with all his
heart and soul and might, with all his
anger and hatred, he struck the blow
that he had practised ten thousand

Inner Shrine

In the secret cave of a human
heart,
An honored place was set apart,
Where folly had fashioned an
inner shrine
For human passion, deemed
divine.

And the passion passed as a
searing flame
Destroying honor, pride and
name,
Burned out but the ashes of
remorse
Remained from its devouring
force.

Love saw a ravaged heart and
entered in,
Regeneration to begin,
And moulded remorse as a
stepping stone,
For an altar raised to truth
alone.

Love sanctified and set her
image there,
Adorned with faith and a cour-
age rare,
While from the ash there sprang
a flower,
To bloom always—beyond earth's
hour.

KATHLEEN RICE.

Illustrated by
W. E. P.

else knew, he might be the strongest
man in the world.

He felt like it; though, at the
moment, it was not so much a matter
of strength as of boxing, and by the
lighting up of Mackleworth's sullen
eyes, he was about to do something.

Mackleworth took a sudden swift step
forward, feinted with his right, ducked
below Easterwood's excellent straight
left, changed the same feint into an
actual blow, and, cross-countering also,
struck Easterwood a tremendous blow,
full on the mouth, splitting both lips
and sending him heavily to the boards.
Mackleworth the Killer was in good
form.

"Over in five seconds!" growled the
Divisional-General, Sir Archibald Hel-
stone.

The referee rose to his feet to count,
and, with him, rose Aubrey Easterwood,
earning a cheer as he did so. Evidently
there was some fight, some pluck, and
some guts in the lad who was not down
for a second from a blow like that, a
full-strength long-arm blow from the
shoulder, and Mackleworth's shoulder
at that.

As Easterwood's hands left the can-
vas, Mackleworth rushed, swinging a
tremendous uppercut at the face of his
half-risen opponent. This Easterwood
dodged, as he drove at Mackleworth's
mark.

Mackleworth blocked the blow with
his left.

Whirling left, Mackleworth again
rushed, to be met by Easterwood's
long and strong straight drives, harm-
less defensive blows which Mackleworth
guarded or blocked, but treated with
the respect they deserved. Three times
his attack was thus repulsed, and the
fourth time, side-stepping and cross-
countering, Mackleworth repeated the
blow that had knocked Easterwood
down.

A little higher this time, on the nose
and mouth, came the blow, like the

Mackleworth the killer was in good form.

A thin cheer greeted his appear-
ance, a cheer raised largely by the
sporting fraternity whose money he
carried. These worthies were not num-
erous, for few indeed could be found
to take a risk on his opponent even
at the longest odds.

Ten to one on Mackleworth was
freely offered—and freely refused.

Aubrey Easterwood opened his eyes.
There he was then, a picture of the
Perfect Pugilist; cropped hair; slightly
bent and flattened nose; massive pro-
tecting bone where the nose joined
the forehead, and above the eyes;
heavy jaw; very thick neck; magnifi-
cent shoulders, not too square, but
sloping to enormous arms; deep chest;
flat, corrugated stomach; huge thighs
and tremendous calves.

A grand gnarled oak-tree of a man;
a bruiser; a fighter. And, in addition,
—a boxer.

Well, well! Perhaps he wasn't as
quick as he was strong. A fight is not
lost until it's won by the other party;
and there is always the fortune of war,
the luck of the game; and the God of
Battles has handed out some amazing
luck at times, and isn't always on the
side of the big bastards.

When the time being came, Aubrey
Easterwood rose to his feet, threw off
his dressing-gown and handed it to his
second, Sergeant Buckley, present
again in Quetawur for his own habit,
loud and hearty applause started from
the ring-side seats and spread to those
occupied by the soldiers of the Garrison.

"By Jove!" said Lieutenant-General
Sir Archibald Helstone, "he peels well."
"Magnificent!" murmured his Brig-
adier, "Apollo versus Hercules."

"Or Hercules versus a gorilla," sug-
gested the Inspector-General.

"If only he can box . . ." said Gen-
eral Craddock, and left his sentence un-
finished.

Aubrey Easterwood looked round in
amazement.

Could they be cheering him?
Apparently they were, for everyone
was looking at him, and Mackleworth
was still seated in his corner.

SIX men, brother
officers on a hunt-
ing expedition in
India, encounter a
mysterious Holy
Man, to whom
each confides the
secret ambition of
his heart.

Some time later Colonel
Harrington-Spens falls in love
with Hazelrigg's sister, Mary.
They are married and settle in
India, where their domestic bliss
is interrupted by the astounding
news that Mary has inherited a
fortune of ten million pounds.

Thereafter the whole life of
Colonel Harrington-Spens is
haunted by the fear that the
vast fortune will come to him
through the death of his wife.

Burlestone and Easterwood
re-enter the tale. Easterwood's
life is attempted by a mysterious
midnight visitor; he is spurred
on to achieve his ambition of be-
coming the strongest man in
India; and he falls head over
heels in love.

Alarmed at his friend's affec-
tion for Daphne Mackleworth,
Burlestone enlists the assistance
of Joan Wallingford. She agrees
to help him.

A scene occurs between
Mackleworth and Easterwood
at the gymkhana, when Mackle-
worth resents the Lieutenant's
attention to his wife. There is
bad blood between them when
they enter the ring to engage in
a boxing contest.

CAPTAIN COLIN
MACKLEWORTH climbed into the
ring, cast a glance at his opponent, and
looked round the his enclosure.

A MAN of Good REPUTE



HORATIO EGGOT was one of those old persons who take life very seriously but never commit murder, or anything else.

His Christian name, Horatio, came from one of his ancestors who'd figured conspicuously in Trafalgar Bay.

One evening when Eggot was eating yesterday's roast mutton, reboiled in curry, his landlady, detecting more gloom in her boarder's countenance than usual, observed:

"Not well, Mr. Eggot?"

"Ignoring maternal solicitude, Eggot spoke truthfully."

"Any mail for me, Mrs. Appleby?"

Handing her one and only paying guest what appeared to be an income tax assessment, Mrs. Appleby left him to stew over it. Whatever had upset the poor old thing? she wondered; he was all a-tremble.

An isolated bachelor, Horatio Eggot had recently been retired from the Public Service on a small pension—a fish out of his aquarium. His whole life had been passed in one department where he'd filled in countless forms of no consequence, never seen or read outside the realms of red tape, and eventually filed for posterity to burn.

The natural urge to mingle with women or marry had never sprouted in the barren soil of Eggot's mind, inherently narrow, and stunted by the repression of his youth.

All days and seasons were alike to him. Every morning Eggot rose at 7 o'clock precisely; had a cold shower; breakfasted on two poached eggs. Then he rambled all over his suburb—Burra Burra—springing a stick. Local residents knew him by sight. Rarely did Eggot speak to anybody of night save weather, always guardedly. Now and again he glanced in a shop mirror at a prim, well-groomed old figure with a neat-clipped straw-colored moustache. What hair remained on his head was white, topped by a perennial bowler. All Eggot's movements were as mechanical as his life had been in the official niche. His old-time acquaintances had died. The old bachelor had no living relatives, he knew of no friends, not even anyone who betrayed any interest in him, except Mrs. Appleby, who cheerfully accepted his board money every Monday. Other small commitments Eggot paid punctiliously. He was a good laundry mark.

To-night, Horatio Eggot was really distraught. Why should he tell Mrs. Appleby his trouble? She and the world would know soon enough from the papers.

IN the seclusion of his small bedroom Eggot re-read starting news in the evening sheet.

Actually six columns—six long columns, exclusively devoted to a sensational divorce case, *Bird v. Bird*, featured in bold type. One Mr. Bird, a disillusioned husband, was invoking the aid of the Court to rid himself of an apparently unfaithful wife. And, here's the rub! The co-respondent's name was, of all names, *Horatio Eggot*—calamitous coincidence for the respectable retired Public servant. Horror of horrors!

Never had our Horatio had the nerve to fracture any of the moral conventions. Routine life and his restricted salary had assisted to keep Eggot eminently reputable. His life was an open book—blank. And the records of the family he sprang from were as clean as a whistle.

Slowly, Eggot absorbed receding details, appalling to him. This shameless namesake of his appeared to have enticed the erring Mrs. Bird from paths of rectitude with a serpent's cunning that would make it a difficult matter to prove adultery. And apparently, the parties possessed money. The length of the suit being usually determined by the depth of its pockets, the case might be prolonged for weeks.

Eggot's tortured thoughts precluded sleep for the night. He resolved on prompt action to vindicate his name.

Next morning, he swallowed his eggs, trying to appear composed. Did Mrs. Appleby suspect anything? But the good lady rarely read anything in the papers, outside the death notices.

"I'm going to town this morning, Mrs. Appleby," said Eggot with exaggerated dignity.

In the city-bound train, the old bachelor fancied that passengers' eyes betrayed more than ordinary curiosity. Maybe, some of them knew him—dreadful thought. He didn't comprehend that a strange face is always of interest to humdrum travellers on their way to customary grooves.

In the city, Eggot evolved a plan. Yes, he would call on Snapper, Son & Snapper, solicitors instructed by the gay Horatio Eggot, co-respondent in the

Ten-Minute Story...By

W. J. ROCK

suit. Eggot twirled his stick determinedly.

One of the Snappers, a seasoned old lawyer, received him courteously, rather surprised to hear that the world contained another Horatio Eggot. Unmoved, the lawyer listened to his visitor's monologue of a blameless life and an untarnished reputation.

"My name must be cleared, Mr. Snapper."

A swift glance at Eggot, and Mr. Snapper read his character.

He smiled blandly.

"If we have to act for you in any way, there'll be costs to pay. We solicitors cannot live on air."

"I didn't want to incur any expense," Eggot stammered.

Snapper allowed a little pity to sway him.

"It is of course most unfortunate that you should have the same name as our client."

"I'm sure your client's no relation of mine," said Eggot. "Why, he's a hopeless libertine." Cautiously, he added, "I mean, he seems to be."

Snapper smiled.

"What does it matter, Mr. Eggot? These things happen every day; misconduct occurs in all circles. Should our client be proved guilty, he's just unlucky to be found out. That's all there is to it."

"But I must do something to keep my name out of the case," Eggot persisted.

Recollecting that he was due in court as *Bird v. Bird*, the lawyer put out a dismissing hand.

"Why not call on the evening paper with a view to their printing an explanatory paragraph, Mr. Eggot?"

Ten minutes later, Eggot was ushered into the den of an owl-eyed young man who looked as if he'd been up all night working.

To him, Eggot explained his predicament.

"What will people think about me when they read the case? Could you explain matters in your paper?"

The journalist yawned to conceal a grin.

"We could print something to the effect that you are Horatio Eggot of Such-and-Such, and not in any way connected with the party of the same name in the *Bird* case. What status have you in the community? Are you a J.P. or anything, Mr. Eggot?" said the pressman wearily.

Eggot hesitated. How could he describe himself? How his old associates in the government office would snigger when they saw the item!

"Just call me Mr. Eggot of Burra Burra, thank you."

Making a short note, the journalist waved Eggot off the premises.

Somewhat relieved, the old bachelor strolled around the city streets, wondering how he'd fill in the time. After a few minutes' deliberation he purchased a brightly-colored tie he fancied for some inexplicable reason. He put the tie on in the shop to replace a sombre relic. Somehow or other, Eggot felt of more importance than hitherto, prompting him to enhance his appearance. A mirror he'd looked in revealed a better and a brighter Eggot.

Then a strange thought churned in the old man's mind. All at once he decided that it was his duty to visit the Divorce Court where *Bird v. Bird* was proceeding. Never had Eggot been in a Court in any capacity.

Eggot squeezed into the crowded gallery. What a collection of sight-seers! What sport could they possibly extract out of such a spectacle? he pondered.

Eggot glanced at the imposing array of barristers in white wigs and black gowns. One of them was cross-examining his namesake. Why, this Horatio Eggot was an elderly man like himself. Incredible that such a righteous-looking person should stoop to such conduct. And the co-respondent seemed most brazen; he was almost smiling under ruthless questioning.

Then Eggot slowly gathered that all eyes in the court were centred on the gay old witness, almost admiring his attitude. The bachelor felt hopelessly out of the picture. Unconscious envy was working overtime in his head. A



SIR RAPHAEL WEST CIMENTO and his charming wife, Lady Phyllis Cimento, of Brisbane. This brilliant couple are among the most popular figures in Queensland, and the receipt of the Royal favor by Sir Raphael is certain to be extremely well received in the Northern State, where the new Knight is Director-General of Health and Medical Services.



KING Honors NOTABLE AUSTRALIAN FAMILIES

Few Women are Included, But Many Popular Families Share in Royal Favors

The list of New Year honors announced on Tuesday was much smaller than was generally anticipated, following the visit of Prince Henry to Australia.

Only three women throughout Australia were the recipients of Royal favors, and of these Mrs. "Pattie" Deakin, widow of the late Mr. Alfred Deakin, a former Prime Minister of Australia, passed away two days before the announcement of the honor conferred on her had been made.

MRS. MARTHA ELIZABETH ANN DEAKIN, on whom the honor of C.B.E. was conferred, died at her home at Point Lonsdale on Sunday. For her work in connection with repatriation of soldiers, Mrs. Deakin had previously been given the Award of Merit by the R.S.L.

Mrs. Deakin left three daughters, all well-known figures in Australia. One is the wife of Professor A. C. D. Rivett, deputy-chairman and chief executive officer of the Commonwealth Council for Scientific and Industrial Research. The highest honor of the year's list, that of K.C.M.G., was awarded to Professor Rivett. Another daughter of the late Mrs. Deakin married Mr. T. W. White, Minister for Customs, and the third is Mrs. Herbert Brookes, one of our most popular hostesses in social circles.

Other women honored by His Majesty were Mrs. Mary Emma Goldsmith

Meares, of Perth, W.A., and Mrs. Mary Frederica Walters Robson, of Launceston, Tasmania, who both received the M.B.E.

But, though the list of women on whom honors were individually conferred is so small, congratulations are being showered on the wives and daughters of the men whose names figure in the list.

In this State, Lady Budge and her daughters, Lady Riddle and her children and Lady Stephen are all extremely popular figures and there is general rejoicing among the many friends of their respective family circles that the heads of the households are among those "whom the King delighteth to honor."

Popular Family

By conferring a Knighthood on Sir Harry Budge, official secretary to the Governor of New South Wales, the King has established a precedent, as no Public servant has ever before received a knighthood.

Lady Budge is a daughter of the late Dr. George Le Pevre, M.L.C., of Melbourne, and was educated at Kambala, Bellevue Hill. A woman of charming manner, Mrs. Budge has never sought the limelight, but has devoted herself to her family of three daughters and two sons.

The daughters are Sadie, Elise, and Rosemary and all are extremely well-liked in Sydney social circles. One son, Alick, is a doctor attached to General Hospital. The other son, Charles, is practising his profession as an accountant at Parramatta.

As wife of the official secretary of the numerous Governors of New South Wales over the past 34 years, during which time several Royal visits have eventuated, Lady Budge has had heavy demands on her time and home life. Shortly after Sir Harry was appointed to his present post, His Majesty the King, then the Duke of York, visited Australia for the opening of the first Federal Parliament.

Later, the Prince of Wales and then the Duke and Duchess of York visited us, and the recent visit of Prince Henry was another occasion of Royal importance.

Popular as her husband is, Lady Budge, with her charming manner and unfailing tact, courtesy, and readiness to help everyone, is equally popular, and rejoicing at the honor she shares are general in this State.

Speaking to The Australian Women's

Weekly, Lady Budge expressed her delight that her husband's many years of public service in Australia had been fittingly recognised, and added that her telephone had been ringing continuously since early morning with friends offering their congratulations.

Lady Riddle, of Woolahra, wife of the Governor of the Commonwealth Bank, Sir Ernest Cooper Riddle, is very well known in Sydney social and philanthropic circles.

On a recent visit to Moss Vale she had the misfortune to sprain her ankle, and she has been laid up ever since and unable to attend any social functions. Her daughter Edith and son John are well-known members of the Younger Social Set.

LADY COLIN STEPHEN, whose husband has been made a Knight Bachelor, was the elder daughter of the late Mr. Edward Knox and Mrs. Knox. Sir Colin is best known in Australia as the chairman of the A.J.O.

Gardening is Lady Stephen's hobby, and she spends a lot of time in the grounds of her beautiful home at Bellevue Hill attending to her flowers and shrubs. Sir Colin and Lady Stephen have three children—Alistair, Helen, and Philippa.

Brilliant Doctors

DR. RAPHAEL WEST CIMENTO, of Brisbane, who has been made a Knight Bachelor, is Director-General of Health and Medical Services in Queensland, a position he has occupied since October last. Dr. Cimento and his charming wife, Dr. Phyllis Cimento, with their five bonnie children, are paragons of domestic happiness and simple home life, and are as popular in Queensland as they are brilliant.

Dr. Phyllis, now Lady Cimento, was the founder of the Mothercraft Association in Queensland, and has given many radio broadcasts on mothercraft work and has contributed many articles on the subject to the Press. She is an authority on the effects of the tropics on white women and children.

Home-Makers

HAVING lived for years in Townsville, Rabaul, and Malay States, both doctors have made a special study of tropical medicines and diseases, and general tropical research. Their home, however, in all these places, has been a place of rest.

The children are charming and extremely clever, and Dr. Phyllis is a keen advocate of making the home to suit the family. While everything is in excellent taste, the interior of the Cimento home always breathes hospitality and all its furnishings are designed for comfort and practical use.

Husband and wife are connoisseurs in art and their home boasts some beautiful pictures, especially etchings.

Few people know that the Cimentos, who are an extremely well-matched pair, were students at the Adelaide University. From here they both graduated, but before his degree could be conferred Dr. Raphael enlisted in 1913. Dr. Phyllis lived with her mother in Adelaide and later travelled the Continent with her father. She was then Dr. Phyllis McGlewie,

(Copyright.)

How They Enjoyed Their Holidays



CHRISTMAS Radio FARE

Programme was Festive... but
Featured Only the Old Favorites

By GEORGE MATTHEWS

Australia's sorry contribution to the B.B.C. broadcast was not the only disappointment radio listeners had at Christmas time. Once again the Broadcasting Commission failed to provide anything new in Christmas music.

FOR many people Christmas would not seem complete without Handel's "Messiah" and the well-known carols. Rightly, the Commission repeated these welcome annuals, but for the host of lesser-known Christmas compositions one looked in vain.

In the days when Australian broadcasting was young, somebody prepared a set of Christmas programmes, and every Christmas since then our national stations have used those same programmes, almost without variation.

To supplement our own carols, it would be enjoyable to hear some from other lands, such as Britain's Western Region listeners heard in 1932. That selection included "The Cradle" (Austrian), "Rocking Song" (Czech), "Torches" (Spanish), "A Great and Mighty Wonder" (German), "Christian People" (Italian), "All the Gay Gens" (French), and "King Jesus Hath a Garden" (Dutch).

In the same programme were Frederic Westcott's "Christmas Cradle Song," "Noel sur les Flutes" (d'Aquin), "The Monkey's Carol" (Stanford), "Hodie Christus" (Sweelinck), and the fantasy on Christmas carols of Vaughan Williams—all items worth doing in Australia.

ON Christmas Eve a year ago the London Regional station broadcast Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," and from Midland Regional came a concert of Christmas music by a string quartet and flautist. It opened with the "Nativity" quintet of Jan Brandts Buys. Then came the first performance in England of Alexander Teherian's "Love Offering of Saint Theresa to the Infant Jesus."

Our Broadcasting Commission cannot plead that there is a dearth of less familiar Christmas items. The only plea possible is that copies of such items are not available in Australia. If that be the case, the fault lies with the Commission's London representative, who, it would seem, is not sending the new music which is our right.

Soprano's Career

MISS THEA PHILIPS, the versatile soprano of the Royal Grand Opera Company, is usually at home in Wagnerian roles as in the coloratura part of Gluck in "Rigoletto."

She charmed Sydney audiences by her interpretation of Rosalinda in last week's performance of "Die Fledermaus."



JASCHA, and Tossy Spivakovsky and Edmund Kurtz, members of the Spivakovsky-Kurtz Trio, who commenced their broadcasting tour in Sydney during the week.

Wednesday's performance of "Die Fledermaus" Johann Strauss' brilliant opera. Sir Dan Godfrey, the famous conductor, first discovered the outstanding quality of Miss Philips' voice when she was singing at a charity concert at Bournemouth. Her studies then began in earnest in England and were later continued with Cav. I. Malajoff.

Then followed operatic engagements at the San Carlo Theatre in Naples and her appearance in "Freischütz" at the Music Opera Festival in London.

The King and Queen were among the audience at Covent Garden when Miss Philips took the role of Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser."

Viola Player's Honors

MISS ROSALIND GUMPERTZ is the only viola player in Australia to gain both the Teachers' and Performers' Diplomas for viola playing at the State Conservatorium.

Miss Gumpertz was an able violinist when she decided to study the viola under the tuition of Miss Florence Porshaw.

HOST HODDER says: Shake the bottle, remove the stopper. Ah! My Westcoastshire BARRY has such an appetizing smell.



MISS ROSALIND GUMPERTZ, who has gained both the Teachers' and Performers' Diplomas for viola playing at the State Conservatorium.

shaw, of the Conservatorium staff, four years ago.

An exhibition was awarded Miss Gumpertz by the Associated Boards of the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music, which entitled her to two years' study abroad. Circumstances did not allow the winner to travel, but she has continued her studies with great earnestness in Sydney.

Viola playing was first brought into popularity as solo work by Lionel Tertis, of London, who is also responsible for the greater part of modern viola compositions. Miss Florence Porshaw is numbered among his pupils.

South Australian Choir

THE Adelaide Women's Choir which gave such a successful first concert recently in the Adelaide Town Hall was organised eight months ago by Mr. John Dempster. This Adelaide musician has a firm belief that the day of music is not a thing of the past; rather he asserts that music as a world force is only just beginning to operate.

Mr. Dempster, basing his deductions on the well-known axiom of psychologists "that all thought is action," decided to test his theory that a generation had arisen which was literally saturated with music through the medium of wireless and would, if opportunity were given it, gladly wish to be an active rather than a passive agent in the production of music.

Practically 300 choristers enrolled under Mr. Dempster this year in the Women's Choir. At the recent concert it was difficult to believe that this body had only been rehearsing for a few months. The total quality was excellent and the musical perception of this large body of choristers was of a distinctly high order.—H.B.J.

Percy Grainger

ILLUSTRATING "tuneful percussions,"

a French version of a Java gong band will be translated into the original Javanese during the course of a lecture-recital by Percy Grainger to be broadcast by all States on Sunday, January 6. The composer, Debussy, was so much impressed by the gong band engaged for the recent Paris exhibition that he composed "Pagodes" for it.

With a curious array of percussion instruments, Grainger proposes to show, in effect, how Debussy counts in the original. The lowest notes of a grand piano are to be struck by gong sticks to produce a soft percussion note, and oriental effect will be enhanced by the celesta, dulciana, and marimba.

On Thursday, January 10, this notable series of lecture-recitals will be closed with illustrations of musical progress. Percy Grainger proposes to give examples of gliding tones, irregular rhythms, discordance harmony, intervals closer than half tones, and "free" music of his own composition.—G.M.

PARENTS! Your children's mental
fare is important. Order Fatty
Fin's Weekly for them—healthy,
amusing, full of interest.

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Youth Battles with its Own Particular Problems

Most novelists try their skill at some time or another in interpreting the problems of youth, and there has been quite a flood of this type of book lately.

Two novels published recently have chosen for their heroes young men who were not prepared to be swept along with the tide of life, but who chose to work out their own salvation in the manner that each considered best.

JAMES RIDDELL, in his "Hamilton Lee," and Louis Vincent in "Youth at Bay," have both attempted the task of portraying young men striving, above all things, to set themselves right with their own conscience.

Ian Hay has described "Hamilton Lee" as "vigorous and modern." The hero is certainly modern in his craving to express his own individuality in terms of achievement, rather than in following the easy road to success.

It is an amusing book, too, the highlights in this respect being supplied by Lee's greatest friend, Barrie Belper.

Lee's friends are very up to date in their witlessness, their intolerance for sentiment, and their aptness for using slang and nicknames. Lee himself is rather a serious young man, obsessed by the desire to make something of his own life without the aid of those advantages that have come easily to him.

He is in a very rebellious state of mind, restless and discontented with his assured state, when he meets an unusual and beautiful girl with whom he falls instantly in love. She loves him in return, but even this fact and the prospect of a conventionally happy life with her does not swerve him from his purpose.

With great strength of will—many would say with foolhardiness—he resigns from his safe and certain position

with a big publishing firm, cuts himself adrift from his old friends and haunts, and sets out to carve a career for himself.

Judging from the very humdrum ordinary experiences that come to Lee and from his own reactions, one feels that no good purpose has been served, and it is rather a relief when things are brought to a climax and he is prevented from any further attempts to "express himself."

Lee's life is influenced largely by a dream that persists again and again, and as the dream ended with a certain fulfilment of happiness, it no doubt sustained him through his adventuring.

Divided Loyalties

THE fact that Louis Vincent has made the world war of 1914-18 the big deciding factor in the career of his hero robs his book of some of its attraction, but not of its merit.

"Youth at Bay" is a good story, but the problem of the young man with divided loyalties—his country and his family—is one that has been done to death in recent years, and most readers will feel that the last word has been said on this subject.

Nevertheless one follows with interest the life of David Warburton, and the author has succeeded in presenting a fine character study and picture of the social conditions that existed in those



ELLA K. MAILLART, author of "Turkistan Solo," is a remarkable young woman. She has excelled in sport—rowing, swimming, and skiing—and is a great linguist. Her journey, of which she writes in "Turkistan Solo," occupied a year, and was packed with unusual adventures, which she describes most graphically.

years immediately preceding the Great War.

ALICK WARBURTON, son of a ship-ping magnate, married a servant girl from his father's household, a fine Scotch lass superior to him in essential personal qualities.

But Alick Warburton was a weakling and a waster. In a very few years he deserted his wife and young son and doomed them to a life that was one long struggle for existence.

The son, David Warburton, was an unusual lad—clever, intelligent, and intense in most things he undertook. His love for his mother was the biggest thing in his life, and never at any time did he fail to appreciate the sacrifices she had made for him.

The World War started when David was nineteen years of age and when his feet were planted on the first rungs of the ladder leading to success.

But it was not this fact that caused him to rebel against taking his place among young men going to fight, that caused him to ignore the look of scorn that his old friends gave him.

David Warburton had either to desert his country or his aged mother, now almost blind and with no one to look after her.

Hundreds of men in the war years were no doubt placed in similar positions, and one turns the pages of the book with anticipation wondering how, in this instance at least, the position was met.

Both writers have presented a rather tragic picture of youth obsessed with problems that robbed life of its rosy hues. But the problems of youth are so often tragic, more tragic than in some times guessed. Maturity gives a different perspective.

"Hamilton Lee." James Riddell. (John Long.)

"Youth at Bay." Louis Vincent. (Hutchinson. Our copy, Swains.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"WHILE HOME BURNS." Alexander Woolcott. A book that all who read it will wish to possess, since the material of which it is comprised cannot cease to charm and delight. Alexander Woolcott is said to be the greatest journalist in America, but his fame is not confined to that country. He has an unfailing supply of material for his facile pen, and he writes in a style that is unsurpassed.

"While Home Burns" is a collection of his best work, published in England by Arthur Barker Ltd. It contains stories of well-known places and people, and of others not so well known, accounts of travel and adventure, and notes on books and plays. A rare book, and one that will be treasured. (Arthur Barker. 8/6.)

"BLACK-GIRL, WHITE LADY." A. H. Hyder. A novel that deals in frank and forceful language with the efforts of a "near-white" girl in Jamaica to attain for herself—and later for her child—the distinction of being a "white lady." The characters are well drawn, and the plot interesting, but it's not the sort of book that will be handed out on prize-giving day. (Arthur Barker.)

"CLAUDIUS THE GOD." Robert Graves. Robert Graves produced a splendid book in "I, Claudius," and has followed it up with such another in "Claudius the God," which carries on its jacket the recommendation of the book Society. It is a sequel to "I, Claudius," but is complete in itself. Claudius himself tells the story, one of great treachery and intrigue, but particularly interesting to those who have studied the history of this period. The intrigues of his young wife, Messalina, who had betrayed him in a shameless manner, and been the cause of his putting many innocent people to death, his subsequent marriage to his niece, mother of Nero, whom Claudius adopted and who subsequently succeeded him, are all part of the story, which covers a most important period in Roman history. (Barker. 10/6.)

"SCOTT'S BOOK." C. W. A. Scott, world famous as winner of the Melbourne Centenary Air Race, has written an autobiography that is packed tight with interest. It is also a very human story, showing the author's wish interest in affairs and in people. Scott has shared with his readers many thrilling incidents of his career, and done so in an attractive literary style. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

"BROKEN WINGS." Frederick J. Thwaites. There is plenty of action and continuous interest in this story of a young Australian who battles against overwhelming odds to retain the station property that his pioneer ancestors had worked so hard to build up.

Ron Burrell, of Boomerangs, is a young man of the highest integrity, and in championing the cause of his father's oldest friend and neighbor he incurs the enmity of a ruthless financier who pursues his revenge in diametrically fashion. Young Burrell is almost broken when the tide of fortune changes and he wins the reward that moralists would have us believe is the just due of the true and honorable.

This is probably the best story Mr. Thwaites has written, and he has succeeded in creating a genuine outback atmosphere and depicting types that have the generous open-hearted characteristics of our country men and women. (Jackson and O'Sullivan.)

"AUSTRALIAN AUTHORS AND ARTISTS' HANDBOOK." W. E. Fitzhenry. This reference book, as its name implies, caters specially for those engaged in newspaper work and kindred occupations and gives a comprehensive survey of the fields of marketing literary and artistic productions, as well as valuable information concerning copyright, contracts, and other matters of vital importance to writers. The book is edited and published by Mr. W. E. Fitzhenry, and its price is 2/6.

Centenary Histories

The history of Victoria has claimed the attention of numerous writers within recent times and resulted in the publication of many interesting books on the subject. Some of them have been classic, representing limitless research and labor. Ambrose Pratt has contributed a book of this type in his "Centenary History of Victoria" (Robertson and Mullens). It is distinguished by a fine literary style, and illustrated by beautiful photographs.

Another particularly interesting volume is "Georgiana's Journal" (Angus and Robertson), which Hugh McCrae, grandson of the diarist, has edited. Georgiana Huntley McCrae, nee Gordon, came to the Port Phillip district of N.S.W. in 1841, and was apparently a born chronicler. Her diary began before the separation and reveals, as well as important historical events, intimate human glimpses of the social life of the period. Apart from the literary interest the book is a beautiful production and contains 149 illustrations.

New Novel by Ethel M. Dell

PROBABLY no writer has a greater following among the rank and file of readers than Ethel M. Dell, whose stories have a wholesome flavor and a satisfactory supply of love interest.

In her latest story, "The Electric Torch," she has given a characteristic portrayal of a gallant Indian Army officer who shields the wife of a fellow officer at the cost of his own career.

Yvonne Chisleton, wife of Major Chisleton, is a beautiful, brainless young woman, and her conduct rouses the jealousy of her husband and results in his untimely death. Yvonne fires the fatal shot without intent to murder, and Captain Packeraley, to whom she has sworn for protection, bears the burden of her guilt.

Pax, as he is known to his brother officers, is in love with Claire, the Major's sister, and in a mood of self-sacrifice she marries him, hoping in this way to proclaim to the world her belief in his innocence. But her self-sacrifice does not relieve Pax of all the consequences of his chivalry. He is acquitted on the charge of murder but is forced to resign his commission.

With Claire and her sister-in-law, Yvonne, he goes to England and there, after a series of heart-burning experiences he wins the reward he has so richly earned.

Claire's self-sacrifice is not confined to marrying Pax. She has a great affection for Yvonne, whom she nurses and protects through many weary months. She, too, is repaid for all the suffering she has endured for the sake of these she loves, and the book concludes in the way most of its readers would wish it to.

"The Electric Torch." Ethel M. Dell. (Chancell.)

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by...

L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"And can you play 'The Last Round-Up'?"



PLUMBER: You haven't paid me for fixing your sink yet.
TOUGH CUSTOMER: Well, forget it!



DINER: I'm sure there's a caterpillar in this cabbage.
WAITER: Pardon me, sir! But that's the sausage you ordered.



BERT: I bought a present to-day for the being I love most in all the world.
GERT: What was it, a box of cigars?



"Stand by an' I'll chuck you a rope!"

AS SLIM AS WHEN SHE MARRIED

Woman Gets Back to Normal Weight

AFTER 16 YEARS

Do you know what was your weight on your wedding day? And do the scales show the same record to-day? Why not get back to your old normal weight and girlish figure—just as this woman did!

"About 18 months ago," she writes, "I started to put on weight badly—and that in spite of living half-way up a hill and having to walk up and down very frequently. I tried many things, and at last started on Kruschen. I have been taking it consistently since, and now I am back to normal weight—9 st. 8 lbs., just as I was when I married 16 years ago. I feel very much better in myself, too."

"Only two or three days ago I met a lady who had been away on a trip, and she remarked how much younger and slimmer I looked. Another, last Saturday, said I had quite a girlish figure now. I think that good for my age—I am 49."—(Mrs.) A. H.

Kruschen is an ideally balanced blend of six separate mineral salts. The formula represents the ingredient salts of the mineral waters of Carlsbad, Ems, Kissingen and other well-known European spas which have been resorted to for generations by the over-stout. Only in Kruschen can you get this precise combination of



salts. The exact correctness of the formula of every batch of Kruschen is checked by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling.

Kruschen combats the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue.

You can hasten the reducing action of Kruschen by cutting out fatty meats and pastries and going light on butter, cream and potatoes.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MR. GOOD: And in the future I shall try my best to put myself in the other fellow's place.
MR. WOOD: Then, whatever you do, don't try it on in a theatre queue.

SHE: What color bathing suit was Irene wearing?
HE: I don't know. She had her back turned.

THE DUD: You're new to this game, aren't you?
The Caddie: Yes, what is it?

"I DON'T care if it is a high-class party," hissed the convention-bating young husband, "I'm going to be my own natural self!"
"Very well," said his wife resignedly, "But if you start throwing coconuts about, I'm going straight home."

MISTRESS: Did you put my evening frock in soak as I told you.
Maid: Yes, mum, but I could only get 2/6 on it!

"PEGGY doesn't seem to have so many arguments with her husband lately."
"No. He gets paid monthly now, instead of weekly."

SHE was obviously annoyed when she returned from her shopping expedition.

"John," she said to her husband, "I've just found that the woman next door has a coat exactly the same as mine." John looked up from his banking account, which he had been trying to balance.

"Well, my dear," he said, "I suppose you'll want me to buy you a new coat?"
"Yes," she replied, "It would be cheaper than moving, wouldn't it?"

TWO NEW CHAIRS

for 1/3d



That's all it costs to refinish them with

QUICK ENAMEL

A quarter-pint tin is the size to buy—and in return you get not only two new chairs, but the thrill and satisfaction of doing a perfect job yourself. "QUICK" enamel flows out evenly without brush marks; dries in a few hours and gives a lasting glossy surface. Made in 33 fascinating shades—all intermixable.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Also "QUICK" Stain, "QUICK" Clear and "QUICK" Silver

A CASUAL Affair



HERE was a definite, urgent reason why Eden Storey wanted money. It is best to understand that at the outset. The details don't matter except that through her brother, with whom she shared a flat in Notting Hill, life had suddenly become intensely and threateningly complicated. There had been debts and a dishonored cheque, and now it looked as if nothing could prevent the law from stepping in and having its way with him.

All this Eden brooded over from the top of her bus on one of those magic April evenings when the subtle earthy smell of spring seems to penetrate even to the very heart of London. There was no room in her thoughts for anything else; her mind was darkened and her imagination ran riot amongst the terrifying shadows of the future.

She got off the bus automatically at the usual place and walked the few yards to the flat. Up and up stone stairs that never seemed to come to an end. Then she was opening the door with her latchkey, closing it behind her, calling Dennis's name with an edge to her voice that only anxiety can give.

"I'm here," she heard him answer, "in the kitchen—getting tea."

That was a relief. She pulled off the tiny cap which she wore on the back of her head, slipped out of her coat and joined him.

"Any news, Dennis?" she asked in a low, grave voice.

"No."

"No chance of raising anything from Phil?"

"Not a hope." His face was white and he did not look at her.

"I've got to go out to-night," Eden said. "I don't want to. I shall loathe it."

"Do you good, Eden, instead of moping here with me."

"I'd rather be with you."

"Darling, I'd rather you went. It will take your mind off this filthy business for a bit. Whom are you going with?"

"Erica and her fiancé, and a friend of his—a solicitor or something."

He tried to smile. "He might give you some advice."

"My dear, advice is not much good to us. I'm not in the mood for people. I want to stay at home."

BUT at nine o'clock she was one of a restaurant party of four, a gravely-smiling Eden with honey-colored hair that curled on her neck, wide, brown eyes, a brief, adorable nose and the peculiar effect of radiance which only a very fair woman in a black dress can achieve.

The party was not a very exciting one. Erica and her fiancé were obviously making an effort not to be too much engrossed with each other; the fiancé's friend was forthright, austere and heavy, with a long, legal-looking upper lip and shrewd, penetrating eyes. Eden felt uneasy, as if through her he could see Dennis.

"You're not a mind-reader, by any chance, are you, Mr. Bartlet?" she asked him once when she caught him looking at her.

"Not at all," he said. "In any case the mind of the modern girl is much too complicated a thing for me to tackle."

"Surely not?"

"Absolutely. I've spent my life dealing with human problems and I've learned a little about men and women, but I think the generation that's growing up now—your generation—is beyond me."

"In what way? Don't you like us?"

"I'm not sure. You're all out for yourselves, of course. Whether that's to be admired or not I can't make up my mind. I've never seen young men and women so obsessed with money-making."

"We have to be," Eden said. "There are other things in life. Money is unimportant really."

Eden leaned slightly towards him. Erica was dancing with her fiancé, so they were alone at the table.

"It's easy for you to say that," she said, "you're safe. Safe as a house, I've no doubt. Money becomes unimportant only when you have it."

She paused for a moment and crushed her cigarette fiercely on an ash tray.

"I'd do anything for money," she said, "anything."

He looked at her intently. "You don't mean that?"

"But I do," she said, "I do."

He stared again. "How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

Complete Short Story... By LESLEY STORM

"Nineteen, and money matters to you more than anything in the world?"

"At the moment, yes."

"More, for instance, than your good name—your virtue? Forgive me if I sound hopelessly out of date."

"Yes, it matters more than that."

He lit a cigarette and smoked in silence for some minutes. Eden thought of Dennis. Suddenly Bartlet looked at her quickly.

"Is your time your own for the next fortnight?"

Eden was quick as a hound on a scent. "I would make it my own," she said. "I could have my holiday."

"I've got a job for someone. There's a certain amount of money attached to it."

"How much?"

Bartlet exhaled the smoke of his cigarette in rings, a habit of his. Lord, the girl was as keen as a crook financier—with her brown, limpid eyes like a pool of lilies.

"Probably about a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds. There would be no difficulty about an odd fifty."

Eden's knees weakened under the table. A hundred and twenty would see Dennis through. She caught her breath with a quick, sharp intake from the very refinement of pain that pierced her.

"Would you rather come to my office to-morrow or do you mind talking shop here?"

She gave a thin, high little laugh that came very near to the border of hysteria. Her hands were trembling and she covered one with the other to hide it.

"I'd rather know about it now," she said. She made an attempt at light-heartedness. "It sounds intriguing."

Bartlet looked at her coldly. "That's precisely what it is."

"Tell me," she said.

"I have a client," he began in his detached, impersonal way, "whose matrimonial affairs have been rather unfortunate. Both parties wish to obtain a divorce, but my client's wife, naturally enough, is anxious that no stigma should attach itself to her. He must provide the cause."

"**I**KNOW," Eden burst in. "I can see it all. He wants someone to go away with him as co-respondent, and he is willing to pay a hundred and fifty to two hundred for it."

"Exactly. He wants someone who would be quite presentable and who would not cause him embarrassment. Moreover, the one night and hotel bill divorce is becoming rather a ticklish thing to handle. I suggest that you make it a week or a fortnight. There are, of course, hundreds of women of a certain class who would be quite easy to obtain, but my client is rather sensitive."

"Quite," Eden said swiftly, her thoughts running ahead to Dennis and the unbearable joy of breaking the news to him. He must never know the truth of it all. But that would be easy enough.

"There must be no mistake about it!" Bartlet went on. "I'd like you to understand that. The evidence must be conclusive."

"Of course."

"Would you care to meet my client, Miss Storey?"

Eden started. She lit another cigarette with a feverishness which she could not control. She raised her head and looked straight at Bartlet.

"Do you think I would do for the job?"

"Yes, very well."

"Well, is his opinion necessary? Have you the authority to fix it up now?"

"I have the authority, yes. I was thinking of you. You might want to see him."

"I don't."

"You mean you're willing to go

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through with it without even having seen him?"

"Yes."

He gave a short laugh. "Shall we consider that fixed then? If you will call at my office at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon the cheque will be waiting for you. I can absolutely rely upon you to go through with it, I suppose?"

"Oh, absolutely."

They sat in silence for a few minutes.

"Shall we dance?" he said suddenly.

"Will you excuse me for a moment first? I want to telephone. There's a brother of mine whom I live with—"

Bartlet nodded, and as he looked at her flushed cheeks and her shining eyes he thanked the little god for his state of single blessedness and for his delivery from anything so vile as your modern young woman.

THE name of Mr. Bartlet's client was Patrick Byrne, who was something in the motor world.

That was all Eden knew of him. On Friday at three o'clock she was to meet him at Bartlet's office, and from thence they would proceed by car. She did not know where, and she told herself she did not care.

What was a fortnight out of one's life? What was this? What was that? She refused to think. Of infinitely greater importance was the fact that Dennis was living and well—and laughing amongst his fellow men with the sword no longer hanging over his head; light and happiness had come into their lives again. He was safe—his future was safe. What did a couple of weeks matter in a whole lifetime? So she kept assuring herself.

Dennis did not raise a single query about this early holiday of hers. "I shall wander," she said, "probably along the South Coast. Don't write. I shall phone occasionally in the evenings."

She lunched with him, before she left in the little restaurant in Soho where they often went. She walked with him to the Aldgate-bound bus which would take him back to the city; she waved to him as it moved off.

"Good-bye, my dear."

Then she went back to the flat for her luggage. It was lying in her room all packed and ready. She looked at herself critically in the long mirror inside her wardrobe door. Presentable, she thought. Mr. Bartlet had said "presentable."

A sickening nervous anxiety settled deep in the pit of her stomach. It fluttered and fluttered and her pulses raced. The church clock across the street struck the half-hour. Half-past two. Time to go. One must not think. That was the only way. One's mind must be a blank for the next two weeks. This was something unreal and fantastic. It had no connection with her life, and when it was past it was past for ever.

All the way to Bartlet's office she practised this blank state of mind. She leaned back and idly watched the dark droves on the pavements hurrying here and there like black ants. All so busy, all so active and fussy



FROM THE FAMOUS house of Worth comes this beautiful model bridal gown of satin and organdie. Note the interesting sleeve and new bodice treatment.

—Photos selected by Muriel Segal and sent by Air Mail.

compared with this complete blankness which she was achieving.

Outside the office in Queen Victoria Street a long-nosed black coupe was drawn up. His Mr. Patrick Byrne's, of course. Nice car. She would sit in it as she had sat in the taxi, practising this completely blank state of mind. Bartlet had said nothing about intelligent conversation.

How long the corridor was, and how stupid her feet felt. And this silly little page trotting along beside her, guiding her past innumerable doors to the holy of holies. Then he was stopping in front of a special-looking, extra-special-looking door, knocking, and ushering her in.

A man rose from a leather chair by the window. Not Mr. Bartlet. Some mistake. This one was tall and young and reddish-haired. Twenty-eight to thirty. Attractive, very.

"Miss Storey?" he was asking, and he hurried on as she nodded. "Mr. Bartlet had to go out. As a matter of fact, I rather wanted him to, I'm Byrne."

"Oh!" It was a sort of gasp. It was so unexpected. She had been so sure he was a junior partner of Bartlet's or something like that.

"I felt I'd rather meet you alone." This girl was blushing furiously. Odd, after the crushing report Bartlet had given of her. He smiled slightly. "The only way to carry this off," he said, "is to be perfectly casual about it. Don't you agree?"

She smiled, too. "Yes, of course."

"My car's at the door. We needn't hang about here. Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere. I don't mind."

"I had thought of Cornwall. It's rather lovely there in April."

"I've never been there. I've often wanted to go."

They were walking together along the corridor now, and presently the lift was gliding down with them. Down and down to goodness only knew where.

He did not speak until they were both in the car with their luggage stowed away behind. Then he remarked: "We shan't be able to get to Cornwall to-night. We can stop somewhere on the way."

"Yes," she said meekly. She leaned back in the car, but the blankness would not come as she had planned. Her mind was racing ahead, all worked-up and bewildered by the stark realization of what she had done.

They were shut up together there in an intimacy that was utterly false. Eden's eyes darkened with a quick surge of hostility. Who was he, anyway, sitting there at the wheel, whirling her away from London and familiar things? She wished to heaven he would speak to her. The silent, leaping antagonism between them was becoming unbearable.

"Do you mind if I have the window down?" she asked him.

He took the chance of looking at her again. He smiled, a mischievous boyish grin, as if this game was rather fun.

"No. I prefer it down as a matter of fact."

That was all until they were well away from London and out on the open road. There was that incredible sparkle in the air that only April can achieve. It had the thin, tenuous, virgin quality of foam and the rays of the afternoon sun traversed the sky in jets. Byrne slowed the car almost to a standstill while he dug into his breast pocket for his cigarette case. He offered it silently to Eden.

"Thanks. I won't smoke."

"Do you mind if I do?"

"Not at all."

Presently from another pocket he produced a tiny leather case and dropped it into her lap.

"There's a ring," he told her as he lit a cigarette. "It's usual to wear one, I'm told."

"Thanks."

She opened the case and looked for a fraction of a second at the thin platinum band. Almost furtively she slipped it on to her finger and pulled her glove over it.

"Does it fit?" he asked.

"Quite well. It's rather large."

"We can have it altered."

"It's scarcely worth while for a fortnight, don't you think?"

"No. I suppose not."

On and on until the afternoon became evening and the spring dusk grew in around them. They had scarcely spoken except for casual remarks and they seemed with the miles to become greater strangers to each other than when they had met in Bartlet's office that afternoon.

He said: "I think we will stop at the next decent hotel and go on in the morning. I want my dinner badly."

"As you wish," she said meekly.

Please turn to Page 30

GUIDING GIRLS and BOYS Along the RIGHT TRACK

How Juvenile Delinquency Can Be Prevented!

By Mrs. Julia Rapke, J.P., Special Magistrate
at one of Australia's Children's Courts.



THE CHILD observes the conduct of grown-ups and ponders. It all has a marked effect on the character and personality of the young mind.

Mothers of young families are constantly seeking an answer to the question: "Can juvenile delinquency be prevented?" Perhaps they fear "the ills that flesh is heir to," and, distrusting their own powers for solving the problems of Youth, desire to be armed with the necessary knowledge to combat any tendency to drift.

Social workers often ask it in the belief that the life of the individual is inescapably bound up with that of the family and the community, and unless there is recognition of this fact society becomes weakened.

The seeds of both mental and physical disease are sown in childhood, and to remedy these defects early is economic and fitting.



GREATER stress must be laid upon the need for more individual training. Modern educational trends are all in this direction.



PLAY is important. ... It can be a preparation for life's work.

WE know that delinquency is a malady or a conflict. The delinquent is one who is maladjusted in his response to the human situation which involves his entire being, the whole of his life history, and all interaction with his fellows. In his emotional cravings the delinquent contends with many of the same problems as the mentally unbalanced to the extent that the social or destructive tendencies he harbors put him out of harmony with the rest of the community.

There are many causes contributing towards delinquency. It is failure to recognise them, misuse of the child or neglect to adequately care for and discipline him that cause lapses to occur with more or less frequency. Children may be inherently good, according to A. S. Neil, but those charged with the care of young people often find it hard to believe! Yet Lord Lytton spoke words of great wisdom—"The one

thing which never can be acquired by coercion is goodness or moral conduct." Freud doubts if the ideal state of family life exists for the upbringing of children. He tells us that the child should be reared as part of an "equilateral triangle," being "neither repressed into submission nor adulated in ascendancy," that is, brought up equally by both parents with a just appreciation of all his needs.

With training along these lines those conflicts in personality, which make it so impossible for some to adjust themselves to their environment, might then be fewer, and so on, one by one, the various contributory causes towards delinquency might be ruled out.

Parents' Duty

IN the study of causation, home, health and housing play an important part. All are bound up with each other. Obviously it is the duty of parent or guardian to ensure that normal development is not arrested through neglect of

dental or physical defects.

Teaching sanitation and personal hygiene is important, particularly in poor homes in thickly congested areas where disregard of these teachings is apt to adversely influence character and the moral outlook.

It must not be supposed, however, that the advantages of a rich and roomy home, complete with all possible aids for cleanliness, modesty and decent living, are sufficient within themselves to ensure rectitude.

There must be love, appreciation and understanding of the child if nurture is to assist Nature to a perfect unfolding and blossoming of the child life. There are plenty of decent homes, too, in slum areas; poverty does not necessarily mean a loss of personal pride or failure to keep aloof from undesirable companions, one of the greatest menaces of all. Neither need it mean inattention to environmental or bodily cleanliness even though facilities are scanty. Miriam Van Waters most accurately sums the matter up when she says: "No home is good if the fundamentals for rearing children are lacking (i.e. interest in their growth of mind and body, their personality and social relationships). No home is unfit if harmony prevails between parents and the child is wisely loved—even though the cat sleeps on the bed and disorder reigns in the kitchen!"

Play Impulse

ANOTHER social factor in the prevention of delinquency is provision for recreational activity. Play is important. It can be a preparation for life's work.

Several theories have been advanced to account for the play impulse. It can have an instinctive basis capable of developing qualities that become of value in maturity, and the playground then assumes the function of giving the first vocational training.

The recreational and recapitulation theories are also worthy of study.

By watching children at play one sees cause and effect with clarity. The diversity in the games that are played—building with blocks, sand or mud, playing with dolls or dolls, games of contest or skill, chasing, running and dancing games, train and tram games, exploring or collecting, all open up new vistas for the child mind, and provide wonderful outlets for the play impulse.

Often when children are charged in juvenile courts for such petty offences as obstructing, playing football, and other games in the street, one realises that the community has failed to provide sufficient playgrounds, and this lack may be the means of bringing a child for the first time into a Court

of Law, and even be responsible for sowing the first seeds of contempt for the Law.

WHEN we consider how far the educational factor may determine a child's potentialities for wrongdoing, greater stress must be laid upon the need for more individual training. Modern educational trends are all in this direction.

It becomes increasingly important that teachers should discover early signs of precociousness or the afflictions of the retarded and place and grade them for intellectual or manipulative work best suited to their capacity and needs.

By the time they make their first appearance in a court, it may be too late. A great deal can be said in support of nursery schools for the pre-kindergarten age.

The seeds of both mental and physical disease are sown in childhood, and to remedy these defects early is economic and fitting. Perhaps one of the strongest arguments in favor of the nursery school is its opportunity to act as a wholesome check to the foolishness of doting parents.

Few parents are qualified for the tender work of child guidance. And this brings one to another point. There is a fairly general but quite erroneous idea that the ability to beget offspring is likewise a guarantee of fitness to rear them. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Mothercraft should not be confused with parenthood. I think it was R. T. Lewis who, in making a plea for an apprenticeship for parenthood, declared that "even to rear plus it required expert knowledge, guidance, and special training!"

Juvenile Lapses

DEALING with the psychological factor it has been found that physical deformity which places a child at a disadvantage is often responsible for juvenile lapses.

Remembering that, primarily, the child is an egoist it is understandable that, when the ego is starved, the impulse is to find a compensatory assertiveness in order to focus attention upon itself.

This frequently results in anti-social behaviour. Preventive aids in disease and surgery should be availed of in the earliest possible stages, not only to prevent crippling and other permanent injury, but also to stabilise the mental outlook.

On the whole the classes of offences committed by children do not vary very much. Apart from trivial misdemeanors involving little more than breaches of city by-laws or corporation regulations, the majority of cases are concerned with theft, assault, and sex offences. It comes rather as a shock to find that some of our most tenacious beliefs in regard to the cause of delinquency cannot be always substantiated.

For example predatory behaviour can be a perfectly normal thing in a healthy child. Neither, according to Healy, has the theory of heredity the weight that is given to it. He also contends that the cinema is unjustly blamed for a lot.

A. S. Neil supports this view, and suggests that even at its worst the cinema can only suggest a method as the motive to wrongdoing must have been there first. I take my stand behind these and other psychologists in affirming my disbelief in the corrupt influence of the film.

Moreover, when the plea is used in a juvenile court, I believe parents and adolescents use it purposely and cunningly, imagining it agrees with the average magistrate's preconceived ideas.

Home Influence

JUST as the nineteenth century marked the evolution of woman from dependence to emancipation, so this twentieth century is the century of the child. He has many needs. Recreation is not the least among them.

It should be regarded as a moral problem. There must be also patient study, insight and sympathetic understanding of his personality.

The influence of parent and home plays a big part, too. Consciously and unconsciously, the parental mode of life and moral fabric, ability to maintain family order with a minimum of rules, constant examples of truthfulness, courage and reliability, or the reverse, all have a marked effect on the character and personality of the child.

LASTLY, religion. All humans are the better for having some religious belief. It is a sheet anchor for many. Parents and preachers often deplore the modern (?) tendency to shun the help that religion offers. But when due attention is paid to all that is required for the moral, mental and physical development of the juvenile, I believe sermons will be effective.

"WITH Husband's PERMISSION"...

How Big Australian Company Ensures Masculine Control

Wonderful are the ways in which some business firms, deeply imbued with the age-old superstition that woman's mentality is unsuited for business, guard themselves against possibility of danger.

QUITE recently a Sydney lady, recognised as in the forefront of social thinkers and workers, decided on making a small purchase of shares in that well-established and prosperous concern, the Colonial Sugar Refining Company. After the transaction had taken place she was rather taken aback to discover that she could not deal with the shares in her own name.

She could only sell them with her husband's permission! Moreover, her husband's name had to be registered with hers as holder of the shares—and on the register the husband's name had to come first!

It was disconcerting for the lady, who had been used for a long while to handling her own affairs, and, incidentally, affairs of other people entrusted to her. But the rule is the rule.

In this particular case the lady decided that fully-owned shares was what she wanted, and, with her husband's permission and approval, parted with the shares at something less than the cost price.

It must not be thought, of course, that the generality of business companies in

Australia forbid married women to handle shares in their own names. The attitude of the Colonial Sugar Company is believed to be a lone survival.

It came about in this way: The C.S.R. Company is one of the oldest as well as one of the wealthiest in Australia. Established as an unlimited company away back in 1855, it was registered as a limited company in 1887, with the late Sir Edward Knox as chairman of directors.

So safe was it considered as an investment that it shared with Government Bonds and Gas Companies the attention of people, and particularly women, who wanted something absolutely reliable in which to invest.

The cautious founder, Sir Edward Knox, saw a possibility of women investors getting a majority of the shares, and so being able to call the tune for the company. Hence the proviso, adopted by the directors at his suggestion, which prevents any married woman from handling shares in her own name. Perhaps before long we may find a majority vote of shareholders getting rid of the antiquated ban on married women as holders of shares in their own names.

Meanwhile the ban persists—a curious and quaint survival of medieval belief that woman is incapable of managing anything except a kitchen or a cradle.

HOST: Holbrook says: The Holbrook Queen Olivia is the most popular. They are always so busy and often so sad.

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So They Say

New Writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters "New Writer." Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers, given in the poll taken on the page.

"HUSH" POLICY

THIS mysterious evasion of information at our hospitals is the cause of much anxiety and worry to people who have relatives in hospital. While we are grateful for the kind attention of doctors and nurses to our loved ones, it would be a tremendous load off our minds if only we could get definite information as to what is really wrong with the patients, and if they are responding to treatment or not. I think it would be such a comfort to them if only they were confided in.

What do other readers think?
£5 for this letter to Mrs. E. Waldron, c/o Mrs. J. Forsythe, 19 Radstock St., Kilkenny, S.A.

IS IT TRUE LOVE?

WE read and hear so much about true love coming but once in a lifetime that it has set me thinking.

Two persons fall in love and marry, but after a time death parts them. The bereaved one mourns for a while, but often finds consolation in a second marriage, the new partner believing it to be a true love match.

In the case of an engaged couple I knew death claimed the man and, although the girl had been very much in love with her former fiancé, she married about two years after and was very much in love with her husband.

Is one of the partners just a comrade, or is it possible to love twice?
J. Smith, Box 49A, Port Pirie, S.A.

MULISH WOMEN

WHY do women take so long to change their opinions when once they are formed, even though they are convinced that these opinions are not right? Is the mule's mind the only one which stubbornness is inherent? I have found women in general—particularly in the social world—to be far too critical of their fellow human beings. To be directly critical is, of course, always prudent, but to form definite opinions about people before knowing them thoroughly is devoid of principle. Women who have had experience in the business community seem to me to be more understanding and courteous than those whose activities have been confined solely to domestic and social pursuits.

Ann Ratcliffe, Northam Av., Bardon, Brisbane.

GREAT TEMPTATION

ONE is continually reading in the newspapers of the losses shops suffer through the activities of shoplifters. But, surely, the managers are to blame in displaying their goods in such a manner as to tempt anyone these days—honest or otherwise. Many a poor woman, perhaps with several children at home, is sorely tempted when she sees children's toys displayed, or other articles which she is in need of and unable to buy.

Do not readers agree?
Miss N. Auld, Bull's Rd., St. John's Park, N.S.W.

DOCTORS' FEES

ISN'T it time something was done to reduce doctors' fees? We read so often that women should not delay seeing a doctor if they have any suspicious symptoms. And yet how many can afford it? I mean those who are on or around the basic wage, and who do have enough pride to try and pay their way. Then there are others who do not live in the metropolitan area, and who cannot line up in the queues at our city hospitals. Why not half fees for morning patients?

Mrs. R. S. Hale, North Dorrigo, N.S.W.

A WORD FOR HUSBANDS

WHY do so many wives, after a few years of married life, get into the habit of treating their husbands as though their only use is to pay the bills? Surely this is one of the main reasons why they go astray.

Also does it never occur to a wife that the husband is entitled to some peace after a trying day in the city? Then why not once and for all see that the children settle their quarrels before he arrives home?

M. Browne, 5th Floor, 151 Collins St., Melbourne.

Paying Extra Pence For Courteous Service

PERHAPS to Miss Esme Curle (15/12/34) the few extra pence which she pays to be "received politely" in an exclusive shop are neither here nor there.

However, those who buy moderately-priced goods would rather suffer the temporary inconvenience of waiting to be served and obtain a more lasting result—a superior article at a lower price.

Mrs. I. M. Jackson, Middleton St., Hightett, S.S.I., Vic.

Why at "Lesser" Stores?

IN reply to Miss Esme Curle (15/12/34), it certainly is preferable to pay more for goods purchased than to suffer any indignity at the "less pretentious shops." But—are the shopgirls at the lesser stores eternally standing round filing their nails and discussing their love affairs? Personally, I've found the majority of shopgirls much too busy to stand around, and with few exceptions have found them quite polite and painstaking. One finds, of course, the exception, but I prefer to think that the short answer and the ungracious shrug are very often due to the wearying and unrelieved headache and backache of an "off day."

Mrs. Edna Beales, 16 Well Avenue, Enfield, N.S.W.

Defends Cheaper Stores

RE Miss Curle's letter (15/12/34), being ushered to a seat in a shop, etc., is certainly much appreciated by the leisurely shopper, but for those like myself who only ever have time to dash in and out again, I find it very annoying, and that is why I like the stores where the goods are all displayed with the prices marked. There is no embarrassment of having to ask to be shown "something cheaper." The girls in these shops are usually very pleasant, courteous and well groomed, without the "superiority complex" that the girls of the more exclusive shops seem to develop.

Mrs. G. Young, 70 Monbray Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.

I Don't Agree

LIKE Miss Esme Curle, I, too, like the courteous service given at the more exclusive stores. I do not agree, however, that the assistants at the cheaper stores are not attractive. They are under supervision, and generally too busy to discuss their affairs during shop hours.

What about the woman who has a very limited income and cannot afford those few extra pence required to shop at the more exclusive stores? I fancy she is well content with the attention received at the cheaper shops.

Mrs. J. Shaw, 10 Adelaide St., Belmore, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



Some New Year Bouquets For Our "Weekly"

I HEARTILY endorse the remarks in the Australian Women's Weekly article, 15/12/34, re the "only one woman's paper."

Not only the womenfolk, but the men also, in almost every household look forward eagerly each week to their copy. What a thrill it is to win one of the competitions—even minor ones! And if one does not get a prize, there is always the desire to try again. I do not think there is another paper in Australia to compare or cater for every taste in the way The Australian Women's Weekly does.

Mrs. P. J. Stevens, Box 183, Leeton, N.S.W.

A Country Reader ... Wants Rain

I HAVE just finished reading your article in this week's Australian Women's Weekly about the bad weather Australia is having this year, one sentence of which reads, "Everybody is put out when the sun fails to shine."

The whole article brings home to me the great disparity in climate and living conditions of country dwellers to that of our city friends.

Certainly we have had unusual and beneficial rains this year, but there are many hundreds of people, like myself, living in districts where one is only too thankful to see the sun disappear in evening, and who welcome the mere sight of clouds, hoping they may bring a cool change or a few inches of rain.

E. R. Jensen, Bundy, Coonamble, N.S.W.

Been an Inspiration

AS the old year passes and the new one starts on its way I would like to try and express my keen admiration for The Australian Women's Weekly and offer a tribute to the work the Journal has done and the generous prizes it has bestowed. It has helped, benefited and guided me in many ways too numerous to mention, both intellectually and physically. Its many features are so useful, inspiring and full of delightful surprises in their charm and versatility, and one is assured of finding the latest, best, and brightest news.

Mrs. M. Atkinson, 15 Moor St., Sandringham, S.S., Vic.

What To Do With The "Pirate" Pest

REGARDING the "pirate" pest, one agrees partially with Mrs. Mitchell's contention that it is practically impossible to walk alone on the beach front without being accosted by some prowler. However, while not denying that these abnormal, who delight in making perpetual nuisances of themselves, do exist, the average man cannot but resent strongly the assertion that "it is almost impossible to walk alone on the beach front."

Perhaps it is as well to remember that one swallow does not make a summer, and that the great majority of Australian men are the equal of any in so far as chivalry is concerned.

Mr. H. T. Walsh, 62 William St., Norwood, S.A.

Too Sweeping

MRS. MITCHELL (15/12/34) is rather too sweeping in her charges against men in their alleged "piratical" methods on the beaches. The average girl who haunts the beaches, either singly or in packs, is all out to capture the attention of the male. It does not take an ultra scanty bathing costume to declare the type of woman within—personality shines from even the stiffest of gowns. Many girls have nothing in their heads but stupidities—they court the attentions of the males of a corresponding type and then blab about being insulted. Even the crassest of young men know their marks well enough and don't attempt to molest young women who are obviously on the beach because they enjoy the surf, the fresh air, and the sunshine.

And, in any case, the girl equipped with sufficient stamina both physically, mentally, and morally has not the slightest trouble in showing young pirates exactly where they "get off."

M. Whit, c/o 4 Foam St., Elwood, Melbourne.

Fault of Fair Sex

WITH reference to the letter on beach "pirates," I have four men in my household. Their version of pirating is that there is much more done by the fair sex who would be thoroughly disappointed if they were not spoken to. Of course there are exceptions on both sides.

Mrs. L. Wewley, 559 Sydney Rd., Coburg, N.I., Vic.

Encouragement Given

MRS. T. MITCHELL, in her letter (15/12/34) flatters herself. A young man residing in one of Sydney's most popular seaside suburbs, I claim a fair knowledge on this question, and I can assert that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred women who are accosted in the manner described literally "ask for it." There is a great difference between the woman who likes to go strolling along the beach front on her own and the woman (or women, since the latter type usually parade together) whose sole object for being seen on the self-same promenade is that she might catch the eye of some impressionable young man or two.

It is my experience that the modern youth is far too well-mannered to approach any young woman unless he has been given some encouragement.

J. Medcalf, 2 Registon Flats, Gilbert St., Manly, N.S.W.

Something Should Be Done

I HEARTILY agree with Mrs. T. Mitchell. How many women can enjoy a solitary walk without it being marred either by "Oh, haven't we met before?" from a complete stranger who purposely collides with one, and continues to make himself a nuisance, or two or three youths strolling a short distance behind passing remarks or cracking weak jokes. If a few of these cases were reported and the culprits severely punished I think it would do a lot towards diminishing this annoying practice.

Miss L. Kilmouth, Treffe, Narramine, N.S.W.

Not a Pest

I THINK that Mrs. T. Mitchell (15/12/34) uses rather strong language in her condemnation of the "pirate" pest. She contends that this should be made punishable as a criminal offence. This is rather drastic, since it has not been proved that he is a pest.

It is a practice that is not always unwelcome, and on our beaches it seems to be generally accepted as a part of our great outdoor freedom. It is also quite probable that many a marriage which might not have otherwise taken place has been the outcome of such pirating.

Mrs. D. C. Walker, 56 Millett St., Harstville, N.S.W.

STORY-BOOK HEROES

I HAVE lately been reading numerous stories (mostly by women authors) where I have been much struck by the way the heroes measure up with myself and other non-fictional males.

To make a hit with the ladies it appears (at least in story) one must be a cross between Samson and a clothes-prop. We find the heroine sinking into the gorilla-like arms of a lad who stands "at least six feet" or even "fully six foot two" to our own very ill content.

Each of us likes to think himself a story-book man at times, but how, how can we regard ourselves when the "hand-books of romance" put us out of court if we do but stand short of a lamp-post's height and haven't shoulders like a galley-slave?

Women readers, I ask you!
Ross Byrne, 10 Rae St., Randwick, N.S.W.

ETIQUETTE



DON'T SAY "sir" or "madam" constantly. Once indicates respect, but frequent repetition sounds ludicrous.

GIRLS TOO MUCH ALIKE

WHY are there so many "unattached" girls and men these days? Taking it for granted that, owing to the depression and other circumstances many men are not in the position to marry, there are still heaps who might with impunity single out a girl "for keeps." I refer to those who are having a very good time with many. Never were girls lovelier, nicer, more wholesome and charming, but I often wonder if the fact that they all dress alike, make up identically, and affect the same sort of wave has anything to do with it. I have yet to discover that girls are fundamentally different from what they were in my young days—in spite of changing fashions and other subtle differences scientists talk about. Although they each and all seem to have plenty of boy friends, only one here and there seems to make a man "lose his block" sufficiently to fall desperately in love and propose.

Is the present-day girl's uniformity and lack of originality the reason, or am I on the wrong track entirely?
Mrs. J. Craymer, The Gib, Mittagong, N.S.W.

THE SELFISH MOTHER

WE hear a lot about selfish, ungrateful children, but, in my opinion, unselfish parents, especially mothers, are to blame to a large extent.

The unselfish mother makes a document of herself—giving up everything, and asking no sacrifices of her children. As a result, the children take her for granted, and one cannot altogether blame them. Their mother has led them into this way of thinking, and they come to accept her sacrifices as they accept other things they are used to.

I think a little healthy selfishness is essential in every mother. She should not develop her own character at the expense of her child's.

What is the opinion of other readers?
Mrs. J. Timming, 5 Denham Place, Toorak, S.E., Vic.

WORD PICTURES

HOW many people ever read a book thoroughly? The big majority skim over the connecting links of explanation and description until they reach the "talking bits." They have lost all the thrill of the beautiful word pictures which make a really good book worth while. I have been reading "The Mill on the Floss." Listen! "The rush of the water and the booming of the mill bring a dreamy deafness which seems to lighten the peacefulness of the scene."

What a number of people, and even highly educated ones, too, would skip over such passages with just the flick of an eyelash!

Mrs. de Klevit, 51 Hughes St., Woodville, S.A.

EVELYN LAYE—Truly an ARTIST

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

RESENTLY that much discussed film, "Evensong," will be released in Australia, with Evelyn Laye playing the leading role. In the later scenes of this film, which recounts the rise and decline of a great prima donna, Miss Laye cheerfully disguises her own radiant beauty to portray a bitter woman, with face and figure marred by age and jealous passions.



EVELYN LAYE, at the beginning of "Evensong," as the eager little Irish girl, Maggie McNeil, whose heart is set on a singer's career.

A FEW years later, after arduous training in Paris, Maggie has earned the bliss of her teacher's (Delysia) godspeed, and becomes Madame Irela.



(ABOVE): In disillusioned middle age, Irela follows her triumphant career, deprived of love by the war, but partially consoled by her supremacy of song.

(LEFT): Black despair and all the bitterness of age defeated by youth are here shown in Irela's face at the close.

IF Miss Laye's performance in "Evensong" were to be singled out only for the very skillful assumption of age in face and bodily movements, it should be counted a remarkable one. The gradual accumulation of detail, the little additional touches to suggest many succeeding phases of the ageing process through the years—it is all so well judged.

Yes, the performance of this English actress is a remarkable one, especially for a woman, and for a beautiful woman.

Now, we have seen the incomparable Charles Laughton offer an arresting, if unorthodox, study of Henry VIII. Furthermore, Laughton has shown Henry's progress from lusty manhood to decrepit age.

But a fairer parallel to Irela in "Evensong" than such a "character" role as Henry would be one of those film heroes we have seen several times lately, whose long lives mark a change of epoch, or whose carefully delineated careers are typical of a class.

Long-lived Heroes

TAKE, for instance, the part played by Paul Muni in "The World Changes," or by Leslie Howard in "Secrets," or by Edward G. Robinson in "I Loved a Woman."

Each of these, but more particularly the first two, grows old convincingly. They accomplish a feat of acting rarely asked by make-up, of course, not often required of a woman in films.

It is true that that very sound ac-

trix, Aline MacMahon, in "The World Changes," gives a striking presentation of the hero's mother at different periods. At the beginning she is a young woman, and at the end she is in her nineties. But Miss MacMahon's part is subsidiary. It is not developed between those two stages, whereas Muni sustains the drama of the piece all through.

Perhaps Mary Picard, keeping pace down the years with Howard in "Secrets," has presented the phases of age most successfully among actresses heretofore. But neither in the youthful scenes of "Secrets" nor in extreme old age is she so convincing as in the middle period.

As for Kay Francis in "I Loved a Woman," there is little beyond the perfunctory whitening of her hair at the end to suggest that she is a slightly younger contemporary of the old man that Robinson has become.

The reason that we more rarely see this progress from youth to age in a woman's part on the screen is understandable. No doubt the natural vanity of a beautiful woman may have a little to do with it. But a far more compelling reason is the desire of the film public to see its adored stars with their beauty enhanced as much as possible.

All-Round Ability

BUT it is not only in subordinating her appearance to her role and in presenting age's growing limitations that Miss Laye shows herself in "Evensong" to be a genuine artist of unusual quality. Though prior to this film she had sung

only in light musical pieces and comic operas—in which she consistently shone—she here shows that she can carry off the role of prima donna.

That achievement has been due largely to the encouragement and tuition of her friend, Parry Jones, the Welsh tenor, who assured her that her voice was worthy of serious and intensive training for opera, and undertook to teach her himself.

In the matter of stage training Miss Laye has the advantage of having been brought up in the atmosphere, for her father was a theatrical proprietor.

Her experience has had some variety. She made her stage debut at a tender age in 1915, at Brighton, and early in her career made a screen debut in crowd work. Later she starred in the British film, "The Luck of the Navy," and she appeared in her first American talkie, "Indiscretion," as long ago as 1930.

She has starred since then in other British films, of which "Princess Charming" is a recent example. And, like other English and Continental players, she has lately heard the call of Hollywood.

Private and Personal

AS regards her physical attributes, Miss Laye is a natural blonde with a beautifully proportioned, graceful figure. The lines of her face, with its large, widely-set eyes, short nose, expressive mouth, and delicately moulded chin, rather remind us of Lady Hamilton.

She married Sonnie Hale in 1926, but divorced him in 1930. He then married Jessie Matthews, with whom he seems ideally matched.

News came to hand the other day that Miss Laye had just married Frank Lawton. This actor, who has been working in Hollywood recently and put up a particularly fine performance in "One More River" with Diana Wynyard, had previously played important parts in several British films.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

BITTER SWEET

Anna Neagle, Fernand Graavy.

ON the stage this musical play of Noel Coward's enjoyed long runs everywhere. The film version, too, skilfully directed by Herbert Wilcox, deserves success. Essential movement and continuity have been secured by inserting a few outdoor sequences in London and Vienna and scenes in the Linden's humble lodgings. Settings for the Millicks' house and for Schlick's cafe are very elaborate and well photographed.

The acting also is uniformly good. Beautiful Anna Neagle is an appealing figure as Sarah, both in youth and old age, though her singing is not outstanding; and Fernand Graavy is excellent as her Carl. So, too, is Miles Mander as the bold, bad Austrian officer who brings tragedy upon them. What raises this production above many another is the superb finish of certain minor parts, such as the darning landlady. We long to see Sarah's intended bridegroom (Esme Percy) in an exhibition of high spirits. Clifford Heatherley is a rounded character (in every sense) as Schlick, while Ivy St. Heller is brilliant as Marion, the sad-faced, impish jester who leads the cafe's high jinks.

The contrast between the timid fustiness and billowing movement of mid-Victorian days and the jerky, strident synchopation of modern times is strikingly brought out. A delicate comment seems implied in the doubtful face of the modern girl (Pat Paterson) as her lover (Hugh Williams) breaks from her to jazz the old song—Mayfair: com. Jan. 5.

THE CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG

Warren William, Mary Astor. (Warner Bros.)

IN physique and manner Warren William is well cast either as detective or criminal lawyer. Here he is a combination of both, and carries through his role in excellent style. He has the part of an attorney with a long list of acquittals to his credit, who investigates a baffling case involving a woman (Mary Astor) accused of murder. It is an ingenious story with some interesting accessory details. The dog, which we see and hear howling so desolately at the beginning, is driving half-crazy a nerve-shattered man (Gordon Westcott) who lives next door. Westcott has sufficient reason already to be wrought up by his neighbor's proceedings, for his runaway wife is in the house.

Perhaps the mystery is unnecessarily piled up. But the case is logically worked out and is full of dramatic incidents. Good performances are given both by Westcott, and by Allen Jenkins, a straightforward police detective, who quite naturally resents William's habit of keeping his discoveries to himself. Mary Astor also plays the burdened wife of the principal villain admirably. But, while we agree that this fiend richly deserved to die, we cannot consent to the assumption that any person, even a brilliant criminal lawyer, has the right to dispense justice himself. After all, what is the law for?—Capitol: com. Jan. 4.

FOR LOVE OF YOU

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Arthur Riscoe, Naughton Wayne, Franco Foresta. (Windsor-Stirling.)

VENICE has advantages over Vienna as a setting for a musical comedy film. Sunbaking on the Lido contrasts effectively with a torch-lit procession of gondolas making carnival on the Grand Canal under the light of the moon. So, if Arthur Riscoe and Naughton Wayne are to pursue their absurd careers as a pair of philandering knights-errant in every capital of the world, as they are billed to do, we must congratulate them on the locale of this, their second, adventure. The next, whatever it is, can hardly be so ludicrous.

Franco Foresta, as the operatic star whose jealousy of his English wife (Diana Napier) leads to complications with the comedians, contributes a lyric tenor and little else. The plot provides a plausible excuse for him to sing in an appropriate setting the best known airs of Italian opera and the Barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffman," as well as the theme song of the title; but he can't act yet.—Mayfair: com. Dec. 22.

BIG-HEARTED HERBERT

Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee, Patricia Ellis. (Warner Bros.)

SUBTLETY need not be looked for in this kind of comedy. But how spiced with human nature it is! Have we not all at some time come across the self-made man who is perpetually boasting of his early struggles and parading his "plain man" ways to the discomfort of his family? Here Guy Kibbee, in the title role, makes himself still harder to bear by his explosively irritable temper and condescension of certain repellent household gods, his father's obsequious and spiteful.

Even his patient wife (Aline MacMahon) cannot stand it when he queers his daughter's (Patricia Ellis) pitch with a young man from Harvard. Goaded

OUR FILM

GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

beyond the limit, she turns the tables on him for his insufferable behaviour at her little dinner to meet the prospective in-laws. Her kitchen meal for his important business friends, provided by her in the character of the "plain man's" excessively homely wife, with the rest of the family gleefully co-operating, is a gorgeous bit for fat. And her revealing wink to the astounded guests at the end is masterly. Naturally the cranky Herbert is vanquished. But why, we are tempted to ask, couldn't a woman of parts, like this, dot him one sooner?—Regent: com. Dec. 26.

SPEED WINGS

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Tim McCoy, Evelyn Knapp, William Bakewell. (Columbia.)

THE makers and flyers of racing planes—which they call "ships"—are well fitted to supply a heroic theme in modern life. Tim McCoy, we are assured, did not leave all his risks to anonymous doubles, but took some himself. The stunt flights acquire meaning from being fitted into the story of a band of aviators, six of whom crash, the sixth horribly in flames, leaving Jerry Ahearn (William Bakewell) with Tim to make and fly a world-beater. Bakewell gives a fine study of a daring birdman whose nerve is temporarily broken by the disaster to his comrade.

Evelyn Knapp, when she joins the firm, supplies the love interest and contrives to restore Jerry's confidence. The machinations of the villain, a rival manufacturer, are foiled; Tim and Jerry win their race, and Jerry his girl. There is a good deal of bumping and bashing and of taking the law into one's own hands. The mother of the aviator who crashed makes an incredible appearance at the outset. We have all heard of the American mother who "didn't raise her boy to be a soldier." Can we believe that the same type of woman would urge "another mother's darling boy" to take his chance of a frightful death merely in pursuit of "rewards" and consequent affluence?—Civic: com. Dec. 28.

THE BLUE SQUADRON

Esmond Knight, John Stuart, Greta Hansen. (Warner Bros.; British.)

THOUGH the drama of love and jealousy unfolded here follows the Italian convention in the behaviour of the characters rather than our own, the other main theme of the film, aviation, is one that interests us all just now. In various flying sequences the producers of the film were permitted the co-operation of the Italian Air Force, and the sight of 1000 Italian planes in the air simultaneously during manoeuvres is indeed impressive. Other interesting episodes are the attempt on an altitude record, a forced descent by parachute amid the snow-covered peaks of the Alps and the rescue brought to the hero by the friend who had suspected him of treachery in love.

The acting is well in character. John Stuart makes a handsome figure of the Air Force captain, whose mind is poisoned by suspicion of his wife (Greta Hansen) and who, in true Roman fashion, will not listen to the innocent explanation. Esmond Knight is the younger officer, almost his protégé, who appears to have compromised her. The settings are good.—Lyceum: com. Dec. 29.

UP TO THE NECK

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Ralph Lynn, Winifred Shotter. (B.L.P.)

CLEAN fun and a coherent story are the merits of this f.a.q. Aldwych farce. We see skilful slides of the theatrical world—amateur drama, charity matinees, musical comedy, provincial theatre, and finally that Mecca of the profession, a West End show. Both back and front stage come into view. Mary Brough, the news of whose death came by cable the other day, does a perfect little bit of character-acting as a theatrical landlady.

Ralph Lynn gives his stock impersonation of the sweet-natured idiot, who takes Fortune's buffets and rewards, dealt him in quick succession, with equal thanks. Winifred Shotter finds herself in the unusual role of a chorus girl with ambitions to star in "the legit," and at the same time enough common sense to realise, when she has her chance, that she is not a success and to retire gracefully to country life and wedded bliss.—Mayfair: com. Dec. 22.

NOT for WOMEN! Weight-lifting and Wrestling ... But Other Sports are Good

"There are only two forms of athletics that women definitely should not tackle," says Dr. Margaret Anderson, just back from abroad after representing Australia as a delegate at the Women's International Medical Congress at Stockholm.

"They are weight-lifting and wrestling."

EVEN jumping, which has come in for a lot of criticism lately, can be undertaken with impunity—but only if the hard landing is abolished. Not the jump itself, but the impact on the hard landing is harmful to women.

Fresh from the congress, where 150 women doctors from all parts of the world discussed two important questions, "Physical Education for Women and Children" and "Birth Control," Doctor Anderson has some interesting things to say.

The general European opinion is that athletics and physical culture have not appreciably shown any ill-effect on women in their functions as women.

Dr. Anderson has great admiration for Swedish women. They live their lives

women get more exercise than their menfolk, and there are many invigorating sports open to them now.

Dr. Anderson believes that many of the imaginary ills of later life would be spared to women if they devoted more time to physical exercise.

There is nothing harmful to the ordinary healthy woman in either physical exercises, sport, or athletics, but no woman should go in for these things strenuously without a medical examination to make sure that she is thoroughly fit.

Cycling Is Good

Contrary to the popular opinion, riding astride and cycling are excellent exercises, far better than the more lady-like side-saddle seat, which is apt to make one hip higher than the other.

Even competitive athletics are looked upon with approval provided the competitors are properly trained.

The strained hearts and other ills that are attributed to competitive athletics are usually the result of competing in the face of some physical disability rather than let the side down or drop out of the contest.

"This team spirit has made many a girl overlook her strength trying to do something that she is not well enough to tackle," says Dr. Anderson, "and I do not believe that the adolescent girl should go in for too much competitive sport or athletics while she is studying for important examinations, though normal exercises and games are essential."

Speaking of the other important subject which came under discussion at the conference, Dr. Anderson says:

"I have no patience with the narrow-minded people who still condemn birth control. Education in this subject is absolutely necessary to the welfare of women, and I find it hard to believe that Australia is one of the few remaining countries in which it is regarded as something to be discussed in whispers."

"Certainly we want to go on enlarging our population, but we want it to be a good population, the sort of population that will make it possible to reduce the number of mentally and physically unfit."

Packing Your Treasures

When moving, let your packers wrap up even the most precious china and glassware. They have had heaps of experience in this work, and often have to pay for breakages themselves, so this probably makes them even more careful. If you have to pack yourself, however, lay in a supply of newspapers, as tissue paper does not give sufficient protection.

on physical culture lines. Health is one of the main factors in the management of schools, and running, swimming, and skiing have a place along with other outdoor sports in the curriculum.

Remarking that there are thousands of people who never really aerate their lungs properly, Dr. Anderson said that one Swedish doctor prepared a whole paper on breathing.

"The mere fact of scientifically and consciously breathing correctly has a remarkably beneficial effect on the abdominal organs."

"Of course, all breathing exercises, like all other exercises, should be done in the open air, preferably on grass—and certainly not in a closed room, where every movement creates a cloud of dust from an unswept floor."

In the ordinary course of events,

PLAYERS Should Train ...for Big MATCHES

By RUTH PREDDY

IN view of the fact that so many international sports teams are visiting Australia, and that our best players are selected to try conclusions with these visitors from overseas, it is interesting to consider what the individual players who anticipate being selected to represent this country are doing in the way of preparing themselves for these matches. Are they training? Are they dieting? And are they taking every opportunity to practise?

The international women's tennis team has been here for some time. For weeks the leading tennis players have been practising assiduously, and although none of the players resort to a strict diet they carefully select their meals, especially their lunch, if they anticipate they will be playing a match in the afternoon. Massage also plays an important part in helping to prepare a tennis player for an arduous season.

Then the international cricket matches are taking place. Did the Australian cricketers individually prepare themselves for a most strenuous time, or

did they just wait until selected before they considered it time to become fit for these matches?

Big Strain

SEVERAL players went seriously into training and practise skipping and running whenever they had an available minute to spare.

Cricketers, on the whole, are used to playing matches only on Saturday afternoons, and this gives them no indication of the strain imposed upon them when it comes to three days of cricket, as is the case in the Test matches.

Swimmers and athletes generally train rigorously before any of their championships. This year the Australian Athletic Association will hold their championships. The Australian swimming championships will take place in Melbourne and Hobart, commencing on January 19.

The expected visit of an English women's golf team to Australia this year, to take part in the Australian Championships, marks another epoch in the history of golf. Golf champions will need to train and practise seriously, for these overseas players come with a golf reputation which will need earnest concentration on the part of the Australian associates to beat.



The Outdoor Girl.... Tennis

IT takes more than just a healthy athletic body to play a good game of tennis. It takes character, and the fact that so many Australian girls are good tennis players says a great deal for them. McClelland Barclay depicts here—the tennis girl.

What Women Are Doing

Resting from Labors

WOMEN'S organisations in every State are in recess, and their members having a respite from the labors of 1934.

Very little is known about the schemes for 1935, but within a few weeks there will be renewed activity, and women throughout Australia will be planning the best ways and means to achieve the objectives they are pledged to attain.

Writing Her Reminiscences of Early Brisbane

MRS. J. J. BUCHANAN, of Brisbane, who has just celebrated her 85th birthday, is writing her reminiscences.

Possessing a keen sense of humor, a broad outlook on life and an excellent memory, her book on early Brisbane is keenly anticipated.

Although Mrs. Buchanan leads a busy life, her daughters and grandchildren live in Brisbane. She is finding much spare time to devote to the preparation of her book. It will be published by an Australian firm next year.

Of course, Mrs. Buchanan received many beautiful birthday gifts, but the one she shows with the greatest of pride is an original copy of the novel, "Men Need Armour," written by her grandson, Mr. W. L. Power, of Sydney.

Victorious in Dancing Championships

MISS PEGGY SMITH, a Brisbane girl, was greeted with showers of congratulations from the dancing public when she returned to Brisbane.

Miss Smith with her partner, Mr. J. Robertson, had the honor of winning "the Ashes" for Queensland for the first time in the history of champion dancing. The pair won the grand final of the Australian amateur dancing championships in Melbourne.

According to Miss Smith, after all the States had competed, it was announced that Victoria had won by public vote, but the judges, who had the final vote, declared the Queenslanders to be first in favor.

Miss Smith and Mr. Robertson have given a number of exhibition dances in Albury and Sydney.

Next Y.W.C.A. World Convention May Be in the East

MISS JEAN STEVENSON, who has been attending the Young Women's Christian Association convention at Geneva, brings back the message that Miss Gertrude Owen, who is well known in Australia, and whose present place of office is Malaya, made a special plea that the next convention be held in the East.

This has been talked of before, but the scheme was found to be impracticable. However, the East seems to be much nearer now, and should be even more so in three years' time, when the convention is to be held, according to Miss Stevenson.

Miss Stevenson, who is national general secretary for New Zealand, is spending a few weeks in Sydney before returning to Maoriland for the Dominion convention there in February. Australia's representative there will be Miss Myrtle Law, of Auckland, who will go afterwards to Adelaide to take the place on the Y.W.C.A. staff of Miss Elizabeth Jones, who is to be married shortly.

Mrs. MacCallum, of Melbourne, was the only other Australasian woman at the world Y.W.C.A. convention at Geneva, and it is expected she will be back in Australia very soon.

Brought Back Some New Musical Ideas

MUSIC-LOVERS have been wondering at the silence of Miss Merle Robertson, the celebrated pianist, of Adelaide, since her return from abroad. The explanation is that Miss Robertson has not been well. She has had a very strenuous six years abroad, both on the Continent and in America, and she felt the severity of the last two winters in America so much that she has come to sunny Australia to recover.

But one hears that Miss Robertson has some startling theories on music. She has brought a great deal of music out with her, much of which, it is said, is of a revolutionary nature, and it is expected that she will make it, and her views upon it, public in the near future.

Air-Minded at 91

AMONG the crowd assembled at Darwin to welcome the arrival of the Diana and the Hippomenes, bearing the first official air-mail for England, was Mrs. Susannah Mansfield, locally known as "Gran."

The old lady, who recently celebrated her 91st birthday, was greatly interested in the airplanes, and compared them with the modes of travel in her youth.

"Gran" was born in Tasmania, and spent many years in Victoria, where she as a child witnessed the Eureka riots, and played with Wills, the explorer.

She regrets missing the Melbourne Centenary. She says she would have loved to fly south for the celebrations, but is afraid the years have brought so many changes that she would never recognise the place again.

Assistant-County Commissioner for Wolf Cubs

WELL, the Scout Jamboree has brought its complement of women. One of our most interesting visitors is Miss F. M. Lee, Assistant-County Commissioner of Wolf Cubs for Middlesex, who, after the camp at Frankston breaks up, will go on visits to Sydney and New Zealand before returning home.

She has been doing cub work for nine years. There are 5000 cubs in her county, as well as 476 cub masters, half of whom are men and the other half women.

Made Honorary Member of English Yacht Club

THE mainstay of yachting for women in South Australia, Mrs. T. M. Hardy, has returned from a trip abroad with a glory unique among the women of Australia, for she has been made an honorary member of the Royal Burnham Yacht Club, England. The headquarters of the Royal Burnham are about 80 miles north of London.

Mrs. Hardy considered herself extremely lucky in being able to attend the yachting races at Cowes, Isle of Wight, and thought the great sleek vessels, such as the Britannia, rounding the corner and slipping suddenly into sight among the most marvellous sights she could ever see. She says that many English women own their own yachts and skipper them most skilfully.

Unlike the scheme of things in Australia, the yacht clubs are mixed ones, women having the same privileges as men, with their own rooms and lockers, and there is usually only one room kept "sacred" to the men.

Mrs. Hardy is the wife of the commander of the Royal South Australian Yacht Squadron.

Jack of All Trades And Master Too

MRS. R. J. LARKING lives at Eltham, Victoria, but she is known all over Australia for the splendid way she has learnt and taught so many arts and crafts.

Needless to say, she is one of our most valuable C.W.A. group presidents and if there is anything particularly original to see at an exhibition, as likely as not it turns out to be some of her handiwork, or that of her pupils.

A few years ago this energetic woman went off to Italy to learn Italian embroidery and other things, and to England to master the art of rush seating for chairs, just to pass on the knowledge to C.W.A. members.

Graduated as Bachelor of Veterinary Science

PATRICIA LITTLEJOHN, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, is the first girl to graduate as a Bachelor of Veterinary Science at the Sydney University.

Pat has taken a most active interest in the life of the University, and has been living for four years at the Women's College. As president of the Women Undergraduates she met Prince Henry on the occasion of his visit to Sydney's seat of learning. She has also been secretary of the Sports Association and captain of the basketball team at inter-Varsity matches.

After her strenuous course Pat intends having a month's complete holiday before deciding on further activities.

Noted Swimmer Returns To Field of Battle

WHILE the eyes of the Queensland swimming world are fixed on the State and country swimming carnivals in January, a fair share of interest is being given ex-champion Rita Smith, now Mrs. Mason, of Sandgate.

Mrs. Mason will enter for the 220 and 440 yards championships, and from all accounts is capable of achieving her former "best times."

It is rumored that Mrs. Mason may once again find a place in the Queensland team for the Australian championships.

Her recent return to the swimming world has been hailed with delight on all sides, as she was a popular representative in the State team before her marriage.

In the 1932-33 season she was the holder of the 50 yards, 100 yards, and 220 yards titles, but owing to ill-health she was unable to defend them during the 1934 season.

Returning Soon to Her Home State

MRS. H. E. ROBERTS will receive a warm welcome in Queensland when she arrives this year. There are two reasons attached to it. One is that she is a native of the northern State, and the other that she is the youthful wife of the headmaster-elect of the Toowoomba Grammar School.

Mrs. Roberts is a native of Ipswich, and prior to her marriage was Miss Hilda Vincent. Her musical talent is well known, as she was the first in Queensland to obtain her P.T.C.L. degree without going abroad to complete her studies. She has also earned her L.A.B. degree.

Also of interest to Queenslanders is the fact that Mrs. Roberts is a niece of Mr. Sidney May, who has charge of musical studies at the University of Queensland.

Not Missed an Orchestral Concert for 25 Years

MISS ENID STUART, one of Brisbane's foremost musicians, would surely be awarded the long service medal if the Brisbane State and Municipal Orchestra ever did follow the example of the Halle and other orchestral bodies of note.

Miss Stuart has the distinction of not having missed one concert in 25 years under the baton of Mr. George Sampson, the city organist and conductor of the State and Municipal Orchestra. Miss Stuart resigned recently from the position of deputy leader, which position she has held all through the year.

The Stuart family comprises Mrs. M. Stuart, Misses Marjorie, Enid and Erica Stuart, and the quartet have provided some delightful selections from time to time and are among the most prominent of Queensland musicians.



Popular Principal Publishes Her Seventh Book

MISS CONSTANCE MACKNESS has just had her seventh book published. It is entitled "The Little Beachcombers," the story being centred around Clump Point, where Miss Mackness, who is principal of the Presbyterian Girls' College, Warwick (Qld.), makes her home.

Miss Mackness, who gained first-class honors in English at the Sydney University, has had a successful record as principal of the Presbyterian Girls' College, whose students make a point of never losing touch with their old school, and return each year for the reunion.

Scout Rally Brings Two Charming Frenchwomen

THE Scout Jamboree has brought two charming Frenchwomen to Australia. They are Madame R. Schlemmer, wife of the French Scout Commissioner who has brought 21 boys to the jamboree, and the elegant and lovely Comtesse A. M. de Maigret, who helps her husband, the commissioner for the district of Champagne, with his secretarial work.

With a husband and two sons wrapped up in the movement, it is inevitable that Mme. Schlemmer should be interested in Scouts. She says that many women in France have their own Cub packs to which they are Wolf Mothers; but her own work is with executive matters at headquarters.

She tells of a wonderful choir of 200 voices that has been formed within the combined ranks of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides in her country. Applicants are carefully selected by means of examinations, and attend weekly practices, though only one concert is given each year.

Mme. Schlemmer will be in Sydney soon to make the homeward journey via Tahiti and the Panama Canal.

Chaperoning on a Wholesale Scale

CHAPERONING 100 or so girls from two States for a period of five weeks spent in travel, is quite a responsibility, but Miss Nanette D. Grant-Allen attacks it with zest.

She is chief chaperon to about 50 South Australian and about 50 Victorian schoolgirls on their tour of Canberra, Sydney and Tasmania.

But the South Australians and Victorians are not the only ones to make the trip, as a band of West Australian lasses have left Perth by the east-west express, with Mrs. William H. Taylor as their chaperon. They arrived in Adelaide on January 1, joined up with the Adelaide girls, and left the same day for Melbourne, where the Victorians swelled the party. Thence on to Canberra and Sydney, where New South Wales lasses will also join the merry band.

Miss Grant-Allen has chaperoned such tours before, and she considers that they "make Australian geography very different from the way it looks on maps." Most of the girls who will be in her charge are from colleges, and some are from primary or high schools.

The tour is being arranged by the Young Australia League, and Miss Grant-Allen has been acting president of the South Australian branch for some months, pending the appointment of a permanent president.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY --- By WEP.



Mandrake the Magician

YOU'LL MEET IN THIS GREAT FEATURE.

Ambassador Vandergriff: From whom important papers have been stolen by The Cobra: An arch-criminal possessed of supernatural powers.
Inspector Sheldon: Of the U.S. Secret Service, is on the trail of The Cobra with Barbara: His daughter and Tommy Lord: His assistant. Sheldon has learnt

that The Cobra is responsible for the theft of the documents from Mandrake: The Master Magician who, with Lothar: His Nubian slave, appears on the liner in time to save Barbara from the plotting of Gordini Talon: Who, under Mandrake's threat to transform him into a rat, confesses to being one of The Cobra's organisation. Now follow on.





The Gardening Girl

"QUEEN rose of the rosebud garden of girls, queen lily and rose in one!" So sang Tennyson of a lovely English girl. But can any land boast fairer flowers of girlhood than Australia? Our camera man, who captured this picture so typical of the radiant beauty of the Australian girl garden-lover, gives here the happy answer.

—Women's Weekly photo.



HER eyes reveal that she has heard the call of far horizons, "whose margin fades forever and forever when I move!" Her vigorous young limbs revel in the golden sunshine and the salty sea breezes. What a fine young woman she is! And you will find ever so many others, all measuring up to her high standard, among our Australian yachting girls.

—Women's Weekly photo.

The Yachting Girl

2GB HIGHLIGHTS

RADIO DRAMATISTS

GEORGE EDWARDS and Ellis Price represent two entirely different modes of drama. To George Edwards a drama is a story that is known to everybody and brought to life by medium of the radio, but to Ellis Price a drama is a joke or a riddle which is theoretically spoilt if you already know what the answer or the point is. Of course, really, the Ellis Price play is no more spoilt by knowing what the denouement is going to be than a George Edwards production is spoilt by not knowing the story.

In one case you have the added pleasure of watching with what neatness and efficiency the story is told, and in the other you have the added pleasure of surprise. George Edwards' "Inspector Scott" series must be excepted; like most mystery stories these are laws to themselves.

The two big George Edwards productions for the week are "Chloe," on Sunday, January 6, at 8.45 p.m. (based on the negro song), and "The Seven Bachelors of Calais," on Tuesday, January 8, at 9.30 p.m. Ellis Price offers a comedy drama, "Duty," on Monday, January 7, at 9.0 p.m., and "The Honor of the Army" on Thursday, January 10, at 9.0 p.m.

ROMANTIC COMPOSER

AFTER almost a century's neglect and misunderstanding Hector Berlioz is coming into his own at last. And if ever a man left himself open to misunderstanding it was this red-haired French genius who was wont to sit in the centre of the opera house commenting acidly on whatever met with his disapproval. His love affairs were as unfortunate as his opinions. When still a student he fell in love with a Harriet Smithson, a young actress who was playing Juliet at the Odéon. Paris was calling her "a poem, a passion, a revolution."

In her honor he composed his greatest music, including "Romeo and Juliet," while she put the police on to the im-

BOY GENIUS

BRAHMS, at the age of five, by some divine power of intuition, discovered that he could put the tunes he composed on to paper by a system of his own invention, using a series of lines and dots. Such is the faculty of a genius, remarks one critic, of telescoping the laborious efforts of generations of men. Which reminds us of our own amazing discovery at the same age that if you took a certain number of syllables to a line and ended each line with a sound like the one that preceded or alternated with it you could write verse.

But we'll leave that to our biographers. Brahms was an amazing musical lad, and his father hoped that he would be good enough to obtain a post on the Municipal Orchestra. That had been a cherished ambition of his own—Brahms, the Composer. Sunday, January 6, at 12.45 p.m.

GETTING YOUR NUMBER

NUMEROLOGY, like its sister, astrology, may or may not be a science. The scientist—such is the scientific mind—refuses to consider it as such, since it is impossible to demonstrate its truth. But one of these days he may agree with the astrologist and numerologist that the life of the universe is inextricably linked so that the stars and the date of our birth do play parts in our lives. Certainly, after a century of science, people go on half believing these things, and probably will do so when half the things that the scientist to-day believes to be demonstrable truth have been long discarded. Mrs. Templeton, already known to 2GB listeners for her numerology sessions, returns to the station after a four months' successful season on 4BC, Brisbane. Mrs. Templeton believes that the children are most in need of the aid of numerology, for it provides the clue to their vocation and the education suited for their needs. Listeners are invited to send in the day and month and year of the birth of their children.—Each Thursday at 12.15.

CONTINENTAL VERVE

THE British race is, musically, perhaps the most libelled race on earth. And three of the most persistent libels are that the British composer can't compose great music, the British singer can't sing opera, and the British orchestra can't play with Continental light-heartedness. To disprove the latter, a certain Walford Hyden indulged in rather an elaborate practical joke. He formed the "Cafe Colette Orchestra," and listeners and gramophone record purchasers were pleasantly surprised by these novel and seeming authentic records of a "tress en" dance band from the night life of Paris.

People complained to the B.B.C. about the employment of foreign musicians when there were so many good British players out of work. The joke was exploded when Walford Hyden went on the radio. Whether the joke was worth while you can best tell for yourself.—Walford Hyden, Conductor, on Monday, January 7, at 9.45 p.m.

FOLK TUNES WANTED

HAS Australia any folk music of her own. New Zealand has her Maori songs, in many cases adapted from the hymn tunes taught the natives by the missionaries. America has her cowboy songs, her plantation songs, her negro spirituals, and her hill-billies. But beyond "The Wild Colonial Boy" and a few airs current in most countries, the Australian settler seems not to have indulged in anything more musical than an occasional coo-ee.

Yet even now it is not too late for a folk music to develop which will inspire our musicians to symphonies and concertos. The strange thing is that folk music has an almost universal appeal, however characteristic of a country it may be.

The songs sung by Pinto Pete and his Ranch Boys are just as popular in Australia as they were in America. Listeners will be pleased to know that these sessions have been extended for two months. "Pinto Pete and his Ranch Boys," Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 7.30 p.m., from 2GB.

A NOVELIST VIEWS CHINA

JUST recently issued from the Sydney presses is a book by a European novelist, Kurt Offenburg. "These Glorious Crusaders" was translated by that great Australian poet and scholar, Professor C. J. Brennan; it deals with life in Germany from just before the war and onwards. Kurt Offenburg has settled in Australia, and 2GB has arranged for this world traveller to give two talks on "China."

China is still remote to most of us, but in a generation or so we may find that China is one of our closest neighbors with her life inextricably bound up with ours. These talks from the point of view of the onlooker must interest the intelligent woman. "China, Some Experiences and Conclusions," by Kurt Offenburg, Sunday, Jan. 6, at 7.30 p.m.

WHEN Husbands Go ASTRAY!...



Little Chance of Damages—Against that Other Woman

By A LAWYER

One of the quaintest of legal survivals is the right of a husband to sue for damages when his wife has been guilty of misconduct with another man. In Australia, as in England, though not in America, the right is an exclusively masculine prerogative.

The following article traces the history of our English and Australian law on the subject, and points out some curious anomalies.

The husband could sue for damages against the co-respondent without any question of divorce. In one case heard in 1835—that of Wilson v. Webster—the husband obtained substantial damages, though he went on living with his wife, and only heard of her infidelity from her own lips while she was lying ill, and in expectation of death.

Legal Divorce

THE Act of 1857, which established legal divorce in England, has been copied in principle in all the Australian States. By that Act, and the still more important Married Women's Property Act of 1873, theoretical equality was created between husband and wife, even though certain inequalities have lingered on to the present day.

The present right to damages is a survival with a few variations of the old "crim. con." form of action. One difference is that modern law in Australia, as in England, allows the husband to sue for compensation only in an action for divorce.

The amount of damages in these cases is always a matter for a jury. This is the law in England and in all the Australian States. The function of the judge is to review the evidence to the jury, and instruct them in guiding principles.

But what are "guiding principles" in an action for damages against a co-respondent? This is still one of the hardest things in the world to determine.

Judges have pointed out repeatedly that the law is supposed to compensate the husband for some actual loss, and that the co-respondent's wealth, or lack of wealth, has nothing to do with the question. But in practice juries decide the matter in their own way.

Almost invariably they give heavier damages against the wealthy wife-stealer than against the poor one. They



JUDGES have pointed out repeatedly that the law is supposed to compensate the husband—but what about wives?

have a way, also, of increasing the monetary penalty if his conduct leading up to the divorce petition has displeased them.

In the English case of Forster v. Forster, in 1883, the judge told the jury that "if it required the use of a fortune to seduce a wife, you may conclude this indicates her greater value to her husband." Which was an indirect way of saying they could consider the co-respondent's means.

In another English case, in 1888, Judge Hannen remarked to the jury: "If he (the co-respondent) didn't seduce her from her husband, that makes a very material difference in considering damages." In other words, if she was a "light" woman, the husband was only entitled to light damages.

\$5000 Award

AS we have seen, there is no fixed rule. In a Sydney case decided three years ago a bank clerk whose wife was adjudged unfaithful was awarded \$2000 damages against another bank official. On an appeal to the Full Court the amount of damages was held to be excessive, and the claim to any monetary compensation was subsequently abandoned.

In the English case of Meyern v. Meyern (1876), the husband was awarded \$5000 by a jury. Of this sum the husband was to get \$1500 for himself, \$1500 was to go to the youngest child, and the guilty wife was to receive \$2000 provided she remained chaste and did not marry the co-respondent. This was an interesting departure from the usual legal viewpoint that subsequent marriage with the co-respondent is some sort of excuse for the original offence.

It will be seen that the husband's right to compensation when his wife goes astray is really a survival of the now discarded notion that a wife is her husband's property, for the loss of which he is entitled to monetary redress.

Women's Weekly Feature Sessions

... From 2GB

Day Sessions by Dorothea Vautier.

FRIDAY—11.45 a.m., featured talk and music. 3.30 p.m., "From Far and Near," news items from abroad.

SATURDAY—9.15 p.m. - 9.45. Celebrity recital.

SUNDAY—9.15 p.m.-9.45, "Billy Jones and Ernie Hare," world entertainers.

MONDAY—11.45 a.m., "People in the Limelight," "From Far and Near."

TUESDAY—11.45 a.m., So They Say Topics. 3.30 p.m., "Letter From Abroad."

WEDNESDAY—11.45 a.m., "What the World is Reading," 3.30 p.m., music and featured talk.

THURSDAY—11.45 a.m., Highlights of "The Australian Women's Weekly," 3.30 p.m., So They Say Topics.

fortunate student. Four years later, when she was forgotten by the fickle Parisians, he met and married her, and soon after fell in love with a singer, who couldn't sing, and whom he was at his wit's ends to keep from trying. It's all over and forgiven now, and we grow more grateful year by year for such music as the "Queen Mab" scherzo from "Romeo and Juliet"—"Music from Shakespeare's Plays" at 9.15 p.m. on Sunday, January 6.

JESSIE MATTHEWS, AND

OTHER MATTERS

IT wasn't until her appearance in "Evergreen" that Jessie Matthews achieved her full stature as a talkie star. In "The Good Companions" she had been quite adequate for the part she played, singing as well as could be expected the songs that were given her, which certainly weren't good enough to explain the audience's pictured enthusiasm.

By the way, we remember the depression as the time when "The Good Companions" was the "classic" of the moment, just as the post-war period had its "masterpiece" in "If Winter Comes." Which makes one ask with the poet, "Where are the snows of yesterday?" Where indeed? If our memory serves us, an American newspaper plebiscite held at the time to decide the twenty greatest books of modern times named "If Winter Comes" first, with Wells' "Outline of History" close following. And to-day? Songs from both "The Good Companions" and "Evergreen" will be featured in a programme from 2GB on Saturday, January 5, at 9.30.

KEEPING an EYE on the AVOIRDUPOIS!

What do the Scales tell You?

Believe it or not, scores of people are making a living weighing women in our capital cities!

It is a racket with women, weighing themselves.

The big point at issue, however, is: "Do any two weighing machines weigh you alike?"

THERE are all sorts and styles in these weighing machines.

There's the spectacular one with an easy chair, a slide table for handbags and everything removable, for women take off their heads and earrings and even their shoes so that they will not be weighed in the balance and go down as avoirdupois, and a chart with diet directions so that you will be thinner next time you come.

It's in the centre of an arcade, and all passers-by may pause and look at the weight registered.

The weigher-in is given a coupon to worry her into dieting, and to induce her to come back to the "chair" again. Then there is the all-white stand platform with an attendant in a white overall and white gloves, with a page

boy who takes the pennies and holds all the "overweight." About eight of these are set in the doorways of prominent stores.

The desperate woman determined on finding out the worst doesn't mind publicity. She steps on the stand, with a firm step, and down it goes wallop. The attendant tries to reassure her that for her height and age she is just the right weight.

In the public street, no doorway subtlety for this gentleman's living, there is another handpainted stand with a huge bucket of golden gloves and mirrors on each side as a setting for my lady, and along comes the flapper, on her way to tea, and convinced that her seven stone seven looks positively and enormously bulky, and there, with the passing show all round her, she hops on and is re-assured. She hasn't put on an ounce.



ALL day long they arrive—on and off, off and on!

"Nine-seven, Madame. How is that—satisfactory?"

"I should say not. The scales must be registering wrongly. Are they examined by the Inspector of Weights and Measures?"

"Jockeys" weighing—in scales, Madame! She looks incredulous. With all this brassiness about being weighed, the hole and corner stands have been taken away, owing to lack of business.

The attituded weighing machines are so much more imposing—so hygienic—so "hospitality."

It's as thrilling almost as an operation.

ROYAL CHILDREN Who May Unite NATIONS...

Heirs to the world's few remaining monarchies

IN a world of tumbling monarchies there are still a number of Royal children who may one day be kings and queens and whose marriages may unite nations and affect the destinies of the world.

Down the ages love has played a big part in the history of the world; how far it will affect the future through these younger children of Royalty time alone will show.

There have been several cases in recent years of princes and princesses marrying outside the Royal circle—choosing, in effect, "commoners" for their life partners.

But the marriage of Prince George and Princess Marina a few weeks ago is another instance of how love may still link thrones.

For the happy young princes and princesses pictured on this page the future is full of possibilities. We hope that if they do become the kings and queens of to-morrow they will live happily ever after.



THE INFANT Crown Prince of Japan, born only a few months ago, Japan's growing importance in world affairs may be a big problem for him some day.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH and her sister, Princess Margaret Rose. If the Prince of Wales does not marry, and Princess Elizabeth has no brother, she may one day be Queen of England.



KING PETAR, of Yugoslavia. He is a keen young sportsman, and has already won honors at his school sports.



BELGIUM'S Royal children, Princess Josephine Charlotte and Prince Baudouin, watch over their new baby brother.



KING GEORGE'S NEPHEW, the Crown Prince of Norway, photographed with his family. The two children, Princesses Ragnhild and Astrid, are very much alike.



JUST ONE YEAR OLD. Baby Princess Marie-Louise, the only child of the King and Queen of Bulgaria.



PRINCE MULAI el Hassan, heir to the throne of Morocco, liked Paris on his recent visit.



THIS YOUNG LAD is heir to the throne of one of the smallest States in Europe. He is the Grand Duke John, of Luxembourg.



PRINCE FARUK, heir to the King of Egypt, spends most of his time in the palace gardens at Cairo.

May Wear Crowns Some Day!

FOR these little princes and princesses the routine of Royal ceremonials is a long way ahead. Just now they are spending their lives as do other little children—happily and mischievously at play, earnestly and studiously at their lessons. At public functions many are shy, because of the attention concentrated on their every action.

The one of most concern to the British Empire, of course, is Princess Elizabeth. Will she one day be England's second Queen Elizabeth? Many people hope that she will.

The marriage of "Uncle George" has given her one of the biggest thrills of her young life.

Belgium's equivalent of Princess Elizabeth is the Princess Josephine Charlotte, elder child of the new King Leopold and his charming wife, Queen Astrid. Princess Josephine has two brothers—Prince Baudouin, the heir to the throne, and a baby brother born only a few months ago.

It is interesting to learn that at Eton College King Leopold was a contemporary of the Duke of Gloucester.

Prince Baudouin is the idol of Belgium, and, like any other child of his age, is full of mischief and high spirits. He is very fond of the beach, too.

Princess Ragnhild, the little granddaughter of King Haakon, of Norway, is famed for her complete absence of "swank." She often plays with other children in the park, and never demands or is given any privileges in her games. Her grandmother, the Queen of Norway is, of course, British, a fact that will undoubtedly play a big part in the development of the little Princess.

Another Princess whose name recalls famous women in history is the Princess Marie-Louise, baby daughter of the King and Queen of Bulgaria. The marriage

of her parents provided a link between Italy and Bulgaria, her mother being formerly the Princess Giovanna of Italy.

King Carol's Son

A THRONE that has attracted interest throughout the world is that of Rumania, by reason of the spectacular spotlight that King Carol has focused upon himself.

King Carol's son Michael is in the peculiar position of having already been King. When the late King Ferdinand died, Michael was elected King under the guidance of a Regency, since his father, then Prince Carol, was living in exile. Later Carol renounced Madame Lupescu, the cause of his exile and returned to the throne.

One of the smallest European States is tiny independent Luxembourg, adjoining Belgium, and ruled over by a Grand Duchess. The Grand Duke John, the heir to this little principality, is being educated at an English school.

He is a fortunate King who is able to rule a country that is tax free. This may be the good fortune one day of Prince Rainier of Monaco, a tiny strip of territory between the French and Italian Riviera, which contains the famous Casino of Monte Carlo. The revenues from the Casino allow the inhabitants of this principality to live tax-free.

Among other Royal children whose destinies may affect the world's future history are the new boy King, Petar, of Yugoslavia; Prince Faruk, heir to the King of Egypt; Prince Mulai el Hassan, heir to the throne of Morocco; and the young baby prince of Japan.

The two former mentioned are both keen young sportsmen, and have carried off prizes at school. Prince Mulai el Hassan was idolized when he visited Paris with his father, the sultan, recently.

HOMELESS Families Await £200,000 SCHEME

*Councils and Government Should
Co-operate Instead of Bickering!*

It is six months since the Stevens Government of New South Wales, at the instigation of the honorary Minister, Mr. Hawkins, M.L.C., made £200,000 available for building houses for homeless families.

The Australian Women's Weekly learns that this admirable project is being held up because certain municipal councils object to plans and specifications of the proposed buildings.

It is time that those in charge of the scheme and the municipal authorities got together and amicably decided on some solution of the ridiculous position that has arisen.

BRIEFLY, the position is that the Unemployed Homes Trust, working with Government funds, proposes to spend £200,000 on homes for people living in overcrowded camps, or in closely-packed tenements in the city area.

Certain councils are objecting to the construction of these buildings in their municipal localities because they are alleged to fall short of the building regulations.

Thus the whole scheme is being held up indefinitely. The chief advantage of the scheme is that it proposed to do something to help the homeless, and if this bickering is to continue to hold up the scheme it will lose its value.

The responsibility is on the Government and the municipal authorities to find a satisfactory solution immediately.

The building fund is administered by a Trust, of which Mr. Hawkins is chairman. The Trust is an entirely honorary

THE Australian Women's Weekly regards it as part of its service to the women of Australia to see that they are not penalised or made to suffer through the failure of the social services to act promptly in giving relief where it is necessary.

Last week we dealt with the unnecessary delays that are associated with the payment of the maternity bonus.

The appalling conditions under which families are herded together in overcrowded camps and in crowded city tenements has induced the N.S.W. Government to create an Unemployed Homes Trust which proposes to erect about 1500 cottage homes for unemployed at a cost of £130 each.

The article on this page shows how home-seekers are being compelled to continue in their present unhappy plight while two semi-Government departments squabble over building regulations.



ONE OF THE COTTAGES recently erected by the Homes for Unemployed Trust, under a scheme for which the N.S.W. Government has allocated £200,000 for the building of cottages for homeless families.

body, consisting of architects, real estate experts, and representatives of social benefit societies.

It is to everyone's interest that the scheme to house the unemployed should be expedited in every legitimate way.

The Trust decided that it would not erect its unemployed cottages in proximity to properties which might be adversely affected in value by the building of cheap cottages in the vicinity. It is confining its activities principally to outlying suburbs with sufficient areas of ground available to the occupants to grow their own vegetables and keep a few head of poultry. There has also been an extension to the southern coal-fields area, and at Corral Creek eleven cottages have already been completed and are occupied.

Not a Charity

THE scheme is not regarded as a charitable one as each occupier is required to pay off his home by instalments of 5/- a week, with interest at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum.

It is claimed that never in the history of Australia have homes been made available to the public without any deposit and on such reasonable terms as to instalments and interest.

The average cost of the cottages is about £130, so that in 12 years, if the instalments are kept up, they become the absolute property of the occupier.

Each cottage consists of two or three bedrooms, a living-room and a bathroom, and washing-tubs and a copper are also supplied. The cottages are unlined, but the Trust hopes that most of the owners will in time be able to line the buildings themselves, and generally improve the properties which are to become their own. Several occupiers have already carried out this work.

Cottages have already been erected at Fairfield, Punchbowl, Brookvale, Smithfield, Bankstown, May's Hill, Granville, Corral Creek, and Ermington.

The sites selected in these districts were chosen because of proximity to educational facilities for the children, and because of the likelihood of industrial work being available to the tenants from time to time.

Hundreds of Applicants

OVER 600 applications are already in hand at the Trust Office for cottages, and many of the occupiers of the completed cottages have warmly expressed their appreciation of what has been done for them.

As the scheme extends it should assist in removing more and more families from the frightful conditions in which they have been compelled to live in unemployed camps, and it will give hundreds of young Australian children an opportunity of being reared in the sun and air of the healthy outlying suburbs instead of in the dismal slums of the city.

It is not the intention of the Trust to

build group settlements of the unemployed. Only a few cottages are being built in each area selected, and it is hoped that in the course of a few years the occupiers will be absorbed into the life of the community in which they live.

It is claimed by the Trust that the buildings under erection conform to the ordinances under the Local Government Act in regard to floor space and cubic content of the living-rooms, and the action of certain municipal councils in refusing to pass the plans and specifications of the Trust is causing the Government great concern.

One municipal council objects to the plans and specifications because the bathroom floors are of brick grouted with cement, yet thousands of settlers in the back country have no bathroom at all and have to make shift with the washing-tub.

It was competent for the Trust to have constituted itself a statutory body and to have deprived the municipal councils of the power to collect rates on its properties. This was not done, but if suburban aldermen in their zeal are going to hold up a scheme which is calculated to relieve the housing problem of the unemployed, the Government will be forced to pass special legislation for the Trust to expedite its humanitarian work.

"It" Machine

Thrills London

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

London girls are flocking to test their sex appeal by means of the invention of young Mr. Brewer, of Manly, whose machine, in the hands of Mr. H. Bray, of Melbourne, is touring Europe.

AUSTRALIANS know all about the "It" machine, and the thrill of registering 88 per cent, or the utter gloom of knowing you are only a 37 per cent. sex appeal girl.

Mr. Bray says that he has been very much surprised by the high figures the English girls have registered. The charm of the Australian, French, and American women is recognised, and always has been. The modern English girl on this machine registers as highly and very often higher than Miss Australia.

There was a little to-do recently about the girls of a little English village called Ithotok, because the men of the village all went to neighboring towns to choose their wives, and said the girls of Ithotok had no sex appeal. So Mr. Bray took the "It" meter to test the girls' sex ap-

WHICH FILMS Do You Remember BEST?

Some Outstanding Pictures of 1934

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

During the past year well over 450 full-length films have been given their first Australian release.

But those who for one reason or another see a large number of the films released may find amusement, and perhaps some profit, in conning over which of them all have left the deepest impression on the mind.

THOSE who attend the cinema more rarely may well consider what tendencies seem to have developed in picture making during the last twelve months, and whether in the opinion of those who have seen more of the year's output they have missed anything of real value.

Now, we must admit that films are improving all the time in technique. Take a film well above the average, like "Sadie McKee" for instance. This has a story of a hollow theatricalism. It is powerfully acted. But what is more notable still is its photography. And in quite a number of pictures the direction—that is to say, the handling of the actors, the composition of the scenes, the distribution of light, and so on—has made out of a second-rate theme a picture that is worth an intelligent person's while.

Then there has been the advance in color photography. A recent example has been that short film with a Mexican background, "La Cucaracha," made largely to demonstrate a new technicolor process. This film not only shows various blues and greens of greater depth and brilliance than ever before, but it presents the objects and figure of the scene with clear outlines.

As a result it seems even to accomplish a step towards the stereoscopic effect that is continually the subject of experiment.

Cartoons

A NEW departure has been made, too, in animated cartoons—also in color. Walt Disney's "Three Little Pigs" may strike us as not necessarily improved by its up-to-date touches. This is not quite the story beloved of our childhood. And actually, so we are told, this cartoon was more enjoyed by grown-ups than by children. Still, it is a delightful fantasy and has been deservedly popular.

Other cartoons from the same studio have been almost as successful, and the idea of animated nursery tales and similar fancies has been taken up by other production companies to the distinct benefit of the film-going public.

If we turn to full-length films, we have to ask ourselves whether they have really improved in their subject matter. Well, the great majority of films are still, and will no doubt continue to be, just popular entertainment. They won't stand very keen critical analysis of the ideas on which they are based. Just the same thing might be said, of course, about a large number of stage plays.

The technique of these films, as said above, has advanced considerably. They come to us often heralded by absurdly enthusiastic publicity, and they drift away without leaving much behind them. In some cases we feel a regret that so much effort has been largely wasted. In others we feel only irritation at the confidence trick played upon the public.

Historical Films

HOWEVER, there have been some films exhibited during the last year of which producers can legitimately be proud, and for which they should receive congratulations. It is a pity that in some instances the public, which gets no help in gauging films from the advertisements, did not realise their quality in time. But others have been box office successes happily.

In dealing with these really excellent films it is not proposed to touch on historical pictures such as "Queen Christina" or "The Private Life of Henry VIII." There has been quite a vogue this year for historical subjects. But these it would be better to reserve for a future occasion. For a similar reason it is not convenient to discuss here one or two excellent films for children, and about children, that we have had during the last months of which "No Greater Glory" is a conspicuous example.

Still, even without films of these two classes, there is a list of very fair proportions.

War Subjects

EARLY in the year we had "I Was a Spy." This very moving story of heroism in the late war was perfectly acted and it was directed with fine judgment. It received its meed of appreciation from the public. The principal woman player in "I Was a Spy" after appearing later on in a deplorable farce-comedy called "Sleeping Car," was seen more recently in "The World Moves On." This film, like her previous success, has

war for its theme, and it is a very fine film indeed, an almost perfect production on noble lines.

In the matter of box-office results one has to bear in mind that some good films miss their mark by going to a theatre which has accustomed its clientele to very different fare. Or they may come at an unlucky time.

Another film with a war motif, "The Battle," but treating the subject from the patriotic angle, like "I Was a Spy," did not gain the success that was its due. This picture, made originally in French, portrays very strongly the Japanese attitude, patriotism as a religion, one may say. It is a sombre but fine piece of drama. Yet another war film which was certainly not given the chance it deserved was an adaptation of Philip MacDonald's stirring tale of the Masopolskian campaign, "The Lost Patrol."

Turning to lighter themes one recalls "Design for Living," which was expert in acting and direction. This was a very



RICHARD TAUBER, star of "Blossom Time."

free rendering of Noel Coward's play. And that particular play is Noel Coward at his most audacious. For sheer cleverness it has not been surpassed. But that was a piece of gay artificiality.

At the opposite pole of homely truth, mixed with a good deal of sentiment, was the triumphant screen version of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women." This was a success in every way. And another entirely charming piece of sentiment, but this time blended with some of the tenderest melodies that have ever been composed, was "Blossom Time." This, too, has been approved by a large public.

Adventure and Comedy

THERE have been two or three first-class films of adventures among primitive people or of hardships in remote parts of the world. "Mala, the Magnificent" is an extraordinarily interesting document of Eskimo life, and has some beautifully photographed scenes. So, too, has "S.O.S. Iceberg," which also took us to the far north, while "Man of Aran" gave a picture of an island community much nearer to us but little better known than the Eskimos.

For compact drama and comedy and a well-kept story with a wealth of characterisations all true to life, no film has bettered "Friday, the Thirteenth," nor, indeed, is likely to do so. This picture reminded us in some ways of the thrilling "Rome Express," released earlier in the year.

More recently we have seen that remarkably faithful transcript of Hans Fallada's novel, "Little Man, What Now?" and "The Count of Monte Cristo," an admirably presented rendering of Dumas' most popular romance, in which there is something for everybody. And at the moment we are being treated to grand opera on the screen per the medium of Grace Moore's beautiful voice in "One Night of Love."

Other films that clamor for mention are the sensitively beautiful "Berkely Square," "Murder at the Vanities," a highly successful combination of thriller and musical film with some imaginative scenes in it, and "One More River," a nearly flawless adaptation of Galsworthy.

Then there was that thoughtful study of a long life and its vicissitudes, "The World Changes." And we cannot forbear to speak of "The Invisible Man." This last was spiced by the famous love interest inserted into H. G. Wells' story. But we shall never forget the bicycle riding along the country lane by itself, nor the shirt flapping about apparently with no one inside it, nor yet the footprints in the snow made by feet that could not be seen.

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COMMENCING
THURSDAY, JANUARY 3



Messrs. Lyons wish to announce that they have secured a suite of rooms at "THE GRAND HOTEL," HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY, where they will be pleased to interview anyone who is suffering, from Thursday, January 3.

These Remarkably Gifted Men do not make any charge for interviews, and an interview places you under no obligation whatever. They will tell the patient if they think their case is not amenable to their treatment, for they do not wish to treat a case unless they feel sure of success.

Hours 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.***

Intimate Jottings

Did you know, Juliet, that—

Lady Knox intends to spend the summer months at Manly, and her daughter, Mrs. Peter Poole, is at present enjoying a holiday in Sydney with her two children?

At Dalkeith

WHEN the snow is falling fast next Christmas in London, Field-Marshal Lord Milne and Lady Milne and their daughter, Joan, should have pleasant recollections of their real Australian Yuletide. They were the guests of Sir Frederick and Lady McMaster at Dalkeith.

Dalkeith, of course, is one of our "show" station homes. Not many of our sheep and wool families can afford to live in quite such a feudal fashion these days. The Milne family have made all arrangements to set sail this week for their home via Canada, where, in all probability, they will be as popular as they have been in Australia.

Muriel Brunskill, principal contralto of the Royal Grand Opera Company, never by any chance drinks tea.

Blue Punters

IT is just unfortunate if blue does not suit you, Juliet, because it is still by far the most popular color. The beaches and the mountains, not to mention deep sea cruises, kept many well-known race fans away from Randwick this year, but those who did make an appearance mostly wore blue. So difficult I always think for fallow complexion!

Among those who looked smart in the new Marina shade were Barbara Knox, whose gardenias were a joy to those nearest her on the stand, Elise Budge, and Lady Kingsford Smith. Mrs. Ellis Fielding Jones was evidently inspired by the charming coloring of our native galahs, as she wore a frilled pink blouse with her grey costume and a becoming grey hat was lined with pink.

Mr. and Mrs. John Orr combined their holiday jollifications with the celebration of their golden wedding at their home, Aberdour, Harwood Avenue, Willoughby?

Perry's Perfect Clothes

FRED PERRY may have his on and off days for tennis, Juliet, but never by the fraction of an inch do his tennis clothes vary from sartorial perfection. Of course, his superb athletic figure, an endless source of satisfaction to his tailor, goes a long way to making those same clothes look just right. Neatly fitting at the waist, without belts or such like encumbrances, his trousers, sometimes flannel, and sometimes white duck, are cut fairly wide.

A most minute monogram tells those who have excellent eyesight that Fred is wearing his very own shirt. This also is tailor-made, with not a spare inch to boggle around the waist, and his sleeves are short.

After Seven Years

AFTER seven years of life in the far outback of Queensland, Mrs. Bob Sword will shortly pay a visit to Sydney accompanied by her small daughter, Mrs. Sword, you will remember, was formerly Mary Grant, the beautiful blonde daughter of General and Mrs. Grant, of Brisbane.

No one could have been more feted than Mary in her debutante days, and no less a personage than the Prince of Wales admired her charms, and frequently chose her as his dancing partner when in Australia. Many Sydney friends will soon demonstrate to Mary that she is by no means forgotten, and will have good cheer waiting for her on her arrival.

They Love Australia

SO happy are Colonel and Mrs. McCowen in Australia that they have come out here for their second furlough. Their home is at Quetta, India, where Colonel McCowen has the important position of Deputy-Director of Medical Services, and is also honorary surgeon to the Viceroy.

The visitors continued their journey on the Maloja as far as Brisbane, where they transhipped for a voyage of discovery to the Great Barrier Reef. On returning to Sydney they will remain a few days at the Hotel Australia before leaving on a deep-sea fishing expedition in New Zealand.

Romantic Kashmir

A VERY interesting two years in India has just been spent by Merle Hamilton, of the Kindergarten Union. One of her loveliest holidays was spent in Kashmir, where she made her headquarters at Srinagar. From there she boarded a houseboat and just adored the lazy life floating along the Jhelum River. The flowers, Juliet, were magnificent. Red tulips, as high as your waist, blue gentians, and primula in abundance were just some of the attractions.

The Shalimar Gardens, once the playground of long-past rajahs, are now open to the public, and haughty princes and coolies admire the scenery side by side.

In Hyderabad Merle met Gandhi at the home of a famous Indian poetess. In case you feel that photographers have not done Mr. Gandhi justice, you will be interested in hearing that Merle thinks him much uglier than he appears on paper.

Ruth Rodgers and David Pittendrigh, both well known in Sydney, have announced their engagement in Melbourne.



MISS MARGARET McCLOY, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McCloy, of Alison Road, Randwick, whose marriage to Mr. Richard Crace, of Canberra, will take place in October.



Thalia Milson Marries

REVERSING the usual order of things, Thalia Milson was the central figure at a reception given by her mother at the Royal Sydney Golf Club on Saturday afternoon, two days prior to her wedding. The ceremony took place on Monday afternoon at All Saints', Woolahra, and just the family were present. The bridegroom, Bob Shuttleworth, arrived from Brisbane just in time for the wedding, and after a short honeymoon will take his wife back to Queensland, where he is a member of the Colonial Sugar Refining Company.

What with Christmas, New Year, and farewell wedding teas, Thalia has been living in a perfect turmoil, and is hoping for a few quiet weeks in her new home before commencing the social swirl.

Adelaide Visitors

ONE of Adelaide's best known hostesses, Mrs. W. J. Cowell, is at present visiting this State with her husband, who knows all about the intricacies of the South Australian Stock Exchange. On their way over the party made a stay at Yeovil, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. H. Walker.

After a short interlude at the Hotel Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Cowell will return home via the South Coast. They do not intend to miss any of the delightful scenery because of an exacting itinerary and will make their journey a leisurely one.

The Frank Penfold Hyland family have achieved their annual exodus to Moss Vale, where they will spend the summer months.

Mirthful Opera

JULIET, dear, I could enthuse for hours about the wonderful opera season we are enjoying. I know you have a horror of anything verging on highbrow productions, but I can assure you that "Die Fledermaus" would make a great appeal to your carefree spirit. Florence Austral, who occupied a box at one performance, simply rocked with mirth at the amusing situations.

The lovely Strauss music is so appealing, and Thea Phillips and Ben Williams so irresistible in the parts of Mr. and Mrs. von Eisenstein that the most unimpressible among us must have enjoyed it. Mr. Robert Ainsworth made his first Sydney appearance as conductor to this opera, and his wife, Muriel Brunskill, came along to watch him wielding the baton. Her heavily-beaded black velvet evening wrap filled me with envy.

Queen's Club Party

AILSA CULLEN was hostess at a dinner party at the Queen's Club last weekend to a number of her young friends. The dinner was followed by a visit to "Viktoria and her Hussar." Ailsa's visit was only a fleeting one, and she is once more enjoying the mountain breezes at her Leura home.

And have you noticed that—

Beverley Shepherd spends all his spare time at Mascot, where he is learning to fly? Brother Tony came from Brisbane for Christmas cheer and a word of encouragement for the air-minded member of the family.

Jane Anne

A Casual Affair

Continued from Page 16

THEY came upon an hotel a few miles farther on and pulled up. It was an ancient Elizabethan place with a dark romantic air of knowing much. Its doorways were low and the ceilings dipped in the middle as if they were on the verge of collapse. A great log fire threw leaping, fitful shadows on the dark oak walls of the hall, and except for its subdued crackling there was no other sound. Though it was the lazy hour between tea and dinner the deep armchairs in the lounge were empty. It seemed as though the place were theirs and theirs alone.

Eden approached the reception office a few yards behind Byrne. She hung back in the dim silence of soft carpets and shimmering oak while she heard him ask for two rooms "for myself and my sister." A reprieve, then.

They dined together in the sombre quiet of the oak dining-room. It was a disconcerting atmosphere in which to become aware of each other. There was no place here for the superficial and distracting emotions of crowds, music and excitement and thrilling contacts. Instead, the strange compelling consciousness of each other as man and woman reached out to them from the shadows.

Eden's face against its ancient background took on something of the beauty which the old Italian masters loved to paint, and her eyes were slow and deep. As if by some subtle alchemy they were no longer the man and girl who had looked at one another in Bartlett's office a few hours ago. Life for both of them was running fuller and more eagerly for the first time, gathering speed with a breathless, exhilarating sense of danger.

"Tell me something about yourself," Patrick asked, leaning slightly towards her.

"What sort of thing? Memoirs and confessions and childish reminiscences?"

"No. Your life now and your work, and why you came away with me."

"Do you think that's altogether fair?"

He flushed slightly. "No, I don't suppose it is. I wasn't being inquisitive—interested a bit."

"You said in the beginning, 'It's as well to be casual about this affair.' Hadn't we better confine our interests to things that matter—like our tastes in food? That's rather important if

we're to feed together for a fortnight."

"Food is so dull."

"You'd find me dull if you tried to talk about me."

"Yes?"

He was looking at her with a quizzical look that yet had something behind it—something primeval. Eden was stung with an ache for which there was no accounting. Suddenly she raised her head and looked at him with a cool, level look that was like a slap in the face.

"Isn't this place damnable?" she said. "No hand, no fun, no anything. Like a morgue."

He sat up, too. "Yes, it's pretty deadly. One gets lost away from the head. To-morrow we can go on to somewhere more cheerful."

They talked of London, and books and plays and people. They laughed a little and were pleased when they struck something amusing and played the entirely impersonal game of entertaining each other.

Ten o'clock struck into the middle of a sudden silence. The faint mockery in it was reflected in Eden's eyes as she rose from her chair. "I seldom keep late hours," she said. "Do you mind if I go now?"

He bade her good night and sat down again to watch her as she crossed the softly-carpeted, noiseless lounge. Her slim, straight back and her delicate, exquisite head; the lovely line from waist to knee. Lovely girl. The word "darling" obtruded itself from nowhere. As well to remember all Bartlett had said. He mustn't make a mess of this business.

Lord, no. There was this hell of a marriage to get out of, and this was the only way. "Treat the whole affair casually, as a means to an end. Forget it when it was over."

NEXT day they arrived in Cornwall. This time it was no quiet, ancient inn, but a cheerful busy place, where the glass revolving door never ceased in its function of precipitating people in and out of its cream-and-gold red-carpeted foyer. Eden felt a hundred eyes upon her as they walked over to the reception

office. She swaggered a little, and blushed as she wondered whatever for. Never in her life had she touched such depths of awkwardness and gaucherie. Boldly she looked across at the reception clerk—he was as suave as you please—and then at a middle-aged woman who was watching them with that fastidious, indulgent look which said so terribly plainly: "It's all right, my dear. We've all been through it." Distinctly she heard her whisper loudly: "A honeymoon couple, George. Isn't she lovely?"

The reception clerk was telling Patrick and Eden they had agreed that Patrick and Eden was more in keeping with the situation than Mr. Byrne and Miss Storey—that he could have the choice of a double-bedded room with a bathroom or a suite of two rooms opening into a sitting-room.

"I'll have the suite," he said sternly. He signed his name: "Patrick Byrne and wife—London."

In the lift he looked across at her, at the two red spots on her cheeks, and winked with a cool audacity that she could scarcely credit.

"Casual," she culled out of her memory "treat the whole affair casually." Of course. If one didn't it was impossible. She pulled herself together with such an effort that she was able to wander critically and appreciatively through the suite while their luggage was being brought in, and even when the door was shut upon them with a very definite "That's that" sort of air.

Eden slowly pulled off her gloves and patted her hair.

"Nice view," she said, crossing over to the window.

He came and stood beside her, looking down on the massed tulips and daffodils that were splashed across the garden with the clean hold color of a poster. Their reds and yellows blurred and blended until they narrowed towards the black edge of the jagged rocks which guard the Cornish coast. Beyond lay the sea, sucking the last color from the sunset before it settled down in its darkness. Dark was



THE NEW GLASS DRESS, made by Schiaparelli and photographed here, caused a sensation in London and Paris. The pinkish glass weave makes the apron over an auhergine taffeta foundation. Two other shades were introduced by the crimson velvet bow tying the apron at the back and the large pinkish camellias outlining the neck. Photo from *Marie* Sent by Air Mail.

drawing near. Soon it would be night.

Eden moved away restlessly and picked up her gloves and hat from the chair where she had thrown them. She walked jauntily, swaying her hips a little. At the door of her room she paused and looked back at him.

"I hope this three-room business is not going to make things too complicated for you," she said coolly.

"I don't think so," he said, meeting her eyes with an expression that reminded her somehow of the wink in the lift. "I don't see that it makes much difference."

"I feel the burden of the responsibility," she went on, "it was soundly impressed upon me by Mr. Bartlett."

"I shouldn't let it worry you over much," he said, and she thought irrelevantly how terribly attractive he was with that frown between his eyes.

"There's only one door to the outer world. It's an obviously matrimonial suite."

Eden shrugged. "The married women I've known wouldn't think so."

Patrick said curiously: "I've been married, my dear. You haven't."

"Quite," she said, "it is as it ought to be, of course. Only I had always thought that this privacy—m-m—this liberty—of the individual was all talk."

"In some marriages it is the only thing that keeps one from the gallows."

"Yes?" she murmured. "It's as well to know."

That night they danced together in the long parquet-floored ballroom where middle-aged couples sought to reduce their weight, and a few of the young and bright amused themselves with thoughts that were not of weight. The band was good; the saxophone had a poignancy of its own that blended with the wash of the sea below.

Patrick Byrne and wife were strangely quiet. The intimacy of the past twenty-four hours was insinuating itself with a maddening sweetness which was fraught with a danger that neither would acknowledge. Patrick was far from impervious to the intoxication of a slim, supple body or the faint fragrance of honey-colored hair, and when that body was Eden's, warm to his hand through the thin stuff of her dress, and when the hair that occasionally brushed his cheek was hers it only fanned a flame that was becoming alarmingly strong.

As the music of the last dance died away on a long-drawn-out trill he held her against him for a bewildering second. Her knees were weak and her face went pale.

Upstairs a bright fire burned in their

sitting-room and the earthy scent from a bowl of violets filled it lovingly. Patrick switched on the light. The music was still in his ears and his mind was excited and aflame with a wonder which would not be quietened.

"Have a cigarette before you go," he said.

She had one, though she did not want it, and she sat down on a chair while he leaned against the mantelpiece.

"How much did Mr. Bartlett tell you about me, Eden?" he asked her.

"Nothing at all. Except about your marriage—I believe he called it unfortunate."

"Unfortunately," he threw back his head and laughed aloud.

"Well, wasn't it?" she asked.

A shade of weariness veiled his face for a moment. "Damnably," he said in a quiet, solemn way.

"But you'll get out of it?" she said.

"Yes, but it's taken years to persuade her."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Well, think of the years ahead."

"But think of the years I've lost. I married when I was twenty."

"Twenty," she said thoughtfully, "is a very foolish age. I've a brother of twenty."

"Has he gone and got married?"

"No, but he has been in serious trouble. Money trouble. He has escaped fortunately, but only by a hairsbreadth."

So that was it.

Patrick looked down on the soft solemnity of her face. Bartlett and his "gold-digger." That explained it all. This brother in money trouble. He had a wild desire to hug her tight in the joy of his discovery. His emotion amazed him. He bit his lip and a frown furrowed its way between his eyebrows.

Presently he said: "Do you mind if we have breakfast together here?"

She answered jerkily: "No, rather not."

"If we had it," he paused, "more or less intimately, if you know what I mean, it would be sufficiently conclusive evidence."

"Yes, quite," she said in businesslike tones.

He held out his hand as he said good-night to her. "I shall look forward to my breakfast," he said with a half-shy boyish smile that made her smile back—shyly, too.

Night fell upon the hotel and they lay in their separate rooms, each thinking with quickened pulse of the other.

Please turn to Page 32



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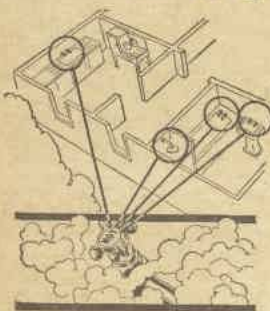
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

January 5, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

31

SILVER Lends a Cachet to Your Rooms

.... Be it Old and Exquisitely Wrought or Patterned on Very Modern Lines

PARADOXICAL as it may sound, it is stated that the chromium vogue has been responsible for the return to favor of silver. For a long, long time it has been relegated to cupboard and storeroom, but now since Fashion has once again put her seal of approval upon it, it is being brought to light and polished to perfection — while silversmiths are busy creating new and interesting designs...

Because its beauty and lustre blends with either luxurious surroundings or simple things, silverware is really at home in any room.

A GOOD deal has been said recently about fitness and suitability of purpose in connection with household things, and stress has been laid on simple forms; but the fact should not be overlooked that fitness can equally be associated with fine, even elaborated, forms.

There is a tendency just now to claim all the virtues for the undecorated article, but decoration is by no means to be regarded as leprovous. A highly decorative article can have just as much merit as a severely plain one.

It all depends on the character of the decoration.

Ruskin, I believe, once said in the dogmatic manner of his youth: "Never decorate the things of everyday use," but in his later years he frankly modified this view, and admitted that the most beautiful thing he had ever seen was the carved handle of a plough.

It would be quite easy to cite a score of instances which prove the rightness of ornament in the right place. It is the bad ornament, or the ornament in the wrong place, that we of to-day especially suffer from.

Cheap pictures and cheap Japanese junk fill many of our homes, while very often exquisitely-wrought old articles in silver and silverplate lie unheeded and dingy with neglect in cupboards and store-rooms, the value of which is unknown.

Perhaps, too, you might be interested to learn that there's more silverware lying around in the cellars of old English homes than there is gold in the vaults of the Bank of England.

Of course, there are some aware of the intrinsic value of silver—have ignored fashion's caprices, and silver has always lent a cachet and dignity to their rooms. A little old-fashioned, we ultra moderna might have considered them with grandmother's candlesticks and coffee urn or biscuit barrel on display. But now we will respect them; will examine with envy the delicacy of workmanship of each article in turn, and possibly, going all artistic, will ask ourselves "why is it that there is always an indescribable harmony between roses, a silver bowl and candlestick whose candles are just a few shades deeper than the petals?"

Bringing Back Beauty

AND now that you will most likely be bringing out all your silver from hidden places for use and ornament, let me give you some hints on its cleaning and polishing.

Use a perfectly clean, grease-free aluminium bowl or saucapan, and to each quart of boiling water add one teaspoonful of ordinary baking soda, and one teaspoonful of salt.

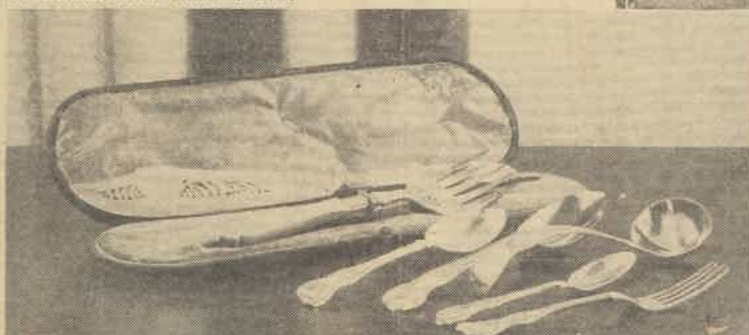
Immerse the silver in this solution and allow it to stand until the tarnish is neutralised.

Have handy a second pan of clean, hot water, and very thoroughly rinse the silver in this.

HOST Holbrook says: Since 1700 the House of Holbrook has been the most famous name in the world and the most famous name in the world.

...By...

OUR HOME
DECORATOR



HERE IS A beautiful fish service in solid silver with an exquisite fern leaf pattern. Equally as old and lovely are the other beautifully-engraved pieces claimed to be well over one hundred years old.



THIS beautiful example of chased and repousse workmanship in silver—a strawberry dish—was brought out from England many, many years ago by one of our well-known families. Needless to say, its value to-day is very high.



THIS beautifully-wrought Sheffield plated candelabrum and coffee urn are over 100 years old. The proud possessor is Miss Ruth Preddy, well-known sports writer on the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly.

CLEVER IDEAS

A VERY useful hassock can be made from old materials. Make seven powder milk or treacle tins into a circle. Fill in the spaces with any old material, stockings, paper, etc. Have two round pieces of very stiff cardboard for the top and bottom. Cover tightly with any old material—a sugar-bag will do. Pad the top between cardboard and material. Finish off with round piece for top and straight piece for side, tightly drawn on. Velveteen or any colored material will do for outside covering.—P. M. Eldridge, 167 Queen St., North Strathfield, N.S.W.

TO PREVENT tin cooking utensils from becoming rusty before using, smear with lard and bake for a short time in moderately hot oven.—Mrs. G. K. Twenlow, 7 Watson Ave., Rose Park, Adelaide, S.A.

NOT ONE inch of celery should be thrown away. Wash the unwanted parts at once, and when the oven is cool at night, spread on a clean tin or paper in the oven with the door open, or spread in the strong sunshine where there is no dust. When the leaves crumble when pressed, roll out on paper with a bottle to a rough powder and put into bottles or jars for future use in flavoring soups, stews, pies, etc. Be careful not to let any flour on to it when rolling, as it would not keep indefinitely.—Mrs. W. J. Cooper, Heydon, S.A.

WHEN USING duck eggs for custard you will find that they are much lighter if a tablespoon of boiling water is added to each egg.—A. Havers, c/o C. Dowdy, Pt. Lincoln, S.A.

WHEN WIPING knives, always turn the sharp edge away from the tea-towel. If the knife does not actually cut the threads it wears them thin and the tea-towels soon go into holes.—Mrs. Warren, Pittwater Rd., Narrabeen, N.S.W.

THREAD NEEDLES along the top of your pin-cushion instead of pushing them in. I have just opened an old cushion and found 76 needles in the filling, which is of sawdust, and the needles are all bright, though it is years since it was used. So, too, it is a good plan to keep spare needles in a tin filled with sawdust.—Mrs. E. Phillips, Marsden Rd., St. Marys, N.S.W.

A SHINY coat collar can be cleaned by sponging with a cloth moistened with ammonia or vinegar.—Miss V. M. Anderson, 41 McLeod St., Balaclava, Vic.

IF A calendar seems too pretty to destroy, take off the date pad, paste a piece of sandpaper over, and use it as a match-scratcher.—Mrs. L. Allcock, 8 Claremont Ave., Nth. Strathfield, N.S.W.

WHEN POLISHING floors, to save your knees make two round covers the size of your polishing-mop, thread elastic through the hems, and slip on cover over the mop. Spread a thin layer of floor-polish on the cover with a flat knife, and rub lightly over the floor, then place the polishing cover on, and rub briskly. If velvet is used for the polish, a very brilliant finish will result.—J. Weir, 22 Nicholson St., East Coburg, Vic.

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Grace Bros

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1—Finished hand drawn thread work and neat embroidered sprays. In all wanted Lingerie shades. Regular Value, 21/-. Special Purchase Price, pair 14/11

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Crepe de Chine Nightie

3—With hand drawn thread work and embroidered designs. Sizes S.W., W., and O.S. Be early for these! Regular Value, 18/11. Special Purchase Price, each 9/11

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4—Showing beautiful hand shadow work. In White, Pink, Nile, Blue, Apricot, and Maitre. Regular Value, 29/11. Special Purchase Price, each 19/11

NOT ILLUSTRATED!

Heavy Quality Crepe de Chine Three Piece Trousseau Set

Comprising well cut Nightdress, Slip, and Pantie—all beautifully hand embroidered. Usually 33/6. Special Purchase Price, Set 27/11

GRACE BROS. LTD., BROADWAY, SYDNEY

A Casual Affair

Continued from Page 30

THE unreal days flew past with a sort of breathlessness. Eden and Patrick spent the whole time together, motoring, dancing, golfing occasionally, and breakfasting each morning a deux with a heady mischievous sense of intrigue.

They had learned to keep their conversations impersonal. Life in the circumstances was complicated enough without further complicating it by words.

Eden's deliberate flippancy about most things, and Patrick's quizzical coolness kept their emotions, as it were, on ice. The days were easy enough, but the nights when they came upstairs to their firelit sitting-room were difficult. Their voices unconsciously became low and subdued. The edge which they kept on their conversation wore off, and a tenderness that would not be denied crept into it.

This went on for a week and then there came a night when the tension could last no longer. They had been dancing together all evening, dancing divinely, so that they moved as one. Patrick had not spoken at all in the lift coming up.

He did not switch on the light as they entered. Instead he strode across to her and took her roughly into his arms.

"We can't go on like this, Eden," he said presently, looking down at her with his hands on her shoulders.

"I know," she said.

"I love you terribly," he said in a low husky voice that seemed to break somewhere.

She drew herself away from him and sat on the edge of a writing-table staring into the fire with brooding eyes.

a breathless little sob that came very near to hysteria.

"It's all wrong," she said, "the beginning was all wrong. Our being here at all is wrong. You can't build up a lasting love on a foundation like this."

"You can, Eden. I love you now, I shall love you all my life."

"You won't," she cried with swimming eyes, "you'll think and think, and you'll hear what Bartlet has to say. I know so well what he'll say about me."

"Who is he anyway?" Pat said hotly. "He doesn't matter."

"He does. He does. I tell you, Pat, you mustn't love me."

"But I do. Nothing can alter that now."

They stood there for a long time in a deep, unassailable silence. Then Eden with a gesture held out her hand. "Good-night, Pat," she said. "Let's thrash this out to-morrow. It will be easier."

B

UT in the morning Eden had gone. A note from her had been slipped under his door, and he stared at it without opening it while a numbness of the bitterest kind of disappointment laid hold of him.

"I'm going, darling," she wrote, "because I, too, love you. And because I'm afraid. I haven't fulfilled my bargain, so I'm returning to Bartlet what money I have left. A hundred and twenty of it is already spent—there was something I had to pay. I can't write of these few days I've spent with you, they stand out amongst



MISSSES J. DARLINGTON, J. Quinton, F. E. Bryen, and N. Grant, winners of the Essay Competition among the ladies' staff of the Australian Metropolitan Life Assurance Co., Ltd.

"What will you think when we go away from here—each our separate ways—and you remember why I came with you in the first place—for money?"

"Don't let's ever go away from here. Why should we?"

She laughed a little and shrugged one shoulder.

He was evading her question, she thought. This money business, of course, would cut into him. If he loved her as he said he did, it would cut deeper and deeper. Suspicion would overwhelm him. No good could ever come from his loving her while all the while this secret despoiling must be lurking at the back of his mind. He would smother it for the time being, passion had that habit of choking out everything else, but it wouldn't be smothered for long. No good would ever come of it.

A strand of curly hair had fallen across her eyes when she looked up at him. A flippant gleam danced in them, but her voice was not wholly steady.

"No two people, Pat," she said, "could have found themselves thrown together as we have been without their emotions running amuck."

"Ours haven't," he said.

"No, not strictly speaking."

He did not speak, and she said: "Our particular kind of ice is too thin, Pat, to stand much testing. Shall we leave off talking about ourselves until morning?"

"But I want to talk, Eden. I want to get some things straight. You see, I've fallen terribly in love with you. It alters everything."

"It doesn't alter the bargain I made when I took that cheque from Bartlet."

He moved impatiently. "Don't bring that into it, Eden. Forget about it, Darling."

"Neither of us will ever forget it, Pat. You know that."

He knelt beside her and put his arms round her waist.

"I have already forgotten it," he said gravely. "Leave it out of this, Eden. Please, I'm terribly serious."

She jumped to her feet quickly with

all the other days of my life. They always will, whether or not I see you again. Bartlet has my address if you want it in connection with your divorce. Don't try to see me again. Please. I couldn't bear it. If, when you are free, you still believe in me and believe that you love me, come to me and you will find me waiting."

"EDEN."

He read and re-read it, and thrust it into his pocket. Then for the first time he walked across to her door and entered her empty room. The fragrance of her powder lingered, and it was a fragrance so essentially Eden's that it seemed as if a subtle shadow of her hovered there. But the emptiness was complete and shattering. A symbolic thing in spite of the promise of her letter. A numbing, desolate thing that sent him straight to his own room to pack his belongings.

They arrived back in London about the same time, though neither of them knew it, and for weeks they went their separate and lonely ways, so that each thought the other had forgotten.

The divorce went through quickly; the decree nisi, then the decree absolute, and Pat was free.

That evening Eden's telephone rang with an insistent savagery. It buzzed and buzzed until she dashed to it to stop its noise.

She knew his voice, and the pounding of her heart drowned every other sound.

"Is that you, Eden?" it came, low and urgent over the wires.

"Yes. Oh, Pat, my dear."

"Darling, to hear your voice again. Such joy. I'm free, Eden."

"Free?" she gasped. "Completely?"

"Absolutely."

"It's been so long, Pat. So terribly long."

"It's been years to me. Listen, Eden, can you hear?"

"Yes?"

"When will you marry me?"

"To-day? To-morrow?"

"And come back to Cornwall with me?"

"But, darling, not to that suite—so unfriendly."

(Copyright)

For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

Proper Rest is
Necessary After
CHILDBIRTH

By Mary Truby
King

Daughter of Sir Truby
King, the World-famous
Authority on Baby Welfare.

If the mother has carefully followed the advice given in preceding articles on pre-natal care, she will, in all probability, have a normal confinement and a beautiful healthy baby.

She should not make the mistake, however, of thinking that there is no more need to take special care of herself after the birth of the baby.

THE lying-in time is usually about a fortnight. The mother should not attempt to get up without her doctor's permission. Usually she may sit up in a chair for the first time, for a few minutes only, about the seventh day.

It is also to be expected that, after the patient has been lying in bed for some days, the bowels will be affected by the lack of exercise, the fact that only light food has been taken, and that the muscles are relaxed.

Few Visitors

WHILE the mother is in hospital she should have as few visitors as possible. Rest is her chief need. There is the danger, too, that visitors will bring in some other infection, such as colds, which the mother might very quickly pick up. Visitors should make their stay as short as possible, so as not to tax the mother's strength by expecting her to carry on long, animated conversations.

It is during this lying-in period that the breasts begin their very important function of manufacturing baby's food.

If the mother is over-tired or worried, the milk will not come in as well as it

should. Baby may have to be given artificial food, as well as human milk. This is always a tremendous pity, as no food can ever be so good for the new-born babe as its own mother's milk.

THE mother needs an abundance of sleep. She will also benefit by doing a few simple exercises after the first week. She will be shown how to do these by the nurse in charge. Also she will be encouraged to lie on each side in turn, and to spend half an hour or so each day lying on her stomach.

On the first day or so baby may be a little cross, and there may not be quite so much milk in the breasts. Give baby plenty of warm boiled water between feeds.

Baby can have a small amount of breast-milk after the last two or three feeds of the day, though this is not usually necessary.

Feeding baby at the breasts helps the mother as well as the baby. It helps to ensure that the mother's organs return to normal quickly, thus avoiding complications and aiding her in the speedy regaining of her normal figure.

See Doctor Again

AS soon as baby is two months old (or earlier if necessary) the mother should return to her doctor for a thorough examination.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Question.—I have been very interested in the articles about preparing for motherhood, and hope you can help me with my special difficulty. After the birth of my children I lose a great quantity of my hair, and it takes me a long time to get it looking presentable again. Can you tell me what to do to prevent my hair from falling out this time?

Answer.—There is a tendency for the mother's hair to fall out after the birth of her baby; but, if she cares for her head well during pregnancy, this trouble is greatly lessened. Wash the hair once a week with a mild soap. Expensive shampoo-powders and highly-scented soaps are not necessary. Wet the hair thoroughly before soaping. It is best to make your own shampoo by dissolving some soap in a jug of hot water. Having lathered the head thoroughly, rinse in warm water and lather again. Then rinse in three changes of warm water. Make sure all the soap is washed out. Dry in the sun if possible.

If there is dandruff, rub liquid paraffin well into the scalp the night before washing. Place a towel across the pillow to protect the pillowcase. Brush and comb should be washed when washing the hair, and using other people's brushes or combs should be avoided. Stimulate the scalp daily by massaging well with the fingers.

Question.—Will you please give me a list of the necessary garments to prepare for baby's first year? As I am not well-to-do I would appreciate a minimum list. Also, where can I obtain a set of patterns for these garments, and price of same?

Answer.—The minimum requirement for baby's first year is as follows: 3 cellular cotton shirts, 3 silk and wool or baby wool vests, 3 petticoats (these are not necessary in hot districts), 3 frocks, 3 coats, 4 nightgowns, 3 binders for the cord dressing (not needed after the cord has healed), 2 bonnets (usually donated by friends or relations), 4 pairs of booties (also usually received as gifts to baby), 1 large shawl, 2 smaller soft shawls (not needed in very hot climates), 6 bibs, 3 dozen napkins, 2 pairs knitted pincers. Patterns of the above may be obtained from the Australian Mother-

craft Society (Truby King System), 283 Elizabeth St., Sydney. Price, 1/8 set posted.

Mrs. A.E. Toowoomba, writes: "What am I to do about my little son who is constantly biting his nails? Every time I see him do so I give him a little tap with a ruler, but to no avail. I am so afraid that the habit will persist in adult life. John is now four years old, and the habit began over six months ago."

Answer: It is evident that your child lacks some comfort which he should have, and takes to nail-biting as a nervous solace. It may be he is jealous of a baby brother or sister. Try to find out what is troubling him. Nail-biting can usually be traced to some mental disturbance. Build up his physical health, and, if underweight, give him a good cod liver oil emulsion. Try to make him forget the habit. Smacking his hands will do little, if any good. Keep him busy, and provide plenty of handwork—bricks to build with; a sand heap in the back yard; crayons, scissors (blunt, children's scissors), etc., etc.

Question.—I am an expectant mother and seem to be gaining weight at an alarming rate. How much should I gain while carrying baby? What can I do to stop putting on so much weight? Is baby likely to be very big and the birth difficult because of my putting on flesh as I am?

Answer.—The expectant mother should weigh herself monthly while pregnant. If she is not gaining weight after the fourth month there may be something wrong and she should consult her doctor. The normal gain while carrying is from 20lb. to 25lb. This is not all due to baby himself, but partly to the fluid in which he lies, and the after-birth.

If the gain in weight is too great, lessen the amount of food eaten, but eat a well-balanced diet. Do not cut out all starches and fats, but eat just a little less of everything than has been your habit. The undue putting on of weight may certainly cause baby to be over-heavy, with consequent difficult childbirth.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED
BY EVE GYE

Crochet this ADORABLE FROCK

Work it in crepe silk, or work it in soft, 3-ply wool... She'll look ever so sweet in either!

THOUGH simple to work, with the explicit directions given herewith, this design is really unusual and is exclusive to our readers.

SUMMER has already arrived, but it is not too late to make the daintiest of crocheted frocks for your little two or three-year-old.

If you would prefer to have it in wool to meet the needs of chillier days which come even in summer, these same directions will serve, worked in three-ply, as stated.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge 17 inches. Width all round at underarm, 20 inches.

Materials: Two hanks of crepe silk, 1 yd. ribbon, 3 small pearl buttons, a No. 9 bone crochet hook. If worked in wool, about 4 skeins of 3-ply wool will be sufficient.

Abbreviations: Tr., treble; ch., chain; dc., double crochet.

THE BODICE

Commence with 64 ch., work 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, then 1 tr. into each ch. to end. Row 1: Turn with 4 ch., miss 1 tr., * 1 tr. into next tr., 1 ch., miss 1 tr., * repeat from * to * to end of row (23 spaces). Row 2: Turn with 4 ch., 1 tr. into 1 tr., then 1 ch-1 tr. into each tr. of previous row. Row 3: Turn with 4 ch., 1 tr. into 1 tr., then 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 13 tr., then 5 tr. into space, 1 tr. into 1 tr. Join last tr. into 1st of 5 tr. with a slipstitch (this is a tuft), then 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 14 tr. Row 4: Turn with 4 ch., 1 tr. into 1 tr., then 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 12 tr., 1 tuft into next space, 2 ch., 1 tuft in space on other side of tuft of previous row, then 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 13 tr. Row 5: Repeat Row 3, then break off silk.

Row 6: Make a ch. of 20, then commencing at end of row where silk was broken off work 1 tr. into 1 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into every tr. to end of row, 20 ch. Row 7: 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each of next 2 ch., then * 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. into next ch., * repeat from * to * 6 times, then 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 29 tr., 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. into next ch., repeat from * to * 7 times, 1 tr. into each of 3 ch. Row 8: Turn with 3 ch., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 15 tr., then 1 tr. in space, 1 tr. into 1 tr., until 13 spaces have been worked, 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 15 tr., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr.

Row 9: Turn with 3 ch., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 15 tr., 1 tr. into each of 26 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 15 tr., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr. Row 10: Turn with 3 ch., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 15 tr., 1 tr. into each of 15 tr., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr. Row 11: Turn with 3 ch., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 15 tr., work 1 tuft into next space, then 1 ch-1 tr.



THE NOVEL "hem-line" of this dainty frock, also the pretty satin bow, will appeal instantly to the heart of your little girl. Close-up of stitches is given for your help and guidance.

into each of 3 tr., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr. Row 12: Turn with 3 ch., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 3 tr., 1 tuft into next space, 2 ch., 1 tuft into space on other side of tuft of previous row, 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 9 tr., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr. Row 13: Repeat Row 11.

Repeat Row 10 3 times, Rows 11, 12, and 13 once, then Row 10 once more. Row 21: 15 ch., 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each of next 10 ch., 1 tr. into each of 4 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 15 tr., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr. Row 22: Turn with 3 ch., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 15 tr., 1 tr. into each of 15 tr. Row 23: Turn with 3 ch., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr., * 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., * repeat from * to * 5 times, then 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 15 tr., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr. Break off silk. Row 24: Leave 4 tr. and 7 spaces unworked for sleeve. Join on silk at beginning of 8th space and make 4 ch. (this stands for 1st space), 1 tr. into 1 tr., then 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 13 tr., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr. Row 25: Turn with 3 ch., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 14 tr. Row 26: Turn with 4 ch., 1 tr. into 1 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 13 tr., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr.

Repeat Rows 25 and 26, then 25 once.

THE SKIRT

Commence skirt with 65 ch. Row 1: 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each of following ch. Row 2: Turn with 4 ch., * miss 1 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 1 ch., * repeat from * to * to last 4 tr., 1 tr. into each of 4 tr. Row 3: 6 ch., 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each of next 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 29 tr. Row 4: Turn with 4 ch., 1 tr. into 1 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 21 tr., 1 tuft into next space, 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 7 tr., 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 1 tr. into each of 4 tr. Row 5: 6 ch., 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each of next 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr., 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of next 7 tr., 1 tuft into next space, 2 ch., 1 tuft into space on other side of tuft of previous row, 1 ch-1 tr. into each of next 21 tr. Row 6: Turn with 4 ch., 1 tr. into 1 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 21 tr., 1 tuft into next space, 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 8 tr., 1 tr. into space, 1 tr. into each of 3 tr. Row 7: Turn with 4 ch., 1 tr. into 1 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 30 tr., 1 tr. into each of 4 tr., 1 tr. into space, 1 tr. into 1 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 30 tr. Row 8: Turn with 4 ch., 1 tr. into 1 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 28 tr., 1 tr. into space, 1 tr. into each of 3 tr. Row 9: Turn 3 ch., 1 tr. into each of 4 tr., then work 1 tr. into space, and 1 tr. into 1 tr. to end of row.

Repeat Rows 2 and 3 once. Row 18: Turn with 4 ch., 1 tr. into 1 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 9 tr., 1 tuft into next space, 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 19 tr., 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 1 tr. into each of 4 tr. Row 19: 6 ch., 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each of next 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of 3 tr., 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 19 tr., 1 tuft into next space, 2 ch., 1 tuft into space on other side of tuft, worked in previous row, 1 ch-1 tr. into each of 9 tr. Row 20: Turn with 4 ch., 1 tr. into 1 tr., 1 ch-1 tr. into 9 tr., 1 tuft into space, 1 ch-1 tr. into 20 tr., 1 tr. into space, 1 tr. into each of 3 tr.

Repeat Rows 7-9 once. This completes one pattern. Commencing with Row 2, work 4 more patterns, then break off silk.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up sides of body and sleeves, then join up back of skirt with the exception of 2 inches, then join skirt to body evenly. Sew buttons on to back, work an edge round neck and sleeves as follows: * 1 dc., 3 ch., 1 dc. into same stitch, miss 1 stitch, repeat from Finish off waist with ribbon.

... To capture the heart of her who loves pretty things

Muslin and lace, with touches of colorful embroidery, make this adorable apron. Send for it! It is already traced for quick embroidery—and the price is 2/3, post free!

JUST the thing for your tea party and quiet entertainment, this diaphanous afternoon-tea apron! And doesn't it remind you of summer time itself, with its fresh, alluring little air?

Made of fine quality lawn, trimmed on the outer edge with Val. lace, it is traced for a quick embroidery in many pretty designs. Two little pockets give a further pretty touch, and the apron ties softly in a bow at the back.

In reality, this apron is but an excuse to look pretty, and would make an ideal gift for the young bride setting up in her own home, and entertaining with teas and dainty suppers.

Why not send in now for one—the price is 2/3, post free.

Spare minutes can be utilised to make all manner of lovely things—so watch this page week by week.



START the New Year well by looking your prettiest—even in an apron. This lace affair requires only touches of colorful embroidery, and may be had immediately on application to this office. Send a postal note for 2/3, to Box 4153, G.P.O., Sydney.

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TAKES PARIS BY STORM

The Season's Sensation

Paris

The latest fashion adopted by smart French women is a face powder which gives a perfect 'mat' complexion free from shine all day long, even when out in wind and rain.



This latest development in face powders is due to a new ingredient called 'Mousse of Cream'. Now Tokalon has patented the Mousse of Cream process. Thus Poudre Tokalon now offers you the advantages hitherto enjoyed only by the fortunate few who do not care how much they pay for their powder.

Poudre Tokalon now not only gives an exquisitely beautiful complexion but one that stays fresh and lovely all day long whatever you are doing. Not even perspiration from the most vigorous outdoor sports or a long evening's dancing can spoil the rose petal loveliness it gives. Because Poudre Tokalon is the only powder with the 'Mousse of Cream' secret. Only 1/6 a box (including Sales Tax), in spite of the cost of the 'Mousse of Cream' process.

Poudre Tokalon
Mousse of Cream Face Powder

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The DEODORANT-Applied like a Lipstick

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PARIS are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 2d. sent for postage in Dept. "A". Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 34 years.

TEXTILE DESIGNING . . . A Coming Art

Clever Australian
Woman Returns from
Abroad with all the Latest
Handcraft Ideas!



BESMOCKED and businesslike, Margo Lewers at work printing lines from her own designs. She has just laid the linoleum block on the material, and is hammering at the back to imprint the design.

"Australians have no conception of the tremendous interest Europe — and London especially — is taking in individual interior decoration," said Mrs. Margo Lewers, an Australian who returned from Europe a few weeks ago — embracing in her travels and studies England, France, Belgium, and Germany.

ALL London is becoming house-conscious. Interior decoration, you see, offers such genuine scope for the individual to express her artistic feelings and conceptions.

Especially is textile designing — hitherto an unconsidered craft — developing into one of the most important fields for women with artistic ability.

Mrs. Lewers specialises in designing and printing linen fabrics, and so far as it is known there is only one other person in Sydney doing this work. She also designs pottery, and has brought back from London the latest designs and motifs for her work.

Her studio is tucked away in Sussex Street. First one walks into a large room, where several girls are working, and on all available floor space is piled pottery in its uncoloured state. All shapes and colors are here — jugs, vases, and bowls, with the soft, powdered glow of blue, orange, green, silver.

Mrs. Lewers conceives the shapes for the pottery, orders them so, and then designs the color scheme and motif when the piece comes back to her. She then takes this room into the big outer room, airy, light, bare except for original black and white sketches on the walls, the enormous wooden bench in the centre of the room, and a large rack, draped with the linen, already designed, and awaiting exhibition.

All sorts of designs have come from her fertile brain. A particularly pleasing one was in modern lines, colors orange, yellow and black. Another beauty was an all-over orange pattern. There were clever abstracts, placed in modern bold fashion on the material.



This clever Australian designs the motifs, cuts the blocks in linoleum, inks in the colors with the usual process. She then lays the block with tremendous care flat on the material,



POTTERY of all shapes and sizes—all designed by Mrs. Lewers. Don't be alarmed at the backgrounds—they are "abstracts," done in brown on a piece of fawn linen.

hammers vigorously, and the design is so stamped on the linen.

Of course, her skill does not end here. The secret lies in the duplicating of these designs, and in the careful spacing and placing. A slip, an inch out, and the costly linen is ruined.

Mrs. Lewers has always been interested in handcraft, and considers textile designing one of the coming arts in Australia. She is hoping to give an exhibition of this work early in the new year.

For the Housewife's Notebook

STORING LINEN

If you have linen that you wish to store, first wash it, but do not starch it, as this tends to crack it. It should be packed away in black paper or blue if you find the black too expensive. After it has been packed in the paper, sew it into an old sheet or pillow case to keep the color.

CARE OF FUR

Keep your furs in a dry place and out of the dust, and if you think they look a bit dejected, try beating them with a cane—not too heavily, of course. This will bring them up quite appreciably.

TO KEEP LEMONS

Lemons stay fresh and juicy if they are kept in a bowl of water, changed every other day.

PRESSING WOOLIES

If, when pressing woollens, the iron leaves a shiny mark, this can easily be removed by placing a soaking cloth over it, and then dabbing the iron on it to generate steam.

EASY ICING

You will find that the icing of your cakes is perfectly smooth if you pour the icing straight on to the top of the cake, and let it run down the sides. Do not touch the icing with a knife or any other article. Insert the knife underneath the cake, and lift it slightly to jerk the icing down the sides. If it has not fallen of its own accord. Stir the icing well beforehand.

THE IRONING BOARD

Cover the ironing board with not more than two layers of blanket and a final layer of soft cotton material. If you have not got a proper ironing board, it is a good plan to attach tapes to the corners of the sheet so that you can tie it to the legs of the table.

A MOQUETTE SUITE

If you have a moquette suite that you wish to clean, not having a vacuum cleaner, use hot bran. Rub it well into the furniture and leave it for a day or two. Remove the bran by rubbing with clean cloths. See that the cloths are clean by continually changing them.

New Way to Banish UGLY HAIR

SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY OF BRITISH SCIENTIST

To-day in 3 minutes you can say goodbye forever to all unwanted hair and have smooth white arms and legs free from the slightest trace. Wenko-White, a remarkable substance recently discovered by a British Scientist, destroys the keratin in the hair and hair roots. The hair just falls away as if by magic. Wenko-White is now contained in the NEW VEET—a delightfully perfumed white cream. Look on the label for NEW VEET.



WARNS AGAINST HEADACHE CURES.

Bayer Aspirin Harmless, but it
Must be Genuine.

Since Bayer discovered Aspirin and introduced it to the medical profession in 1900, many imitations of this original genuine Aspirin are being sold, some as Aspirin and others are being loudly advertised under similar names, but unless you see the name Bayer on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over 30 years as a harmless way to stop headaches.

When you suffer headache, from any cause, or you feel nervous, anxious or excitable, be sure you take only genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets as directed in package, and relief will come without any bad reaction.

Bayer Aspirin never affects the heart, deranges the stomach or forms a habit; besides, this genuine Bayer Aspirin costs no more than these uncertain substitutes and imitations which no physician would think of prescribing. All chemists sell boxes containing 12 Bayer Aspirin tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Say Bayer and insist because Bayer means Better.

Vivacid CHARM for Tired Skin

Just see the Instant Freshness you gain from this Vivacid Skin Tonic

Dull, yellowish, lifeless skin; muddy complexion; blackheads, red spots, pimples; coarse pores; oily skin, wrinkles — these are worst of all women's dread. And for these faults, whether slight or severe, Kathleen Court's Vivacid Skin Tonic is a perfect remedy. It stimulates the tissues to new life — sweeps dirt to quench wrinkles and blemishes. It closes the pores, smoothes out lines and wrinkles, banishes blemishes, oiliness and "blackheads" and gives to the tired, over-worked woman a magical feeling of new-born energy and interest. Sounds the good to be true. Well, ask your chemist or drug store for a bottle of Kathleen Court's Vivacid Skin Tonic, and if the above is not entirely correct, ask for your money back and you'll get your money's worth. No one can fail to benefit from this soothing, beautifying, and youth-restoring lotion.

CROSS, PEEVISH GIRLS

More to be Pitied than Blamed

"She seems to be so irritable and peevish lately I don't know what is the matter with her," said a mother about her seventeen-year-old daughter. It is astonishing the number of girls who "can't get on with mother." They are pale, fretful, cross and headachy—a sad contrast to the bright girls they were a year or two ago.

Those pale lips, backaches, breathlessness and languor tell the whole story to an observant eye. She is growing into womanhood, and nature is asking more of her than she can bear. She has pains and aches that no one pities because she has grown melancholy and silent. She has queer fancies; will eat sweets while she refuses wholesome food, or takes a whim for raw rice, or sometimes chalk. Naturally, her temper is bound to suffer; it isn't your girl's fault that she is cross and peevish. She has become bloodless. Give her the rich blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are famous for helping to make, and you will soon see the difference. It will show in her improved appetite, better temper, and the return of colour to her cheeks.

Delay is dangerous; give your daughter Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now. At chemists and stores 3/- bottles. Say "Dr. Williams'—and take no other."

WANTED TO PURCHASE

OLD GOLD, Dental Plates, etc. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt Street (near Hunter Street).***

LOUISE MACK ADVISES

Can a Man Love Two Women at the Same Time?

At different times under different conditions a man may love quite a number of women. But can a man really love two women at the same time? Can a man's head carry two images of two quite different faces and adore them equally?

MEN are curious beings, much more alike to each other in their loves and hates, their likes and dislikes, their prejudices and predilections, than women are like each other in these ways.

So, for that reason, it is easier to decide whether a man can love two women simultaneously than it would be to decide the same problem about a woman.

I am perfectly certain that scarcely any normal woman would choose to love two men at once. She would hate the very thought of such a thing happening to her when she is in love and her love is returned.

But a man? Is a man different? Is there a strain of natural polygamy in men, making them capable of being devoted to one woman yet enamored of another, in both cases truly and intensely.

The First Step

A worried man writes: "My wife and I are happily married. I admired her and still do. I love her, and I like her, too. But last year she brought a young friend to live in our home, and we have fallen in love with each other. What ought I to do? Should I tell my wife? I don't feel capable myself of sending the girl away. I love the two of them so much that I hate to hurt either. Yet I can't help seeing that one must be hurt whichever way I turn."

What a pity it ever began. The French have a saying, *C'est le premier coup qui coute*, and if we never take that first step then there's no day of reckoning to be feared, as this man is fearing it now.

Yes, it's the first step that counts. But what was the first step in this case?

After all, when all's said and done, the very first step was the wife's own action in bringing the young girl into the home, and putting her constantly near the husband.

PROPINQUITY is nine-tenths of love. You can't love a person whom you never see and never talk to, though we all know the curious flashing attraction some public characters, both past and present, have had for us, such as Napoleon, Elizabeth of Hungary, Bayard, St. Francis, Mussolini, Shackleton, and Scott, Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen Terry.

If you feel
TIED, NERVY and DEPRESSED
Take
Geam of Yeast
WORLD'S FASTEST TONIC
YOU'LL FEEL
BETTER & BRIGHTER
IN A FEW MINUTES
YOUR CHEMIST SELLER CREAM
OF REALITY

NOW
she laughs
at pain!
RELIEF WITH PRESTO
Presto is the amazing new improved A.P.C. more effective, quicker, safer. And you can take it with absolute safety—it contains no harmful drugs whatever. Get Presto to day. At all chemists and stores.
The Party of "PRESTO" FORDERS is Guaranteed because they are manufactured by **ELLIOTT & AUSTRALIAN DRUG LTD.** the largest Manufacturers Chemists in Australia.
Box of 12 Powders or Bottle of 25 Tablets 1/6

and a few others; but that flash is only a flash, lighting up unknown recesses in our minds and hearts as summer lightning reveals just for one brief second some dark and unsuspected loveliness in those far-off mountains or in those mighty forests. And then the lightning passes and is gone. The loveliness vanishes, veiled and hidden again by distance.

So it is with those strange and fleeting attractions that people have for us whom we don't know personally, and have never seen, perhaps, and have never spoken to.

These attractions may be strong, and may go deep into our hearts.

But they will die out, they will

Theatrical...

Garden Party

IN between the time of Sir Philip Game's departure and the arrival of Sir Alexander Horne-Ruthven there will be a lapse of six weeks. Once more Vice Royalty will be represented by Sir Philip Street, who so ably carries out the manifold duties of Governor of New South Wales on these occasions.

Preparations are well in hand for the big theatrical garden party on January 11, at Government House grounds, to which the general public will be admitted for a small fee that will swell the funds of the Bush Nursing Association and the District Nursing Association.

In this way Sydney residents will have the opportunity of saying farewell to Lady Game before her departure for England four days later.

fade away, they will leave our hearts carefree and heart-whole, because we have never made contact with those adored ones.

Yet had propinquity been there, and had we been thrown together under one roof, just think of what might have happened, or shall we not think of it? No. Perhaps, better not.

The wife who unconsciously places temptation in her husband's way is to blame. She should have had more gumption. You know if you want to live a happy life with those you love around you living happily also, you must use your gumption.

And, mind you, gumption isn't necessarily suspiciousness; it's simply an awareness, a not shutting your eyes to things that might possibly happen. Going away is the great solution of these problems, far, far away, the further the better.

Send Her Away

If I were the man in this case I would say to my wife, "Please send the girl away." And if the wife made a scene, and wanted to know why the girl should be sent away, then the husband could tell her that he wishes the girl to go for her own sake, because she is just a girl.

Any wife that tries to dive deeper into that heart trouble, and cries to know what it is all about, is simply asking for trouble.

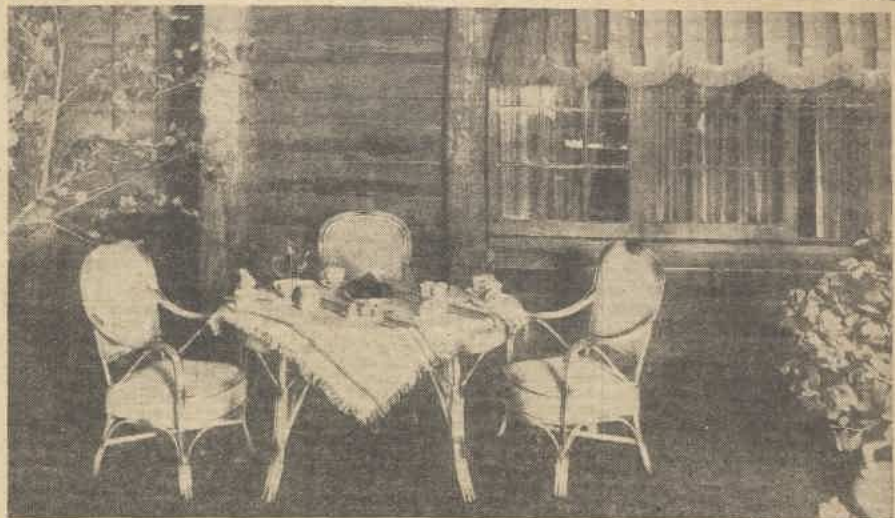
And haven't you noticed that when you ask for trouble, you get it; about the only thing you always do get when you ask for it.

Flowers That Are Silver-sprayed Original Table Decoration Scheme

AFTER a season of flat table decorations, once more we have in fashion the tall centre-piece of flowers—but with a difference.

In order not to obscure guests from each other's view, a tall, slender silver pole supports a conventional "bouquet" of white roses, pampas grass, and lilies of the valley, in an original dinner-table decoration from a London salon.

The pole rises from a bed of white chrysanthemums which have been sprayed with silver paint, partly to lengthen their life and partly to give them the glittering "evening dress" effect.



A STREAM OF TENDER TURF—perhaps a shady tree, shrubs, and a vista of joyous flowers. Who wouldn't feel fit to meet the trials of a workaday world if they had breakfast in such a setting, with our temperamental weather on best behaviour, of course! Here, in this picture, you glimpse attractive essentials in outdoor furniture. Table and comfy armchairs of woven cane in cream and gold. The cool green cloth has borrowed the color of the sunset for its decoration, featuring, as it does, gay Roman stripes. The square perversities are fringed to match. All the flowers of the spring garden gave inspiration for the china. While the handles of the cups are primroses poised on delicate green stems. There's so much to be said for a colorful meal such as this that all we can find room to say is—try it!

—Photo by courtesy Grace Bros.

An Extra Special New Year's Resolution

Remember Past Failures and Successes in Your Garden and Make it This Year a Haven of Unparalleled Beauty . . . By the OLD GARDENER.

FOR the beginning of the New Year, the Old Gardener has all sorts of things to advise you. This article tells you what flowers to grow in your January garden and how to grow them best.

GOOD morning, Miss. How do you like returning to work after your holiday?

And now we are beginning on another new year, and you must make your New Year resolutions. Make a resolution about your garden—never to neglect it, and to look after it along the lines I suggest to you, each week.

Let's look back over our year's work and note our successes and failures. Remember when I first came along to this little garden of yours what a wilderness it was and how worried you were to know where to start and what to do? Yes, we have had success in many ways, but we have also had failures. So, during the coming year, we will be more careful, and our past failures are going to help us on to greater success.

Your garden is still looking well after your holiday, showing that you followed my holiday advice. Now you must get to work and remove all the mulch to one side, turn the soil well over, and replace the mulch.

What a lot of planning ahead we have to do this month, for now we must attend to autumn and winter supplies.

Iceland poppies must be sown, and more stock. Anemone, yes, and ranunculus, pansies, violas, antirrhinum, marigolds, cornflowers, nigella, calendula, leptocheilus, viscaria, primula, gypsophila, and wallflowers.

Sow all these in the ground; avoid boxes if possible. Then, when large enough, prick out into boxes. I have previously explained the methods of raising your own plants. So procure good seed. Pay a little more for the best, and your garden will be a place of beauty.

While your seeds are growing prepare your garden beds. Lime and dig them thoroughly, and leave them to rest for a few weeks.

Prepare for sweet peas. Dig the trench a couple of feet deep and fill it up with well-decayed cow manure, old leaves, grass, or any material which will make good food for plants.

I have often heard people say that it is not necessary to trench for sweet peas. I say yes, trench well, and manure heavily, and you will be amply rewarded with long stems and good-quality blooms. The deeper the roots go down the longer the flowering period.

Odd Jobs To Be Done

COME along with me and we'll see to these other little jobs that have to be done this month. Ah, here we are! See these climbing roses. I'll shorten back the laterals to about thumb length and spread all the canes to allow for plenty of room.

See those old leaders—we'll take them out and leave the strong, healthy, young ones. Now that's finished, and next season all the roses will come on those laterals, and what a display you will have!

Now for the dahlias: we'll just trim them up a little, take out all the spindly, weak, and useless growth and give the sap a chance to go the work on the worth-while portions. We'll dig this bed over, but not deep—just break up the

surface soil—and don't forget to water them well—*they* drink gallons. AS for chrysanthemums, give them plenty of liquid manure. See all those tiny black aphides on top? Spray them with kerosene mulch—that is, kerosene and Sunlight soap. They can

also be washed off with the hose.

The bulb bed must have proper attention. All the bulbs where the foliage has withered can be dug up and dried ready for planting later. The daffodils, hyacinths, snowdrops, jonquils, and narcissi can all come up.

Now this rose bed needs attention. Cut out all dead wood, spent flowers, and weak, spindly growths, and your rose bushes will go on working ready for the autumn display. Work a little blood and bone into the roots, also some sulphate of potash. This will harden the young shoots and help to keep down the rose mildew.

See to the carnation bed, also. Put some layers down, and take cuttings. Put in fuchsias and geranium.



Miss Elaine Hamill

The Cinema Academy . . . Moves to new Studio

—opening January 7, at 387 George Street. The new studio has a small stage and students will take part in plays performed every week. A Theatre Club and Casting Bureau are also run in conjunction with the Academy. Australian Film Production is firmly established. More and better Australian Pictures are planned for release in 1935, with yearly increases, providing an interesting career for hundreds of Australians with screen training. Let us give you a FREE oral test.

Now the New Address:

THE CINEMA ACADEMY

(Under patronage of CineSound Productions Ltd.) 1st FLOOR, BERNARD'S BUILDINGS, 387 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

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Modern science has developed an entirely new type of BIFOCAL. These lenses afford much sharper vision, and in addition show no disturbing colour fringes, which irritate the sight of the wearer and cause undue eye fatigue. G & B BIFOCAL lenses give you the eyes of youth—the power to see near and distant objects with the one pair of glasses.
GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.
OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS
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Travel to and from town in fast, comfortable, roomy, glassed-in Saloon steamers. Enjoy twice daily the most delightful Harbour Trip in the world. ONLY MANLY CAN OFFER YOU THIS

Manly's gigantic wonder pool, at night floodlit over and under the water, contains Slippery Dips, Diving Towers, Floating Pontoon, Water Whirls, Spinning Fountains, Luge, numerous Springboards, and a host of other aquatic novelties, and is FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT

The Company's magnificent Dressing Pavilion, with its up-to-date Tea Rooms and Open-air Kiosk, is situated at the end of the Pool, and provides the scene of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Rooms are also available for suppers, bridge, and birthday parties, dances, etc.

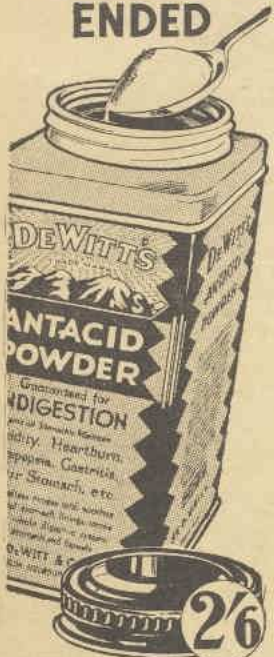
PHONE YL2130 and MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW!

SEASON TICKETS COST PER DAY: GENTS: 15/0; LADIES: 12/6; CHILD: 11/6. WEEKLY TICKETS—7 DAYS' TRAVELLING (ALL DAY, ANY DAY, ANY TIME):

DAILY FARE: ADULTS: 6/6; CHILDREN: 3/6; (5 Years and Under, FREE). THE PORT JACKSON AND MANLY STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED.

No. 3 JETTY, CIRCULAR QUAY. TELEPHONE: YL2211, YL2130.

NOW INDIGESTION WILL SOON BE ENDED



Indigestion in its early stages shows its presence by attacks of heartburn, wind, belching, palpitation or griping. Later come the more serious agonies of dyspepsia, gastritis, colitis and ulcerated stomach, duodenum or bowel.

The stomach has been wonderfully protected by Nature to withstand abuse, but there comes a time when neglect of small disorders upsets the whole digestive system. The acids of the stomach actually attack the fabric of the walls, and vomiting, constipation and severe pain indicate that ulceration of the stomach has set in.

Serious though these complications are, Nature will heal the ulcers if she is given help. De Witt's Antacid Powder is especially prepared to help in this healing work.

Firstly, it neutralises the excess acid which the stomach continually produces, and allays the irritation.

Secondly, the ulcers are coated with a film of colloidal kaolin. So finely powdered in this kaolin, it is easily spread over the entire surface of the stomach, protecting the inflamed lining from the hot, burning acids.

Thirdly, it actually digests portions of your food, thereby still further taking the load off the weakened stomach, and finally, the ingredients in De Witt's Antacid Powder build up an alkaline reserve in the body, that, with ordinary care, there will be no recurrence of your trouble.

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

Recommended for
INDIGESTION **FLATULENCE**
ACID STOMACH **HEARTBURN**
GRIPING PAINS **GASTRITIS**
PALPITATION **DYSPEPSIA**
ULCERATED STOMACH

Be sure you get the genuine DeWitt's Antacid Powder, in sky-blue canisters. Take it regularly, as directed, and you will get rid of your digestive troubles for good. If you wish to have a free test supply, fill in the coupon now.

FREE GIFT COUPON

To E. C. DeWitt & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.
(Dept. H.T., P.O. Box 25,
MELBOURNE)

Please send me, free and postage paid, a sample of DeWitt's Antacid Powder.

Mr. _____
Miss _____
Address _____

BEST RECIPE PRIZES

Each week we are giving cash prizes to readers for the best recipes sent in. No matter what the recipe—sweet, pudding, meat dish, savory—send it in to us and see if you can win a prize. There are a first prize of £1, and twelve consolation prizes. Here are this week's prizewinners:

ALMOND MACARON TARTLETS

Pastry: 5oz. self-raising flour, 3oz. dripping or margarine, pinch salt, cold water to mix.
Filling: 2 teaspoons ground rice, 3oz. castor sugar, 2oz. ground almonds, whites of 2 eggs, jam, flavoring essence.

Make pastry by rubbing fat into flour, mixing to a dough with cold water. Line some patty pans with pastry. Put a little jam in each tartlet. Whip egg whites stiffly, add the essence, then stir in the sugar, ground almonds, and ground rice. Put a spoonful of mixture on each tartlet and cook in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Sufficient for twelve small tartlets.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. S. B. Kreis, Gayndah, Qld.

HAM PATTIES

One pound puff pastry, 1lb. lean ham, 1 pimento, 4 tablespoons cold peas, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 1½ gills milk, seasoning.

Roll out pastry 1-inch thick, stamp it into rounds. Take half of these and stamp them out in the centre with a smaller cutter. Put on a baking sheet, and place a ring on each round, damping the pastry to make the two pieces adhere. Put the small round on top. Stand in a cool place for half an hour, and cover lightly with a piece of buttered paper to prevent the surface from getting dry. Bake patties in a hot oven till they are well risen and lightly browned. The top may be brushed with milk before baking, to glaze it.

To prepare the filling: Chop the pimento, and cut the ham into small dice. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add flour, and when well blended, stir in the milk and bring all to the boil. Boil gently for a few minutes, then add the ham, pimento, peas, and seasoning. Make the filling thoroughly hot, and heap it in the prepared patty cases.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Edwards, Euahdale Rd., via Grenfell, N.S.W.

SALMON DELICIOUS

Turn a small tin of salmon into a patty-dish, and cover it first with tomato sauce and then with breadcrumbs. Beat 2 eggs up in 1 pint of milk. Salt and pepper to taste.

Pour over salmon and bake slowly for 1 hour until custard is a golden brown. Serve with vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Jones, 3rd Avenue, W. Brunswick, Vic.

DELICIOUS MARSHMALLOW CHOCOLATE SANDWICH

Three ounces melted chocolate, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups brown sugar, 1 egg yolk, 1 cup butter, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 2 eggs.

Blend in double boiler the melted chocolate, half brown sugar, and half milk. When hot, add beaten egg yolk diluted with a tablespoon of cold milk, and cook a moment longer. Cool, and add the vanilla. While the mixture is cooling, cream the remaining brown sugar with the butter, beat in the yolks of the 2 eggs, then add alternately with the remaining milk and flour sifted with the salt. Dissolve the soda in boiling water, and beat this in, then combine with the custard mixture and finally fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Bake in two sandwich tins in a moderate oven.

When cold, put the layers together with the marshmallow filling given below, and cover the top with the filling, too.

THE MARSHMALLOW FILLING

Two cups sugar, 1 cup water, 1-8 teaspoon cream of tartar, whites of 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup quartered marshmallows.

Boil sugar, water, and cream of tartar together until a thread of syrup forms when a little is tested in cold water. Do not stir after sugar is dissolved. Pour the syrup gradually over the stiffly-beaten egg whites, beating while pouring. Flavor with vanilla, beat until thick, and then fold in the marshmallows, and use as required.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss K. Dale, Ground Floor, 46 Ocean Beach, Manly, N.S.W.

CREAMED EGGS AND ONIONS

Two large Spanish onions, 4 eggs, 1oz. butter, 1½oz. flour, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon cream, salt and pepper.

Hard boil eggs. Stand them in cold water for 15 minutes. Remove shells and slice thickly. Cut onions into thick rings. Fry in dripping without breaking. Grease a fireproof dish. Lay alternate rings of onions and eggs in this. Melt butter. Add the flour and slowly stir in the milk. Bring to boiling point. Add salt and pepper and, lastly, the cream. Pour over eggs. Dust with a little grated cheese and heat in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Powell, c/o Post Office, Bundaberg, Qld.

BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM

Two ounces cornflour, 1½oz. brown sugar, 1 pinch salt, 1 egg, vanilla essence, 2oz. chopped nuts, 3oz. chopped dates, 1 pint milk, 1oz. butter.

Mix together the cornflour, sugar, and salt, and then mix with sufficient of the milk to form a thin, smooth paste. Heat the remainder of the milk and, when almost boiling, draw from the stove and add the paste. Stir over a slow heat till the mixture boils. Boil for three minutes. Add the butter, dates, nuts, and vanilla. Put into a wet mould and, when cold, turn out to a glass dish. Serve with cream or boiled custard. This makes enough to serve five.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. R. Litchfield, 17 Sea View Terrace, Brighton, S.A.

TOMATO DUMPLINGS

Half-pound self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, pinch of salt.
Add the salt to flour for the pastry and rub in fat. Form a dough with cold water, roll out, and cut in rounds with



THIS page should be the enthusiastic young housewife's delight—best recipes from everywhere will make her task of pleasing HIM an easy one.

a saucer or small plate as guide. Choose firm, medium-sized tomatoes and remove skins. (Cover them with boiling water and leave for a few seconds.) Then make a small hole at one end, put in a scrap of butter and a little seasoning of salt and pepper. Wrap each tomato in a round of pastry, and bake in a moderate oven. Serve the dumplings very hot with a little tasty gravy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss O. Noble, Bexhill, via Lismore, N.S.W.

OX EYES

Slices of bread, eggs, a little cream or rich milk, pepper and salt, butter.
Cut bread into slices rather more than 1½ inches thick. Cut out in rounds with a paste cutter, about 1½ inches in diameter, taking small round about 1½ inches in diameter from centre with smaller cutter. Fry these rings lightly in butter. Do not let them get hard. Butter a dish with lard in the first ring. Pour a very little cream or milk in the middle, and put very carefully a raw egg into each ring. Season with pepper and salt and put a little cream on each egg. Bake in

THE PARTY Continued from Page 6

THE man beside her kept looking straight ahead.

"Curious how well both the moon and I are behaving up under our ruined evening! Oh, by the way, what about our treasure hunt? Can you read it if I turn on the light?"

Alice leaned forward, spreading out the paper on her knee.

"Heavens, there are nine items: 1. long black horse's hair; 1 free sample; 1 empty tomato tin; 1 lost golf ball; 1 sprig of gorse, in flower; 1 baby's napkin; 1 photograph of Queen Victoria; 1 horseshoe; 1 corn-stalk."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated MacIntosh. "And they expect us back before breakfast! Will you read that over again slowly?"

Alice read again. The young man drew the car to a stop by the side of the road and leaped a minute on the wheel.

"I've got an idea," he said. "If we could find an old-fashioned farm near a golf course, surely we should find most of the nine things there, and save time. Horse's hair, corn-stalk, photograph, horseshoe, gorse, tomato tin, golf ball—and there's sure to be a baby at a place like that. What do you think?"

"Why, that's a marvellous idea!" Alice said. "And I think I know the very place. It's a good way, but I'm sure we shall save time in the long run. We're going the right way now. Turn left at the cross-roads. My sister-in-law's golf club is near a farm. It's a little place, but I fancy it's just what we want."

"Right-ho!"



hot oven till whites are set, but not brown. Garnish with crisp parsley.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. A. O'Connor, Thangool P.O., via Bannock, Calder, Vic.

PEACH CABBAGE PUDDING

One tin peaches, ¼ cup castor sugar, 3 tablespoons sherry, 1 tablespoon brandy, 2 tablespoons cold water, 2 cups milk, 3 yolks of eggs, ¼ cup sage, pinch salt, 1½ tablespoons gelatine, whites of 4 eggs.
Drain the peaches, cut in quarters, sprinkle with sugar, pour brandy and sherry over them. Mix custard with milk, eggs and egg yolks. Sweeten to taste, and just before removing from the fire add gelatine previously soaked in cold water. When slightly cool, add the juice from the peaches. Stir till the mixture thickens; then add the stiffly-beaten egg whites, line a mould with the peaches, pour custard in, and chill.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to E. Beigden, 25 The Crescent, Annandale, N.S.W.

SILVER BEET RISsoles

Boil and mash ½ lb. potatoes. Then, in a separate pan, cook 1½ lb. silver beet, chop finely, and add to the potatoes. Stir in one teaspoon of mixed herbs, beat one egg to a froth, and stir into the other ingredients. Mould into rissoles, dip into well-beaten egg, roll in breadcrumbs, and fry a golden brown in boiling fat.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. Alice Martell, Bray Ave., Semaphore Park, S.A.

BANANA JAM

Choose later bananas, not too ripe, and to every dozen allow 6 sweet oranges and 4 lemons. Peel and slice bananas in rings, and to each lb. of sliced bananas add ½ lb. sugar. Squeeze oranges and lemons and add juice and pulp to the sliced bananas. Roll slowly for 1 hour, or until you notice it turning a pinkish shade. If too thick, add a little water.

This jam, when properly made, resembles guava jam in looks and taste. Will keep well.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. H. A. Beak, Broadmeadows, via Rockhampton, Qld.

CHERRY HONEYCOMB CREAM

Half pound ripe, firm cherries, two eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 pint milk, 1oz. gelatine.
Wash and prepare cherries, place them into a saucepan with 1 tablespoon of sugar and a little water, and simmer till tender. Heat the milk, add to it gelatine which has been dissolved in a little water, and pour the mixture into a bowl. Add the cherries and sugar, and cook slowly until it begins to thicken. Then remove from fire, stir in the cherries and also the beaten whites of the eggs. Pour into a wet mould and leave to set on the ice.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. Gertrude Norton, 110 Queen St., Woolahra, N.S.W.

COCONUT BRAMBLES

One cup self-raising flour, ¼ cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, ¼ cup milk, vanilla essence.
Cream butter and sugar, add eggs; beat well. Now add milk and vanilla. Add the flour to the mixture, stir thoroughly. Put in level, teaspoonful in warm, greased tin, and bake 15 minutes in a moderate oven. When cold, put together with the following: 1. Half teaspoonful butter and 1½oz. icing sugar beaten until soft like cream. Dissolve ½ tablespoon cocoa in a little boiling water, and mix with the butter. Cover formed brambles with this mixture and roll in desiccated coconut.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Miss E. McGregor, 70 Gregory St., Mackay, Nth. Qld.



YOU CAN ENJOY TASTY DISHES

Flavour them
with

LEA AND PERRINS SAUCE

TRY
THIS
RECIPE!

CHILLED TOMATO SALAD.

Cut up six medium-sized tomatoes, put them in a saucepan with 1 pint of water, 2 slices, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, and 1 teaspoon each of chopped onion and sugar. Simmer gently for 20 minutes. Add 1 dessertspoon Lea and Perrins sauce, and run through a sieve.

Soak 1 tablespoon gelatine in ½ cup of cold water and pour the tomato pulp over it. Stir till the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Slice two hard-boiled eggs and 2 small tomatoes and arrange them on the bottom and sides of a wet mould, cover them with a small quantity of the tomato pulp and when quite set add a little more, filling the dish gradually. When quite firm turn out in a dish and garnish with lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise.



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Please turn to Page 42

RINGING Changes on the Humble RABBIT

Useful Recipes for the Housewife who has to Cater for a Large Family

By Our Cooking Expert

HERE are quite a number of people who have not learned to appreciate rabbit as a dish, but there are so many attractive ways of cooking it, and it is, moreover, such a useful dish for the housewife who has to cater for a large family that it deserves a regular place in the menu.

There are plenty of ways of ringing the changes so that each rabbit dish is a little different to its predecessor.

IN Australian towns, we can always buy rabbits skinned and cleaned for us, but in English towns it is no strange sight to see the rabbits, still in their skins, hanging up outside the fishmonger's shops; and the story of the very young wife who spent the whole day trying to pluck a rabbit is a thoroughly English joke.

Once you have brought your rabbit home, there is little difficulty in turning it into an appetizing meal, for it requires little preparation before it can be put into the pot. However, to further simplify matters for us, some modern delicatessen stores sell the rabbit already cut up into neat joints, which makes it particularly easy for those who want to prepare a meal in a comparatively short time.

The secret of cooking rabbit appetizingly, is to fry it first in butter before you add your other ingredients, but if your rabbit is very nice and tender and you fry it very carefully with onions, it makes a delicious meal in itself. But be warned! If it is a fairly mature specimen it will require some longer method of cooking to bring it to that state of melting tenderness which makes a rabbit a gift from the gods!

May I commend you to one, originated, of course, by a Frenchman, who was the first person to think of using prunes with rabbit? This way of cooking it, with the inclusion of a little white wine in the ingredients, gives the rabbit the flavor of game, and is a really delectable dish.

In the French Way

FIRST you must mince a good-sized onion very finely, and fry it in butter till it is a golden brown. Then add your rabbit, which has been cut into small joints and dipped into flour. When it is nicely browned, turn it into a casserole with a bunch of herbs, add a handful of stoned prunes, cover with stock or water, add a glass of cooking sherry, season to taste, and cook slowly in the oven for an hour. Then remove the herbs, thicken the gravy with flour and Parisian essence to make it a nice rich brown in color, and serve it. If your family don't relish it exceedingly, they are lacking a good palate!

An English Favorite

THE chief idea in cooking rabbit seems to be to make it taste unlike rabbit, and another way of doing this is to cook it like hare, a great delicacy difficult to procure here. This method is very popular in England. After you have

ALL recipes on this page have been tested by our own cooking expert in The Australian Women's Weekly kitchens.

fried the jointed rabbit with a minced onion in the butter, turn it into a casserole with salt and pepper to taste, and enough water to cover it nicely. Then cook it slowly for about an hour.

Then mix some minced bacon, some breadcrumbs, a teaspoon of mixed herbs, and a little grated lemon rind. Blend this mixture with an egg and a little milk, if necessary, and make it into balls. Fry these till they are well-browned. Thicken the rabbit gravy with flour and Parisian essence, adding a teaspoonful of vinegar. Pile the rabbit in the centre of a large dish place the forcemeat balls round it, and cover over the gravy.

Jellied Rabbit

ONE of the advantages of cooking rabbit is that it can be served cold or hot according to the time of the year and your own particular fancy. A handy way of making a warm weather dish is to jellify a rabbit. For this you boil your rabbit in water, with seasoning to taste, adding a couple of rashers of bacon or ham, when the water has boiled. When the rabbit is nice and tender, remove the flesh from the bones, and lay it carefully in a piedish which you have previously lined with sliced hard-boiled eggs and the rashers cut to about 3 inches square in size.

Now make a jelly with the rabbit liquor and some gelatine. Stir this well, and pour it into the mould. Put it to



THE humble rabbit cooked the French way—in a casserole—will find favor with the most fastidious palate.

set in a cool place. When it is ready to be eaten, turn it on to a dish and garnish it either with parsley or with lettuce, and serve it with potato or hearts of lettuce and tomato salad.

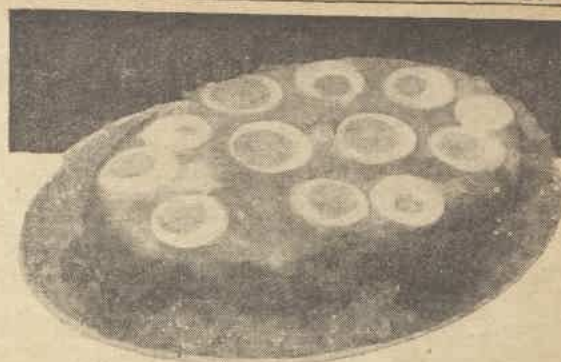
Rabbit Pie

RABBIT pie is another dish that can be eaten hot, with vegetables or served with salad if you desire a cold dinner. For this you must cook the rabbit with about 1 lb. of bacon, and when it is very tender remove the meat from the bones, slice the bacon and cut up two hard-boiled eggs. Have ready a deep sandwich tin, line it well with a good, short crust, and fill with the rabbit, bacon and eggs. Cover with the pastry and bake for 45 minutes.

If you intend to eat your rabbit pie hot, make a gravy with the rabbit liquor and serve that with the pie, to the accompaniment of string beans or peas and mashed potatoes. When tomatoes are in season they go well with rabbit pie if they are stewed and well seasoned and served piping hot. Lettuce and tomato salad is excellent with the pie when you eat it cold.

STEWED RABBIT WITH ONIONS.

One young rabbit, 2 tablespoons flour, 12 small onions, 1 dessertspoon



A DELICIOUS warm weather dish—jellied rabbit. What is more, it is a decidedly inexpensive as well as a nourishing dish. You will find the recipe on this page. Try it!

lemon juice, 1 slice bread, 1 lb. bacon, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon castor sugar, pepper and salt to taste.

Remove rind from bacon, cut into tiny cubes, and fry in a saucepan. Cut the rabbit into joints, and make a stock with the ribs, a teaspoon of mixed herbs, and a little water. Brown the remaining joints in the bacon fat, after removing the bacon, stir in the flour, and when brown add the stock. Stir till boiling. Return bacon to pan and season. Cover and simmer for 1½ hours, or until tender, then peel onions. Melt butter in a separate fry pan, add sugar, and when melted fry onions for five minutes, stirring frequently. Add to rabbit. Remove crust from a slice of bread and fry in a little butter, dripping or bacon fat. Place in the bottom of your serving dish, and arrange joints on top. Add the lemon juice to the gravy and pour over it. Serve with mashed potatoes. This makes a very nice dish for a small family.

the onion, cut up the apple and fry in butter. Add the joints of rabbit. Remove the rabbit and put in a saucepan, then add the curry powder to the mixture in the frying pan and fry this. Add to the rabbit, barely cover with water or stock, and cook for an hour to an hour and a half. Thicken with flour to which has been added a few drops of Parisian essence and 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce. Place on a dish and pile round carefully boiled rice. Serve with chutney.

FRICASSEE OF RABBIT.

One rabbit, two good-sized onions, 1 pint milk, seasoning to taste.

Choose a fat rabbit, nice and white in color, wash very thoroughly, cut it into joints, and put in salt water for about an hour. Place in a saucepan with the onions, sliced, and cover with the milk and some water. Cook very slowly for about an hour and a half, being careful to see that it does not burn. Thicken with plain flour mixed with a little milk. Add a piece of butter and some chopped parsley if liked. Seasoning can be added to the rabbit if so desired, but this dish is usually salt enough without the inclusion of anything else. Served with mashed potatoes.

CURRIED RABBIT.

One rabbit, 1 onion, 1 apple, curry powder, water or stock, seasoning to taste.

Wash and joint the rabbit. Mince

Imagine a day
without a meal—
a meal without—

Cerebos Salt

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NOVEL DINNER SWEETS

Here are three of the most inviting desserts you could put before your guests. Any one will impel them to say: "Do please give me the recipe for this, my dear, it's delicious!"

CHERRY CREAM

An original recipe for a dinner sweet is cherry cream. For this you want the juice from a can of cherries preserved in syrup. In this syrup dissolve sufficient gelatine to set the whole of the syrup when the cream is added. One ounce of gelatine will set one quart of syrup and cream combined. Let it get cold, but do not let it begin to set. Then whisk it until it begins to get spongy, stir in as many glaces or drained maraschino cherries as you fancy.

You can add as much cream or as

little as you like to the fruit juice; 1 pint of juice and 1 pint of fresh cream is a good proportion, and evaporated milk can be used instead of cream.

ORANGE JELLY

with stuffed dates

Make one pint of orange jelly, using half orange juice and half water, flavoured and sweetened with lump sugar rubbed on the oranges until each lump has taken up as much of the zest as possible. A little sherry (one or two tablespoonsful) may be added to emphasise the flavor. The jelly should be cleared.

Take out the stones of nine fine dates and the whole kernels of nine Brazil nuts. Remove the brown skins, if any, of the nuts. Stuff one into each date so that the creamy nut peeps out down the side of the date.

Have ready a well-wetted glass mould. Put a little of the clear jelly in first and when this is nearly set arrange three of the stuffed dates on it irregularly in such a manner that the nut will show when the jelly is turned out. Now cover them with more jelly, which must be nearly cold but not at all set. Let this nearly set, then pour on more jelly and let that nearly set.

Repeat until all the dates and jelly are used. The effect must be of dates stuffed with nuts, floating in orange jelly. They should not be arranged geometrically.

ROSEAPPLE DESSERT

One pound cooking apples, castor sugar to sweeten, 4 tablespoonsful warm water, glaces cherries to decorate, 3½ gills water, 2 oranges, mechanical, 1 tsp. standard. 1 box gelatine.

Peel and slice apples and stew with 1½ gills water, orange peel and sugar. When soft, remove pulp and rub apples through a sieve. There should be 1½ pint of apple pulp left. Whip with the castor, adding the orange juice and mechanical to this pulp. Dissolve the gelatine in the warm water and stir into the mixture. Turn into a well-wetted mould and allow to set. Decorate when turned out with glaces cherries. If there is not enough apple pulp make up the quantity with cold water.

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OF COURSE It Isn't LOVE

Continued from Page 5

O STENSIBLY it was written to remind him to bring her vanity case which he had carried off in his pocket, deploring the telephone system which had given her wrong number after wrong number when she had phoned him, impudently bemoaning the fact that they were not to be seated next each other and containing—oh, so cleverly, Peg thought, and written with such care.

"I should have told you before, Dad hates Englishmen. I got a cablegram this morn and he is furious at the thought of you—and you a lord—in the family. Dear John, when he knows you as I do, he'll love you—as I do. But just now he's being very obstinate—the adamant parent stuff.

"Not one cent!" says he. But that needn't worry us, need it? And it doesn't do it? You see—

But here Peg stopped and chewed her pen, and, hating herself, did not put down that in two short years she would be twenty-one. Instead she scrawled:

"You see, bread and cheese and kisses would suit me perfectly! Shameless, aren't I?"

She sent the note off by messenger, and dressed for dinner with unusual care. Her aunt, dear lady, knew nothing.

Now John had been having his own time of it that afternoon. He met his very good friend, Sandy Turk, who had come down to London that week and was avid for gossip.

"What's this?" he began, grinning broadly. "I have heard that you've been seeing a lot of a certain little American!"

"Have you?" John said non-committally.

"Lucky you!" sighed Sandy with exaggerated regret. "I've been told she's a little beauty, too. I suppose if I met her and tried to interest her with many entertaining charms it would be—no sale. But then—she pulled a long, doleful face, expecting John to laugh—but then I'm not a bloomin' lord!"

But John's sense of humor must have been impaired, for he did not laugh. He looked at the glowing tip of his cigarette, his face wooden, and said slowly: "What made you say that, Sandy? You didn't think of that yourself!"

"Oh I've heard things!" said Sandy, trying to be mysterious.

"So you've been telling me. What things?"

Sandy chuckled.

"Am I treading on your vanities, boy?" he said. "I suppose you think it's your manly beauty. I tell you it's the irresistible air that does it! Americans just can't resist a title!"

"Just what are you getting at?" asked John evenly.

"My dear old Johnny," said Sandy patiently, in the tone of one who cannot be refuted, "would an American papa who, everyone knows, wallows in the good old coin of the realm—bless it—send his lovely daughter here except for that? Fair exchange, title for boodle, or words to that effect. That's why I say you're lucky!"

John repressed, with difficulty, the overwhelming impulse to smash his fist on Sandy's grin; only the recognition that Sandy was only repeating what he had heard stopped him. But for the first time in a long friendship John realised that he had never really liked Sandy much. He left him shortly.

But, walking home moodily through the dusk, he wondered why it should have been, ironically, a friend who let loose within a thousand and one little devils of uncertainty and doubt, those demons which now assailed him. The title? What role? But there had been Miss What-was-her-name? What was he doing, thinking like that of Peg? Dear Peg! He would see her that night. But one couldn't... Curse all these filthy gossip-mongers. If they dared hurt Peg.

He drew a deep breath and made for home in long, purposeful strides.

Peg's note was delivered exactly two minutes after he left his flat for the dinner-party. His man took it suspiciously, signed for it, and propped it in a place he was sure he could not forget. He associated it firmly in his mind with what he was doing—polishing silver—and went about his own affairs.

John, sitting opposite Peg at the long table, found the thousand and one little devils hurrying tormenting. He fought against thinking:

"Is it true? Of course it isn't! But could it be? It can't be. I know, darling Peg! I wouldn't think this. But—is it—is it the Lady she wants?"

So he forgot, until it was too late and the mischief done, to smile across at her.

Peg, smiling and chatting with Partner-On-the-Right until correctly shifted to Partner-On-the-Left, sobbed frantically to her impenetrable self:

"He got my note, he's read the note. That's why he's so cool. They were right, they were right. It isn't me, it isn't me. It's the money, after all. And because they were young and so

miserable they quarrelled—lightly, listlessly, about nothing that mattered. Anything would have done—they chose politics. And the quarrel which began with pinpricks and cool smiles, grew in earnest. They forgot what had started it, but they knew what lay beneath it. Each miserably conscious of what was happening, but not wise enough and too proud to stop it. There was poison on each tongue, and each was fatally clever enough to know how to wound deeply.

At last Peg said in a low, intense voice:

"How could I have thought you different from the rest? I despise you! I never want to see you again!"

"You won't," said John flatly, his voice equally low, equally intense.

For an instant they stared at each other.

"Can this be it? Can this be you?" their eyes said.

Then Peg gasped, whirled, and fled upstairs. Dressing-rooms sometimes see more tears than smiles.

But when she made her adieu she looked as lovely as ever. Her voice was as sweet as usual. And no one noticed that it was "Good-bye," she said to John, Lord Brayton, John least of all.

Peg burst into her aunt's room where that placid lady was comfortably getting ready for bed and said shortly:

"We're going home!"

"Oh, Peg," exclaimed her aunt, dropping her novel and a box of sweets, "you are always so sudden!"

"As open," continued Peg as if she had not heard—as she had not.

"But, darling," shrieked her aunt mildly. "But why? But what? We can't! We aren't—One doesn't!"

"We can!" said Peg sternly. "We are! We do!"

They could. They were. They did. Be it said to the everlasting credit of Mr. Harmon—he asked not one question of Peg, not even one with his eyes.

He waited until he was alone with his sister.

"Now what," he asked, coming directly to the point, "was all this nonsense about a lord?"

"I don't know. Girls are so funny nowadays. Peg doesn't tell me anything!"

"Anyway," said Mr. Harmon positively, "whatever it was she'll get over it—now that she's home!"

I suppose so," agreed his sister.

And it did seem as if Peg had got over it—whatever it was—now that she was home. The recklessness with which she threw herself into any new stunt proved that she had got over it—whatever it was. And if Mr. Harmon was worried sometimes by the speed with which she rushed from one thing to another, almost as if she didn't want to allow herself time to think—that, he told himself, was the times, the modern spirit.

IF Peg watched the posts with a feverish eagerness concealed beneath a too histrionic indifference, that was her own business.

Time went on.

Peg usually made it a point to be home by the time her father arrived so that they could talk over the day, and if nothing too important prevented it, have dinner together. But one day she phoned that she would be unable to manage it, that her plans had changed, and that she would not be home until later. Old Banks, the butler, who adored her, took the message.

"Very well, Miss Peg," he said in the tone he reserved for her alone. "I will tell Miss Harmon. There is a gentleman waiting here for you. What shall I tell him?"

Peg knew every tone of Banks' voice. "You don't know him?" she asked.

"No, Miss Peg."

"What does he want? Who is he?"

"He gave his name as Lord Brayton, Miss Peg. There was such a long silence then that Banks became alarmed. 'Hallo, Miss Peg!' he said urgently. 'Hallo! Hallo!' came a faint voice at last. 'I'm still here. Banks—did you say Lord Brayton?'

"Yes, Miss Peg."

"Banks—is he tall and dark and—and you know?"

"Yes, Miss Peg. And with a small mustache."

"Yes, that's him," said Peg, forgetting grammar. "What shall I do now?" she asked, forgetting Banks.

"You're not ill, Miss Peg?" he asked.

"No, no, Banks. I'm all right! Tell the gentleman, Banks—tell him to wait! Tell him that I'll be there at once! In no time at all! Tell him—No, wait, Banks!"

There was another long silence.

"Don't say that, Banks," Peg's voice lost its brightness and gained in strength. "Geez," she said slowly and impressively, "tell Lord Brayton that I have phoned and left the message—listen, Banks, that I will not be home, that—listen, Banks—I am—dining—with—my—h—h—h—"

"What?" gasped poor Banks.

"Oh, heavens, Banks, don't get so excited!" Peg's voice was impatient.

"That's the message! I don't mean it!"

Banks breathed again. He smiled. This was just another of Miss Peg's scrapes, bless her heart.

"And, Banks," went on Peg, "is my aunt there?"

"No, Miss Peg, she has not come in yet."

"Good! For pity's sake, Banks, don't breathe a word of this to her! And don't let Dad know!"

"I won't, Miss Peg," promised old Banks. He grinned. This was like old days when he had helped her out of seemingly insurmountable difficulties. He grew quite sentimental in memory, remembering Peg as she had been when she made mud-pies.

"Now, don't forget I am dining with my fiancé. And, Banks—listen, Banks—as if he were not, with all his ears—this is very important! Remember to tell me what he says. Banks, when you deliver the message. The exact words, mind! And, Banks, how he looked when he said them. Don't forget."

Banks assured her that he would not. But all he could tell her was that the gentleman had looked at him as if he, Banks, were not there, and had said:

"Ah, in that case, I shall call again! Friday. At two. You might tell Miss Harmon."

And Peg, who had been expecting at least more than this with its quality of innocence, said with the light of battle in her eyes:

"Oh, you might, might you! How kind of him! Him!... We shall see!"

SHE immediately rang up Edwin Randolph, the "handsome young fool," to make him promise to be at the house at fifteen minutes to two on Friday afternoon. He arrived promptly and was beckoned upstairs by Peg and allowed to peer down through the balustrades at Lord Brayton when that worthy put in his appearance exactly on the stroke of two.

"What do you think of him?" asked Peg in a whisper after Banks had shown John, according to instructions, into the drawing-room.

"Why, I don't know, I'm sure," said Randolph. "I don't know the fellow. What do we do now?"

"We wait," said Peg, "for time to pass."

"And then?"

"And then we go down. Listen, Ran, I don't know what I'm going to say, once I start talking to him, so listen carefully for any cues I give you!"

"But, my dear, you know I'm not clever at that sort of thing!"

"Well, watch my face, and look devoted!"

"Oh! That's easy, old thing."

Peg pondered whether she should inform him that he was to act like a fiancé, and decided not to. She was not entirely sure of Ranny; he might take it into his head to be demonstrative.

Precisely at sixteen minutes past two o'clock she wandered into the drawing-room with her cavalier at her heels.

Unfortunately—for all concerned—John chose this moment to relieve the tedium of waiting by having a closer look at the silver casket used as a cigarette-box. It was a "pretty little thing," some three or four hundred years old, John guessed, and because he was interested in old silver he lifted it to examine its clean, chaste proportions. He was short-sighted in his right eye, but would not wear his monocle, because he had been effectively warned that certain American fathers have a prejudice against monocles.

What Peg saw was Lord Brayton weighing the casket in his hand, his right eye screwed up, his lips pursed in a most calculating expression. Her lips curled. Apart from that her own expression was perfect—blank, indifferent, with a slight smile which did not reach her eyes and which attempted to mask the panic, all-gone feeling which the sight of him had given her. She coughed gently.

John turned at once and put down the casket.

"Peg!" he said with a glad smile, coming forward. "I—"

Then he saw Edwin Randolph. Instantly he became the correct Englishman of song and story. Peg could see him suffer into it.

"Hallo, Peg!" he said easily. "You're looking awfully fit. May I speak with you alone?"

"Hallo, John!" said Peg evenly, her flags flying gallantly. "Thank you. I'm afraid that will be impossible. You haven't met—or have you?—Lord Brayton, Ranny, John, Mr. Randolph—my fiancé!"

There was a momentary silence while it echoed in the room.

John's eyes flew from Peg's face to Ranny's and back again. Peg saw a mocking glint suddenly come into them.

"Ah!" he said impudently. Peg had to admit, reluctantly, that his pose was perfect. He made a bow as of one leaving the field. "In that case," he said, and suddenly grinned. She could have slapped him for it. Perhaps it would have been better for her if she had. "In that case I shall call again!"

"And he went out."

"Peg!" began Ranny dazedly when they were alone.



WHAT a Baby Can Do

I can beat any alarm clock ever invented in waking the family in the morning

Peg turned on him.

"Oh, you fool, Ranny, you fool. I told you to watch for cues. He saw at once that you were surprised!"

She slumped into a chair forlornly.

"But, Peg, dear—"

"Don't be stupid, Ranny. Of course I didn't mean it. It was just for his benefit. And now he knows that!"

At which point she greatly astonished Ranny—and herself—by bursting into tears. It was a pity John had already gone.

He left the house with a smile on his face, thinking he understood everything, and loving her more than ever.

But when he called again, Peg was "not at home." When he phoned Peg was "not at home." And when he wrote he made the mistake of using the stationery of the hotel at which he was stopping. The letter was returned to him unopened.

The third time he called at the house he was politely but firmly refused admittance by Banks, who knew the real thing when he saw it, and who was slowly putting two and two together to make four. And when John calmly walked past Banks, there was Connolly, the second man—two inches over six feet and broad almost as he was tall, looking very much as if he would enjoy putting out this interloper at one word from Banks. Banks did not have to say the word. John illustrated the value of discretion over valour.

"This," he said to the world at large after the door had been closed behind him, "is ridiculous. If it weren't that one of my forebears was Scotch and stubborn, I should chuck this thing and go home, perhaps. But..."

He turned and surveyed the house which he had been invited to leave. Unmistakably, the curtain of a window on the second floor right dropped hastily into place.

"But," continued John, "I shall not. Love must find a way, tra-la. Can't speak to her, phoning's no good, writing's no good. The only..."

He stopped to regard with interest the youth who, impeccably clad in white jacket and enveloping apron, swept past him on a bicycle, carolling lustily as he rode to the tradesmen's entrance. Conscious of John's eye he dismounted with a flourish, leant the bike nonchalantly against a tree caught up the filled basket from the carrier, and with a piercing whistle disappeared within the regions of the back door.

John looked after him with twinkling eyes.

"The back door," he murmured. Suddenly he threw back his head and laughed. "Let us look into this!" he said, and waving to the curtain, chuckled, and strode off out of sight of the watcher at the window.

PEG sat back on her heels and frowned. He should have been immeasurably crushed and downcast, and instead he looked jaunty and as if he had just heard a good joke. She couldn't understand it. She understood even less when just before dinner there arrived a ribbed box of sweets which almost caused Banks to stagger, so huge it was. Neatly printed on a plain card were the words:

"With the compliments of the grocer's boy."

"Grocer's boy!" exclaimed Peg. "How funny!"

"I don't think it funny at all," said her aunt. "The very idea!"

"Now, Aunt Gertrude," said Peg pacifically, trying to divert her aunt, who could assume on occasions a surprising and terrible dignity very crushing to tradespeople and those who incurred her displeasure. "I can't help it if the grocer's boy has fallen a victim to my fatal char-cha-cha, can I? I don't even know what he looks like! Banks, he's not here, is he?" she asked, thankful that her father had not yet come down.

"No, Miss Peg," said Banks firmly, intending to call down that grocer's boy in no uncertain terms for daring to forget his station.

"Well, take this box of sweets, Banks, and give it to him when he comes to-morrow. Tell him, but be careful, Banks, don't hurt his feelings—tell him that I don't eat sweets, but

that I thank him, anyway, and..."

"Tell him," interrupted her aunt decisively, "that there is to be no more of this nonsense. You understand, Banks?"

"Yes, madam," said Banks with great dignity, rising to the occasion like an actor. "I will tell him!"

All that following morning he practised juicy phrases. Alas, his practice went for naught; the phrases were never repeated to an audience. For when Banks, duly notified by the kitchen, went below stairs to administer the tongue lashing he had mentally prepared, he could only stare and gulp.

"Oh, sir," he gasped, "you—you're not the grocer's boy!"

"Of course I am," said John cheerfully, having a grand time. "Don't you see my apron and basket? And I rode up on the bicycle, too. At least, from the corner. Is there any message for me? I was sure—ah—somebody would have something to say to me!"

"N—not to you, sir!" said Banks, slowly recovering. "But I was to tell the grocer's boy that Miss Peg does not eat sweets. She does, sir," he added in parenthesis, "but not grocer's boy stuff. And to tell the grocer's boy, sir, that there was to be no more of such nonsense. Oh, sir—if I may ask, why are you doing this?"

John, the grocer's boy, looked at Banks and smiled.

"You know," he said, "that beggar made me give him a fiver to borrow his things!"

Banks began to stammer at once.

"It was by Miss Peg's orders, sir, that you were not to be admitted!"

"That's why, Banks, I'm doing this," Banks looked at him and blinked. Despite his mistress, he was succumbing to the music of an authentic English accent, and the music of a title.

"Banks," said John, the grocer's boy, "did you ever play poker?"

"Yes, sir," said Banks, wondering if perhaps this gentleman was mad.

"Then you'll know what forcing a hand means. That's what I'm doing."

"Oh," said Banks. "I suppose, sir, you don't want me to say anything about this?"

"No. But you might tell Miss Peg that she really ought to see the grocer's boy, or something of that sort. I'm going now. You can keep the sweets, Banks. Be sure and tell Miss Peg that I'll be here to-morrow at the same time."

"I don't know how I'm going to do that, sir."

"Oh, it will work out. You'll see."

Banks saw. For another box came for Peg that night, this time a square florist's box tied up with an enormous green bow. Within, done up expensively, were orchids, fragile and luxurious. And with them was a plain card, upon which was printed in the same hand:

"With the compliments of the grocer's boy."

Peg approached Banks after dinner. "Banks," she said, and her voice boded no good. "There's something funny about this. Did you tell that grocer's boy that I didn't care for—compliments of a grocer's boy?"

"Yes, Miss Peg, I did."

"And what did he say?"

Banks stared at her aghast.

"He said—well, Miss Peg, he didn't say much. I—I told him, you see!"

"Yes. I've never seen him, have I?"

Banks looked over her head.

"Mmph!" he said, which might have meant anything.

"I don't like this business one bit," said Peg with a frown, "but something has got to be done to stop it! I wouldn't like to make him lose his job, but that's what I'll have to do. I suppose. Banks, I'll speak to this grocer's boy myself."

"Oh, yes, Miss Peg!" said Banks gratefully. "Will you?"

"Remind me when he comes to-morrow. I'll put a stop to this silliness. And give Della the flowers. Maybe she'll enjoy them—though I imagine her taste runs more to the flamboyant. There will be no more of this, Banks."

"No, Miss Peg," said Banks. "I'll remember—to-morrow."

Please turn to Page 40



I JUST WONDER what our grandmothers would think of the modern backless fashion? But a smooth, petal-skinned back is as enchanting in the bathroom as a sun-kissed one is on the beach.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BEAUTY turns her BACK on US
... for the world to see!

By EVELYN

And may I ask: Is the world glad to see *your* back?

IN these days of backless swimming suits and nights of backless gowns, one dare not leave one's back out of the beauty regime, for it is of tremendous importance at the present time! And if many of you girls could hear the comments passed at dances and on the beaches about your backs you would, I am sure, give just a little more thought to them.

Of course, there are scores of muscles, even for the upper part of the arms and shoulders. With the most bewitching backs, but those other ugly crooked ones, those "skinny" ones with every notch of the spinal column standing out; those tan and white ones which spoil the effect of the most enchanting dance frock. . . . There ought to be a law requiring every house to have at least one full-length mirror, as too many look as if they never saw themselves all in one piece!

Now one of the first and simplest aids to back beauty is a loofah. By the way, you can make one by placing together several pieces of strong towelling and attaching a long loop to either end.

This loofah must be used every morning when in your bath. Make a lather of soap and rub vigorously, beginning at the neck and working down to the waist and up again. It is better to do this standing up.

In addition to giving your back a perfect cleansing and toning up, you will be performing a most useful exercise for promoting a straight spine and well-set shoulders.



Another splendid asset to your beauty - back treatment is a long-handled brush, for such a one, if you can get it, is extremely useful for dealing with clogged pores.

A good idea is to smear a quantity of cold cream on your back and rub it in well, and thoroughly, all over with one of these brushes, then lie in the hot water and again wield your loofah.

Incidentally, those fibre loofahs are excellent. But they, too, need long loops attached to them so that you can use them advantageously.

And Exercise!

EXERCISING the back is also important if you want to keep it straight and supple and perfectly free from that unsightly roll of fat which so often and so insidiously appears above the waistline.

Here are one or two movements which can be performed in a few minutes night and morning—that is, if you have time for them.

Stand with your back about three feet from the wall of your room. Then stretch your arms above your head, and slowly climb down the wall with your hands as far as you can—bending the body backwards from the waist.

Indeed, this is a wonderful exercise. It does more than making your back straight and supple. It is marvellous, too, for the diaphragm, for stomach

muscles, even for the upper part of the arms and shoulders.

Try This, Too!

ANOTHER good exercise is to sit upright on the floor with your legs stretched out in front of you.

Then, with your arms straight, and without bending the knees, touch the toes as often as you can without strain.

I may as well add that the old exercise, standing upright, and touching the toes (or the floor in front of you) with the tips of the fingers is a splendid exercise for the back as for any other part of the body.

Regularly carried out, any one or more of these movements must and will give you back beauty.

Even Make-up!

Of course, make-up for the back is necessary when the backless gown is donned.

This reminds me of a remark passed at a ball quite recently. I was sitting next to a very earnest type of matron. A young girl walked towards us, across the floor, and my neighbor, noting her frock, remarked: "How sweetly simple," but when later the sweet young thing turned and nonchalantly gave us a view of her back, all my neighbor's precon-



"JUST LOOK AT MINE," says Toby Wing, Paramount's svelte blonde, displaying her lovely back in its waist-deep V-cut gown. The first exercise given in this article is a daily habit with Toby—and it pays!

GLEAMING HAIR

At some time of her life nearly every woman would look better for a little brillantine on her hair.

The difficulty comes in using oil without making our waves "go" flat or stringy.

I had this hint from a girl whose hair looks delightful.

Instead of rubbing it on the hair, she adds the brillantine to the last rinsing water and makes her hair really oily.

Then she takes a soft towel and rubs the hair until only a thin film of brillantine is left. The result is a soft gloss that is wondrously attractive.—L.G.



ceived notions of sweet simplicity vanished; so little dress and so much natural back left her, well, slightly staggered. But I must say it was a very nice back all the same.

Now as regards make-up. If you can get someone to spray your back with an astringent lotion before you start out—one which contains a generous proportion of eau-de-Cologne—that and a light dusting of powder should be all you need. But please be careful that the make-

up used does not transfer itself to your partner's suit—or is not of the type that becomes patchy or sticky.

I have observed all these results from wrong stuff used to whiten the back.

One must remember, too, to take care that no "bump" on the back of the neck is allowed to form, for that is too fatal to back beauty. Neck exercises will help. Try swinging the head in a circle and backwards and forwards, keeping the chin firm.

COMPACTS

A GOOD tip for keeping your lipstick intact is to apply it in the following manner: Put it on fairly thick. Blend it well into the lips, then powder on top of it. Wipe off the surplus powder, leaving on just a thin film, then apply another coating of lipstick on top of it. I have always found this wonderfully lasting with any make of lipstick, and if you do it with an indelible one it is absolutely infallible and lasts for hours.

If you have a tendency towards superfluous hairs on the face, make a solution of two parts peroxide of hydrogen (volume strength), two parts tepid water, and one part cloudy ammonia. Mix this well together, and dab on every day.

MASCARA is slightly drying to the lashes, so it is a good plan to use a little petroleum jelly or vaseline to counteract that effect. This should be applied with an ordinary eyelash brush.

To improve the shape of your legs, if, for instance, they are too thin above the knees, and too fat at the ankles, try this. Where your leg is thin, rub olive oil into your legs, and leave on all night. One of the best ways of treating fat ankles is to bandage them at night with linen soaked in cold water and vinegar.

If your hands are very dirty through gardening or some such occupation, rub salt well between the palms of the hands, and then wash as usual.

If your nose is thick and large use a powder that is a shade darker on your nose and use the lighter shade on the other part of your face. Apply some rouge well in towards the nose.

WHEN you are making-up your lips, don't forget that the inside of the lower lip needs lipstick quite as much as the outside.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: I would like to know something about the thyroid gland, which I understand is the cause of goitre.

THE thyroid gland has probably interested the layman about as much as it has the doctor.

One reason is that the thyroid can so readily be seen when it is enlarged. What is more, its enlargement, sometimes periodically, is not infrequent in women.

The thyroid is situated in the base and front of the neck. Its shape and size, incidentally, has nothing to do with the so-called "Adam's Apple" which lies slightly above it.

The thyroid is one of a group of glands spoken of collectively as the "glands of internal secretion." When this gland, which is fairly large normally and consists of three parts, is increased in size it is known as a "goitre."

Health Secret of

A Famous Author

"If in these enlightened days my health secret can be called a secret it is 'moderation in all things.' The one immoderation that I consciously allow myself is in my interest in my job. I work hard and rest hard. I try to enjoy contrasts. To spoil oneself so that one ceases to enjoy the simple and wholesome things of life is, I feel, to invite the state of mind conducive to poor health."

Enlargement of the gland does not necessarily mean that the system of the person in question is getting too much thyroid secretion. The reason for this is that the connective tissue framework of the gland may alone be increased in amount, although the tiny glands themselves—which constitute the thyroid proper—may be normal in number and may not be over-secreting.

Sometimes the thyroid is enlarged only slightly—so slightly as to be scarcely, if at all, perceptible—yet the symptoms of too much thyroid, thyroid secretion poisoning really, may be striking indeed.

Again, the thyroid may be enlarged backwards, said increased size not being perceptible. In such cases, however, pressure is exerted upon the larynx structures, with tickling throat sensations and coughing as a result.

HOW? Holbrook says: I mature my Worth's. I leave until age imparts a full, rich, medium flavor. & & &



BY A DOCTOR

WHEN the system is getting too much thyroid secretion, any or all of the following symptoms may be experienced by the patient: Increased heart beat, both in rate and force; palpitation; tremor of the hands, especially a fine shaking of the fingers when the hands are held extended and the fingers spread wide apart; perspiration of the entire body but particularly of the scalp; general nervousness such as irritability, restlessness, insomnia, anxiety and moodiness.

In severe cases of excessive thyroid, the eyes have a bulging appearance, the whites above and below the pupils are prominent and the expression of the patient is staring.

Whereas in all cases of too much thyroid secretion there is over-stimulation of the nervous system, in cases of too little thyroid an opposite picture presents itself.

In the latter, patients are slow of movement and slow of thinking. They appear indifferent and often it is difficult to rouse them emotionally. Instead of perspiring, the skin is dry and rough, and sometimes itching is a constant and annoying symptom.

When the system suffers from too little thyroid it is easier to correct the disorder than when too much thyroid is the cause. Nevertheless, tremendous strides have been made of late in the treatment of both conditions. Such cases should always be taken care of by experts in gland therapy.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



MISS EDNA GAYWOOD, "Miss Victoria" in our recent Physical Culture Contest, demonstrates an exercise especially good for the stomach muscles. Walk on all fours with hands in front. The right knee should be bent to keep the hips close to the floor. When the next step is made, the left foot should be brought forward in a long sliding step.

£160

POPULAR LINES No. 4 CONTEST

£100 FIRST PRIZE:
All three lines correct.
£40 SECOND PRIZE:
First two lines correct.
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Consolation Prizes.

PLACE THESE LINES

in the order you think the author
originally wrote them. Each line is by
an author of repute.

1. Up stood I deeply and drank
breathed.
2. Chaps fine clean nice are they.
3. If it is and now there need ever.

The SOLUTION is CONTAINED
IN THE FOLLOWING:—

LINE NO. 1.
I drank breathe deeply and stood up—
Deeply I drank breathe and stood up—
I breathe deeply drank and stood up—
Up I stood drank and breathe deeply—
Deeply I breathe drank and stood up—
I drank deeply breathe and stood up—
I stood up drank deeply and breathe—
I stood up drank and deeply breathe.

LINE NO. 2.
Nice fine clean chaps are they.—They
are clean nice fine chaps.—Clean nice fine
chaps are they.—They are nice fine clean
chaps.—Are they nice fine clean chaps.—
Are they nice fine clean chaps.—They are
nice clean fine chaps.—Fine clean nice
chaps are they.—They are fine nice clean
chaps.—Fine nice clean chaps are they.

LINE NO. 3.
And now if there is ever need.—If now
and ever there is need.—And now if ever
there is need.—And there is ever need if
now.—Now and ever if there is need.—
And there is need now if ever.—If there is
need now and ever.—And now is there need
if ever.—And there is need now if ever.

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emollient lather prevents dry-
ness, rawness and chafing. And
the price is lower than ever!

No. 4 CASTILE

The all olive oil soap

OF COURSE It Isn't LOVE

Continued from Page 38

BANKS never forgot that "to-morrow." Peg went to see the polo matches with a dozen or more of her friends, and after the polo she piled her friends' three deep into the Red Imp and drove them all home with her for cocktails and bridge.

The house, stoutly built as it was, resounded to the racket of the wireless, the piano and the young, healthy and strident voices of the dozen or more. Some danced, some played bridge, all demanded cocktails, and yet more cock-
tails.

Into this uplifted atmosphere Banks had to venture to do his duty. He was obeying orders, literally. Some-
what apprehensively, but with dogged perseverance written in the redness of his ears, he made his way to Peg's side. She sat with cards in one hand, a cigarette in the other, and her empty glass at her elbow, talking as loudly, laughing as uproariously as any one of them.

To her contemporaries she presented a gay front which they accepted at its face value. None of them knew that it covered a gnawing unhappiness, a heart that was almost torn apart by love, and hate, and hope, and despair, black despair, and a burning contempt for a certain Englishman who had accepted defeat so easily . . . but that just went to prove . . .

"What is it, Banks?" she asked. Banks bent as far as was compatible with good form and said in a voice as low as he could make it:

"The grocer's boy, Miss Peg."

"What did you say?" asked Peg. "The grocer's boy," repeated Banks, who would have blushed if he could.

"You said you wanted to speak to him."

"Grocer's boy!" said a girl at Peg's table, exactly as Peg herself had said it once. "Peg, my dear, how funny!"

Immediately there was a hush.

"What's funny? What is it?" asked a babble of voices. "What's the mat-
ter?"

Peg laughed—but Banks did not miss the glance she sent him.

"Oh, nothing," she said. "Banks says the grocer's boy wants to see me."

Of course, it's Aunt Gertrude he wants—probably about some order or some-
thing. "Run along, Banks!"

"Oh, no," drawled a voice from the doorway, cutting through the room be-
cause it was so pleasantly deep and

HOST Holbrook says: A nice dainty delicacy—
not bottled toast. Then spread a little of Holbrook's Anchovy Paste on it.

quiet against the jumble of sound, "It's not Aunt Gertrude at all. It's Miss Peg I must see!"

Peg waited. There in the doorway, hugely enjoying himself, stood John Evelyn Estes, Lord Brayton, a white apron tied about his middle, a basket over his arm. Peg's chair crashed to the floor as she rose.

"My word, Peg!" she heard someone say amusedly behind her. "An English grocer's boy! And isn't he good-looking? Don't blame you a bit, my dear!"

Peg's face went white. Striding through the room like an avenging fury, she reached the doorway, stepped into the hall and closed the door behind her.

"I suppose you think this is very funny!" she said in a strangled voice. "Peg," said John tenderly, smiling down at her, "you darling little fool. You wouldn't let me get anywhere near enough to speak to you, and I had to, you know. So I chose this way. I thought you'd be curious to see what manner of grocer's boy it was. You're not really angry about it, Peg? I thought it would be such a lark and that we'd laugh over it together, Peg?"

Peg made a noise that sounded like "Gr-r-r."

"I suppose," she panted in a suffo-
cated voice, "that it's nothing to you that you've humiliated me before all my friends. I suppose it means nothing to you that you've made me a laughing-stock, a joke that they'll tell everywhere. Peg Harmon and a grocer's boy!"

"Marry me, darling, and they won't laugh," said John softly. "They'll think it frightfully romantic."

"Marry you? Marry you!" All Peg's pent-up emotion seemed to gather like a huge wave to burst the dam of her restraint. His easy, smiling as-
sumption that now all was well between them set her beside herself with rage.

"Marry you?" I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth!

You—you fortune-hunter!"

Then she could have bitten her tongue out for that—because of course it wasn't true.

John's smile did not fade, but Peg knew that it hurt him.

"So that's it, is it?" he said, his voice even quieter than it had been. "You believe that. If you were a man—"

He never finished that sentence. And there is no telling what might have happened if he had. Perhaps Peg might have fainted or burst into tears or thrown her arms around his neck—any one of which would have solved all difficulties and arrived at a result very satisfying to both.

But Ranny, overcome with curiosity, besought himself to remember that Peg had asked him to act as her fiancé in

the presence of this person, now a grocer's boy. It was all most confusing.

He closed the door behind him gently but firmly enough to discourage any who might think it wise to follow him.

"What's this? What's this?" he in-
quired genially. "You know, I recog-
nised you at once. You're—"

"Ah!" said John, smiling queerly. "Your fiancé. In that case, good-
bye!"

He turned and went down the hall to the back stairs.

"Oh, Ranny, Ranny!" whispered Peg. "Don't let him. Stop him, Ranny!"

Ranny didn't understand what was going on, or what it was all about, but he was instinctively obedient. He ran after John.

"Hi, stop!" he cried, planting himself in front of John. "You must, you know!"

John did not turn his head.

"I think," he said, "you'd better call off your—fiance!"

His tone, calm and dispassionate, seemed to give that last the same in-
flexion as if he had said—poodle.

Ranny bristled. John put his hand gently to Ranny's middle—and pushed.

Ranny sat down abruptly and hard on the Jacobean stool waiting for him.

With a detached seriousness John deposited the basket neatly and pre-
cisely in Ranny's lap, strode down the hall to the stairs, and was gone.

"Out of my life," thought Peg, "for ever."

But was she going to let him go out of her life for ever? Not if she could help it. She started forward.

"But, Peg, I say!" protested Ranny wildly, rising.

For the second time he punished the Jacobean stool. Peg plucked the basket from him and ran down the hall, took the stairs in three reckless bounds, rumpled past astonished servants—and through the back door.

BUT Ranny had de-
layed her. There was no John.

She raced round the corner of the house, and there, taking off from the kerb with the bike, he was ready to return the apron and wheel to the red-headed grocer's boy who was waiting at the corner.

"John!" called Peg desperately.

He did not turn. As a further proof that he either did not hear or was deliberately not heeding, he began to mount the bike.

"John!" screamed Peg after him. She did not care—if she was at all aware—that she brought all her friends crowding joyfully to the windows. She must stop him, she must, before he rode off, like a knight of old—Peg saw nothing incongruous in the spectacle of John on the bicycle—out of her life, for ever.

If only there were some way. She

had forgotten price in this pursuit of him, but certainly not to the extent where she could allow herself to chase along behind him as he rode down the street. The handle of the basket she still unconsciously held, pressed against her palm as her fingers tightened convulsively.

It was an inspiration. Without any preliminaries, she lifted the basket and hurled it with all her strength at John. It caught him, wobbling on the bicycle, just between the shoulder and ear, and sent him sprawling—the proud scion of English nobility—ignominiously to the earth.

Peg threw up her hands in horror and sped to him.

"Have I killed you, John?" she cried wildly, plunging herself down beside him.

John did not open his eyes. His head was very comfortable in her lap. It was fortunate that this was a restricted section and that there was little or no traffic.

"I was a brute," said John dreamily. "I thought I understood everything, but I didn't. Now I do! Can you forgive me?" It was all my fault. Father put your note away where he could find it—and forgot where. And when I came round to apologise for my be-
haviour—you'd gone. I followed as soon as I could, darling. You do for-
give me, don't you?"

There was no answer. A tear splashed on his cheek. His eyes sprang open at once. What he saw brought him up sitting at once.

"Peg—Peg, dearest, don't cry!" he implored, cuddling her in his arms, forgetting where he was, everything except the fact that he had caused those precious tears.

"I can't help it!" sobbed Peg. "To think that I . . . Oh, darling, darling, in two years I'll be twenty-one and I'll come into more money than Dad could give us. And I didn't tell you because I heard—I thought . . . Oh, can you forgive me?"

"Damn the money!" said John. "I love you, I adore you. I meant to marry you the moment I saw you, even if I had to sweep crossings for you. You darling!"

They both completely forgot that all Peg's friends were being highly enter-
tained by the tableau of their Peg and a grocer's boy engaged in an ineffable embrace—both sitting in the dust and somewhat entangled with a bicycle and a basket.

So Peg became Lady Brayton after all.

And the large woman in the purple dress said to her friend in the mauve hat: "My dear, don't be too naïve. Of course, it isn't love!"

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FACE HORRIBLY DISFIGURED

Had to Bind Child's
Hands. Cuticura Healed.

"My little girl had a rash which appeared around her mouth like little festery pimples, and kept spreading down her chin and over her face and head, and broke into eruptions. The skin was very red and inflamed and I had to bind her hands at night to stop her scratching, as the itching made her so restless. Her face was horribly disfigured and her hair matted together. I was advised to have it cut off."

"I tried numerous lotions before I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and when I had used them for two weeks she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. E. Banner, 26 Princess Ave., Rosebery, N.S.W.

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"I keep them
HANDY"

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January 5, 1935.

SPECIAL Seasonal Free PATTERN



Matron's Model

OUR special seasonal free pattern (this week features a smart frock for the matron). To obtain a pattern fill in the coupon below and post it WITH A PENNY STAMP (to cover cost of postage of pattern) to any of the addresses of The Australian Women's Weekly given on the pattern page opposite, or call with the filled-in coupon at any of the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Pattern is cut to fit size 40-inch bust. Material required: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting.

SPECIAL SEASONAL FREE PATTERN COUPON
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS, and attach 1d. stamp.

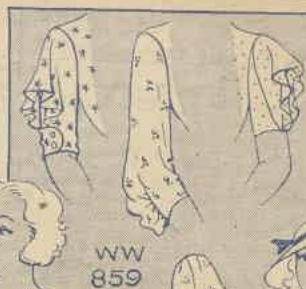
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Special Seasonal Pattern Coupon—2/4/35.

OUR FASHION Service ... and Free PATTERN



PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state the age of the child.



WW851

WW852

WW853

WW854

WW855

WW856

WW857

WW858

ATTRACTIVE ENSEMBLE

WW851.—With this ensemble the frock can be worn without the coat if desired. The contrast trimming gives the necessary touch of color. Material for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

UNUSUAL NECKLINE

WW854.—Note the neck trimming of this frock! It is new and unusual. The sleeves are a full three-quarter length, and the low skirt treatment has groups of pleats. Material for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

TINY, SHIRRED MODEL

WW856.—A dainty frock that is prettily shirred in front. The back yoke supplies the fastening. Gathered trilling gives a soft effect over the arm. Pattern for 2 to 4 years. Material: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

PRACTICAL AND ECONOMICAL

WW857.—Cheap fabric works wonders in a frock like this. Front vest, which provides the fastening, and sleeve trimming, are of contrast material. Pattern, 16 to 18 years; 32-inch bust. Material: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMART TENNIS FROCK

WW858.—This design, with inverted pleats in the skirt, will prove an ideal model for tennis. The rever trimming portrays something different. Pattern, 16 to 18 years; 32-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

YOUTHFUL STYLE

WW852.—This youthful style has a quaint design in the front which provides a pocket on the blouse and a shaped tab over the pleats of the skirt. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

GRACEFUL REST GOWN

WW855.—This delightful rest gown is both smart and comfortable. Lace or contrast fabric is used as a trimming. Material for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

UNUSUAL SLEEVES

WW859.—Give a new and smart touch to your last season's frock. You can do so by adding one of these sleeves. PAPER PATTERNS of the set of four, 1/1.

FOR MANY OCCASIONS

WW853.—A practical street frock in a style that would be suitable for many occasions. The sleeves are new and smart, and the skirt is finished with flared godets. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 1d. STAMP, to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept.", to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1133, G.P.O., Sydney.
BIRMINGHAM.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4007, G.P.O., Birmingham.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 180, G.P.O., Melbourne.

ADLAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 382, G.P.O., Adelaide.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 5/1/35.



Our Free Pattern

THE child's frock pattern we are giving this week is one that will appeal to mothers for its simplicity. It may be made up with or without a collar and fastens down the back. Pattern is cut to fit a child of four years.

Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.

SPECIAL SEASONAL FREE PATTERN
For special seasonal free pattern and coupon please see opposite page.

Why Doctors insist on a LIQUID LAXATIVE for children

If you have ever been a patient in any hospital you will know that laxatives are usually given in liquid form.

Doctors prefer a liquid laxative because the dose can be measured exactly to the patient's needs and its action is therefore under control.

The public, too, is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learnt that a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement without any discomfort at the time, or after.

Laxatives containing synthetic chemicals and mineral drugs should never be given to children. Give them a safe laxative, a gentle liquid laxative. "California Syrup of Figs" is recommended.

"California Syrup of Figs" does not cause bowel strain to the most delicate system, and this is of the utmost importance to expectant mothers and to every child.

All mothers are urged to try gentle regulation of the bowels with "California Syrup of Figs". It is a delicious-tasting laxative of sure and easy action. No synthetic chemicals; just a natural vegetable laxative. All children love the wholesome fruity flavour.

IMPORTANT. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig."



THE PARTY Continued from Page 36

"YOU tackle the woman," he said, "and I'll tackle the man, to save time. See if you can wangle the tomato tin and the baby equipment, and—oh, yes, the five sample! Of course, I'll give the chap something for their trouble. . . . Well, here goes!"

He knocked at the door. They could see through the window an oil lamp burning on an untidy supper-table. But there was no answer to the knock, and no sound inside for several minutes. Then suddenly the door was flung open by a short, grizzled man in his shirt-sleeves. He gave them one swift look.

"I don't know who you are, but thank Heaven for you! Young women, will you help me in here? And hurry up about it!"

Macintosh stepped forward. "Just a minute," he said. "What's this all about?"

"I'm a doctor," the older man said quickly, "and there's a woman in bad shape here. I need an extra pair of hands. And I need 'em badly!"

He turned on the word, and strode back to the room behind the kitchen. For one brief moment Alice stopped to hate the fate that had made her suggest coming. This night of all nights, with this man of all men, to have this happening to her! They were getting on so well together. She was giving him a good time. Something inside her told her it was so. And now this!

She looked steadily into his eyes. "I'm afraid I can't refuse," she said. "Of course you can't. Wish I could help. I'll stay here outside the door if you want me for anything."

Alice threw off her coat and followed the doctor into the small bedroom. There was a smell of ether there.

"Of course, they sent for me about twelve hours too late," the doctor growled. "It's a hospital case, and no time to get her there. I've sent the man back for my nurse, but Heaven knows when he'll get here with the car he's got. Now, young lady, I want you to—"

For a long hour Alice shut her teeth tight and did as she was told.

At the end of the hour Alice suddenly began to be filled with a queer elation. An aura of victory seemed to settle over the woman, the doctor, even Alice herself.

Her legs felt wobbly, but her lips were smiling as she came out to the kitchen carrying a small bundle with her. She sat down before the stove and became very busy with a clean handkerchief she had drawn from the front of her dress, a towel she had salvaged, and a small basin of water. When she had finished she sat still, cuddling the bundle in her arms.

Finally the door pushed open and Macintosh entered.

"I say, I thought I heard— By Jove, was this what was happening?" Alice looked up, her brown eyes soft.

"I'm proud as a peacock," she said. "I knew just what to do with him. I used to help out at home at the baby welfare centre, so I didn't drop him and I didn't break him up."

He looked down at her strangely. "You may be proud enough, but you're white as a ghost, all the same. Wait! I'll get you a pick-me-up."

He found a glass of water and poured generous spoonfuls of sugar in it from the table.

"Drink this," he said. "It's a good brace."

The doctor came out of the back room, eyed the bundle sharply, then laid his hand on Alice's shoulder and looked at Macintosh.

"I can tell you, young man, that this girl, whoever she is, is a real sport. Between us we saved a couple of lives to-night. By the way, what brought you here? I haven't had time to ask."

"We were supposed to be on a treasure hunt," Macintosh grinned.

The doctor threw up his hands.

"Well, I feel ready to be collected," he said. Then he peered at the bundle. "Newcomer still going strong?"

"I think so," Alice said, "only I wish I had a little sweet oil to rub on his head."

"Oh, a bit of butter will do just as well," the doctor threw over his shoulder as he went back to the bedroom.

Macintosh turned towards the table, and returned with a small morsel on a saucer. He offered it, while his eyes twinkled.

"It was the best butter!" he quoted solemnly.

They laughed together as Alice touched it delicately with her fingertip.

"At least I won't put it on with the bread-knife," then she added slowly: "Do you know, I think you're rather a dear!"

"I?" Macintosh repeated with an odd catch in his throat. "I?"

And then there was a rattle outside, and steps in the passage. A nurse in uniform entered, with the man of the house awkwardly in her wake.

Alice got her coat, and in a few moments she and Macintosh were out of the house and in the car. Not be-

fore she had seen him tuck a five-pound note under one of the plates, however.

She liked him for that. The trouble was that she liked him altogether too much.

It hardly seemed the time and the place to ask that poor man to find photographs and free samples. Macintosh was saying, "so I think we had better be on our way."

She agreed listlessly. For, once in the car, relaxed against the cushions, she had gone limp. She knew it was the time now to be sparkling and witty and perhaps a bit daring. To say something like:

"Well, we didn't make much of a haul there, but I'm still convinced the idea was sound. Let's raid the next farmhouse. They can't all be having babies to-night, you know!"

Something bright like that. But the words wouldn't come. She was exhausted. She sat hunched miserably in the corner of the seat, saying nothing.

The worst of it was he was silent, too. Indeed, as she stole a glance now and then, he looked almost stern. She couldn't blame him. Two nights in Glenwood—and this was one of them!

They drove on, out of the rough lane on to a good road. She wasn't even sure it was the right road. The moon was riding high, now, and a sweet, ghostly light fell upon the countryside. On the one hand spread a field with a couple of haystacks looming in the darkness.

Alice gave a shaky laugh. "We might get a cornstalk here," she said. "At least we should have that!"

"Why, so we might. I'm afraid my mind has been off the hunt a bit."

He drew the car to the side of the road.

"Wouldn't you like to get out, too, for a minute? Perhaps a little walk in the fresh air would be good for you. I know you must be tired out."

He was so blessedly understanding! But it only made her heart ache worse.

She allowed herself to be helped out, then he tucked her hand through his arm, and together they started across the field. In the lee of one of the haystacks he stopped suddenly and dropped her hand.

"I must tell you something," he said. "It's about my own particular family. I mean, there's a kind of tradition—I've always rather laughed at it up till now. The saying goes that we all marry late, and fall in love at first sight. Well, to-night when I looked across the room at the Sterretts and saw you standing there—well, it just happened to me, that's all. I can't explain it. I only know it's true."

He paused, and then went on nervously. "Everything about this whole queer evening seemed planned by Fate to make me love you more. And when I looked at you there in that kitchen—I— Well, the day after to-morrow I have to go back to my job, and I can't go without knowing whether there's any hope for me. Have I got a chance?"

Alice put both hands against his breast to steady her.

"I'm afraid you have a terribly big one," she whispered.

He put his arms around her and drew her close, then paused for one second to laugh triumphantly up to the stars.

Then he kissed her.

After a while, quite an appreciable while, they crossed the field again, entirely forgetting the cornstalk. Even in the car they sat on, wrapped in their own secure delight, time being nothing at all.

"There's some talk of our office being moved to London. Would you want to live in Glenwood?"

"Oh, it's a sweet place," Alice said, blissfully unconscious of her own incoherence, "almost entirely young married people!"

Then she started with a guilty thought.

"The hunt!" she gasped. "What ever will they think of us?"

It was exactly 1 a.m. when they entered the Sterretts' front door.

As the two appeared in the hall, Jenny and Tom, their faces showing marks of extreme inner disquietude, rushed towards them.

"Oh, Alice, we've been frantic about you! Where you lost? Surely you knew the roads well enough to—"

Tom's voice was full of most earnest solicitude.

"I say, Macintosh, I'm awfully afraid I let you in for something—strange car and all that. Did you—"

Then Jenny, suddenly noting their empty hands, cried him down.

"Why, Alice," she screamed accusingly, "didn't you find anything?"

The whole party had gathered round. And in the midst of them stood the two lovers, curiously silent, with the light of their happiness spread shamelessly upon their faces.

It was left to Nellie Cabot, who could always be depended upon to say exactly what was in her mind at any given moment, to break the spell.

"Well, if you ask me," she stated clearly, "I'd say they look as though they've found everything!"

(Copyright)

"B

LESS me," growled Burlestone, "how many men have accidentally killed others at Rugger; at wrestling; at cricket, even. What about that case of the man whose foot broke as he thrust, and he shoved it clean through his opponent's eye into his brain? What about that fellow who missed the lion in Kathiawar, and shot his friend who'd moved from his post and got into the line of fire? What about the chap who accidentally fished, at a jump, the man against whom he was riding a match—and broke his neck?"

"Accidents will happen."

"Poor old Aubrey. First he gets the farts because he's not strong enough and a native nearly kills him; and then he gets them because he's too strong and quite kills the heavyweight champion."

"Cruel rough luck of course, but, damn it all, accidents will happen—in the best-regulated boxing contests." "Well, he wanted to win the Officers' Heavyweight Championship of India, and by Jove, he'd done it! And then said he'd never put a boxing-glove on his hand again."

Talk about wanting to be strong! Strong! The Civil Surgeon, the Surgeon-General, and the R.A.M.C. doctor officially present in case of need, had all agreed that Mackleworth's death was due to pure shock. Nothing whatsoever wrong with heart, bloodvessels, or anything else. He was simply killed by the force of the blow, as though he'd been sandbagged or struck with a padded hammer.

Poor old Aubrey!

And what made it ten times worse

LIFE'S ... Philosophy

"War, my son, is what results when one country takes steps to defend itself against another country that is taking steps to defend itself."

was his feeling about Mrs. Mackleworth. It would have been bad enough if the fellow had been a bachelor. Worse if he'd been a married man whose wife was a complete stranger. But as things were, worst of all.

It was not as though he was one of those fellows who could shrug their shoulders and take the sensible view that it was pure accident, and pursue to its logical conclusion the thought that the woman whom he loved was now a widow.

Poor old Aubrey! Now, if somebody else had killed Mackleworth, the position would be mighty different; and the fact of her being a widow wouldn't be one to grieve over.

Anyhow, she was a widow, begad. Yes, she was a widow now, all right. And, rising to his feet, Stacey Burlestone paced up and down the verandah.

Yes, lovely Daphne Mackleworth . . . intriguing, provocative, enigmatic Mona Lisa was a widow. And doubtless La Gioconda was none the less a Gioconda—none the less, because her deliverance from the late Captain Mackleworth.

A widow . . .

H'm!

"I

FEEL I must do it," said Aubrey Easterwood to his friend, after dinner that evening.

"I shouldn't," replied Stacey Burlestone. "You can't do any good and you might do harm . . . to yourself."

"I must, I simply must. I don't think I shall sleep again until I have."

"But, my dear chap, what can you say? Come down to brass tacks. You can't send in your card as soon as your Not-at-Home box is down, and when you are shown into the drawing-room say,

"I've just called—er—to—er—say I'm so sorry I killed your husband?"

"I can. And I will," replied Easterwood. "Not exactly in those words, of course. But I must see her and try to tell her how I feel about it."

"Well, how do you feel about it? So far as she is concerned, I mean? Don't you realise that you've done her just about the best turn one person ever did another?"

"Please don't talk like that."

"Why not? I'm talking sense. She hated Mackleworth. She must have hated him. And you've been the means of setting her free from an intolerable bondage. It's not as though you've liberally murdered him, either. You've nothing on earth to be ashamed of,

BEGGARS' Horses

Continued from Page 11

and if she were to be perfectly honest, perfectly frank, perfectly truthful, she'd tell you that your—of—unfortunate accident had brought her happiness, freedom, relief from . . .

"When you say honest, frank, and truthful, don't you mean cynical?" interrupted Easterwood.

"Well, I should think she is a bit cynical. I imagine anybody who'd lived with Mackleworth would be. I don't know that I'd call her a cynical woman—but there's a definite tang about her observations and remarks. She sees life pretty clear-eyed, you know, and has a fairly just estimate of values. Nothing sloppy or sentimental about Mrs. Mackleworth. And if you ask me

"Look here, Stacey," broke in Aubrey Easterwood. "Supposing you had a motorcar accident, and, absolutely through no fault of your own, killed a child. Wouldn't you want to go and see its parents—however painful the interview? Even though you were completely exonerated, and nobody had a word of blame for you? Wouldn't you want to go and tell the kid's mother how sorry you were?"

"Yes, I would," agreed Burlestone, "but this is different."

"Anyhow, that's how I feel about it," continued Easterwood. "I feel I must go and see her—in just that spirit . . . and tell her how terribly sorry I am."

"And are you terribly sorry—really

was he really there simply and solely because he craved for the sight of her face and the sound of her voice?"

Was he there hoping that she'd speak words of comfort and kindness, telling him not to blame himself, because neither she nor anyone else did so?

Of course many women, most women indeed, would never, never forgive the man who had done such a thing—by accident or not. Women weren't logical. They were swayed by emotion and not by reason.

How difficult it was for a somewhat introspective and reasonably conscientious person to be absolutely certain of his real motive for any action.

Why had he come? What was it that had led him, impelled him, forced him to seek this meeting with her, this interview that could not possibly be anything but most painful to them both?

Should he creep out of the bungalow and sneak away before she came? No, the mental turmoil would start afresh at once, his mind again become the hapless home of doubts and warring impulses.

He rose to his feet. No, it would be all to do again. He must see her.

The door opened and Daphne Mackleworth entered the room. Easterwood sprang to his feet.

"Mrs. Mackleworth, I can't tell you how— What can I say? . . . It's good of you to see me. . . . Have I done wrong by intruding when . . . It's shamefully selfish of me. . . . But I felt I must try to . . ."

Daphne Mackleworth made no reply.

Ignoring Easterwood's outstretched hand, she placed hers upon his shoulders and looked him in the eyes, and, still unsmiling, unsmiling, took his head between her hands, drew it down, and kissed him on the lips.

Her arms went about his neck.

Again and again she kissed him, stroking his hair as she did so.

And in that moment Aubrey Easterwood's love for Daphne Mackleworth died.

He knew it, and he'd denied it. Drawing him down beside her upon the deep and soft divan, again she took his face between her hands.

"Never speak of it any more, Aubrey," she whispered. "Let's never, for the rest of our lives, think of him or speak of him again."

For the rest of their lives?

Oh, joy, unspeakable, incredible! "The rest of their lives!"

Oh, dust and ashes! Oh, bitter, bitter, lovely fruit . . .

What was dying in his heart?

Nothing, nothing. . . . "Such love as ours can never die. Such love as his."

What had happened to him?

Of course, he wasn't himself. It was reaction from the subconscious dreadful fear that Daphne Mackleworth would hate him, accuse him, regard him as her husband's murderer, shrink from him in horror.

"The rest of our lives."

But to take her in his arms now; to kiss her lovely face that had so haunted him by night and by day, sleeping and waking—now.

No, no. Not now.

Humbly, gratefully, reverently, Aubrey Easterwood kissed the woman's hands.

"Oh . . . Thank you, thank you. . . from the bottom of my heart," he said, and rose to his feet. "You are kindness itself. . . . But I'm . . . I am dazed. . . ."

And turning, he hurried from the room.

For minutes Daphne Mackleworth sat staring at the closed door; a long, long look, considering, her face devoid of expression until, as the rose to her feet, the enigmatic smile lightened her eyes, lit up her face, and softened the lines of her mouth.

So, in due course, Aubrey Easterwood married Daphne Mackleworth and lived "happy" ever after.

Or, at any rate, "happy" until, literally, his dying day.

Please turn to Page 45

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I.

SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

LONDON: 102-5 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

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Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS (a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which per was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State.

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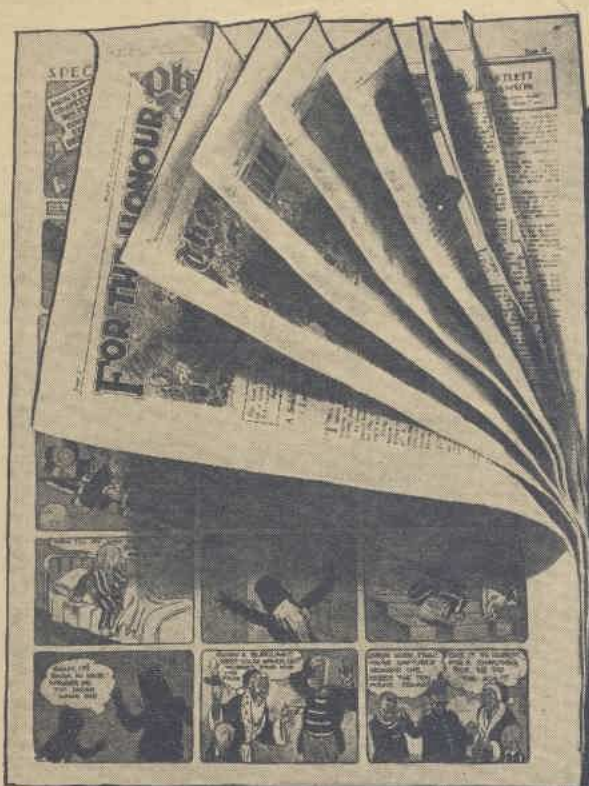
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PATTERNS

See special notice on the pattern page.

The Magazine-Comic for ALL Boys and Girls



16 PAGES OF STORIES COMICS-HOBBIES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

FATTY FINN'S WEEKLY—the biggest comic in the world — offers boys and girls of all ages plenty to read in special stories and comics, and plenty of fun in making models, enjoying hobbies, playing games, and winning money in big cash prizes.

New thrilling serial "For the Honour of the Legion." A great story of deeds of daring and adventure.

New complete stories of "Under the Southern Cross" series, and several other long complete stories. Never a dull moment while there is still one of these to be read.

£20 IN CASH PRIZES

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New full-page comic, "Slurk's Circus," and 5 other big comics to make happy laughter for the little ones. There are riddles, puzzles, and games for them, too!

Now on Sale at all Newsagents

Fatty Finn

Have it delivered regularly with your Women's Weekly

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS

by HARRY EYER

HEY TERRY. HOW ABOUT OPENING THE KNAPSACK AN' HAVING A BIT OF FOOD NOW?

NOTHING DOING. WE AREN'T GOING TO OPEN THIS KNAPSACK TIL WE GET RIGHT TO THE SEASIDE!! NOT A CRUMB EVEN!!!



BUT I THOUGHT MAYBE IF WE WERE TO HAVE A TEENY VEENY LITTLE APPETISER MAYBE

NO!



PHEW! WE OUGHT TO BE THERE PRETTY SOON NOW!!!



COME ON. LET'S GET GOING! I'M STARTING TO GET HUNGRY MYSELF!



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

POOR Wunderlust had been pestered for weeks by a certain Mr. Fumble to take him up in his plane. Therefore, it was not surprising to find Wunderlust and Mr. Fumble strolling out to the aerodrome one Saturday afternoon.

Wunderlust soon got his plane out, and within a short time the two were soaring above the clouds. They flew over Mushroom Grove and all the surrounding suburbs, and then left all traces of human life behind as they flew over a dense forest.

Suddenly, the engine stopped, and a worried look came into Wunderlust's face. In the seat behind, Mr. Fumble sat eyeing the view, quite unaware of any trouble.

Wunderlust knew that at the height he was, he would be able to glide about ten miles. Now, in which direction would he go? Yes, south; for he must surely come to Grahams' big paddock. So he slowly glided down to earth, and luckily Grahams' paddock was only seven miles from where the engine had stopped.

He made a perfect landing, and when he told Mr. Fumble why he had landed he caused quite a stir. Mr. Fumble became very agitated and said he would not go in a plane again.

By this time the entire Graham family had come on the scene and were all taking a great interest in Wunderlust and Mr. Fumble, and, of course, the aeroplane.

As the Grahams had a big motor car, Wunderlust and Mr. Fumble were driven safely back to Mushroom Grove. All the way back, Mr. Fumble kept saying that he would not go up in a plane again, seeing how narrowly he had just escaped death.

Wunderlust thought he was quite justified in making this decision, and as he had no wish to take him up again in his plane Wunderlust didn't mind in the least.

Anyway, the forced landing gave Mr. Fumble something to talk about for the rest of the year—he told everybody in Mushroom Grove about it.

Wunderlust had his plane repaired, and was soon flying all over Mushroom Grove. When he was quite sure that the plane was in good condition he invited Fred and a number of Fred's pals out. And they had a marvellous time. They flew to a lovely island called "The Sparkle Island," and talked to all the dark-skinned people who lived on that island. And what else do you think they did? They brought back a little darkey boy to Mushroom Grove for a short holiday.

Jill's Letter

Dear Jacks and Jills—
HERE is a happy game for you to play. It is called "Blind Postman." Select a postmaster-general and a postman. Now clear the room so that the players can stand or sit in a circle. The postmaster-general then takes a piece of paper and pencil and goes round, putting ever one's name down. And then, by the side of each name, the name of a town, such as Sydney or Newcastle. The postman is blindfolded, now, and stationed in the middle of the room. The postmaster then calls out that a letter is sent from one town to another, and the persons representing these towns must get up and change places. While this is taking place the postman must try and get one of the seats for himself, and whoever is left without a seat must be the postman. June Hallinan, Mount Pleasant, Dudauman, Temora Rd., via Coomandura, N.S.W., sent the best letter, and wins the 5/- prize. Well, good-bye until next week. Cheerily yours, JILL.

Happy Clock

By MAURINE CAHILL

The little gilt pendulum swings to and fro Ticking the minutes away. It never goes faster, it never goes slow. Just keeps the same pace night and day.

Two busy black hands, one short and one long. Move round on a smiling white face. Through summer and winter my staunch little clock. Just hangs in the same old place.

It never gets hurried or chidden out of tune. It never seems bothered at all. It just does my job, and takes life as it comes. Sings my wee little clock on the wall.

Prize of 5/- to Maurine Cahill (14), 4 Mutlams Rd., Ararat, N.S.W.

Little Johnny entered into the room frowning thoughtfully. "Mummy," he said, "how much am I really worth to you?" "Who, my darling?" exclaimed the fond parent. "You're worth millions to me." "Well, mummy," he said, "would you let me have a shining in silver?" "Prize Card to F. Hamed, Gymea Bay Rd., Gymea Bay, N.S.W."



Prize of 5/- to Joan Hagen, Denison St., Murrumbidgee, N.S.W. See this original sketch in black and white.

FOR FUN & FANCY

A GOOD TRICK
GET a glass bottle with a cork. To the under side of the cork fix with a pin or sealing-wax a piece of cotton thread. To the free end of the thread attach a button or a nail. Then put in the cork so that the thread with the button is suspended inside. The problem is to sever the thread and make the button fall to the bottom of the bottle without touching bottle, cork or thread. This can be accomplished on a sunny day with the use of a magnifying-glass. The glass is employed to concentrate the sun's rays on the thread, and in a few minutes the cotton will be burnt through and the button will tumble down.
Prize Card to R. Gassard, 19 Birchgrove Rd., St Albans, N.S.W.

CITY VISITOR: Do you still make those lovely pork pies you used to?
Farmer's Wife: No. We haven't had a pig on the place since you were here.
Prize Card to Jean Nelson, 35 Hampton St., Coorndarra Park, N.S.W.

A story is told at the Elizabethan Judge, Sir Nicholas Bacon, to whom a condemned criminal appeared for mercy on the ground of his kinship.
"How so?" said the Judge.
"Because, my lord," said the prisoner, "your name is Bacon and mine is Hog, and bacon and hog are very near akin."
"Hog," answered Sir Nicholas, "is not bacon until it has been well hung."
Prize Card to Albert Crane, Nelson, Mackay, Qld.



PAT O'BRIEN was about to make a railway journey. As he was desirous of taking his donkey with him he asked the guard where he should put it.
"Oh," said the guard, "just put it on behind."
Pat was absent a few minutes, then boarded the train. "Oh it started, and was soon travelling at a good speed. Pat appeared very restless and seemed relieved when the guard entered.
"Now, guard," he asked, "what speed are we going?"
"On about sixty," replied the guard casually.
"Bogger!" exclaimed Pat, startled, "my niddy must be stepping it out!"
Prize Card to Ronald Ridley, 34 Church St., Tarengo, Qld.

Why is an artist stronger than a horse?—Because he can draw a castle.
Which is the quickest way to get from France to Dover?—Cross on the D and you immediately get over.

When is water like fat?—When it is dripping. Why is a fender like Westminster Abbey?—Because it contains the ashes of the grate (grate).
Prize Card to Grace Harman, School House, Capley, S.A.

Little Tommy was examining a brush, and at last he looked up at his father and said: "Daddy, did you say this was a same's-hair brush?"
"Yes, that's right," replied dad.
"Cool!" cried Tommy. "It must take the comb a long time to brush himself all over!"
Prize Card to John Glover, Canobie, Mt. Barker, G.S.R., W.A.

Up to Canada an American came across a lonely bus and interviewed the proprietor with a view to writing-up the locality.
"Whose house is this?" he asked.
"Moggy's."

"What in the world is it built off?"
"Lard."
"Any animal natural to the locality?"
"Frogs."
"What sort of soil have you?"
"Bugs."
"What do you use on chiefly?"
"Have you any friends?"
"Dogs."
Prize Card to Irene Hamilton, Third St., Townsville, Qld.

A Trip To Fairyland Sports

By ALICE ROBINSON.

ONE sunny afternoon, I fell asleep in the old hammock at the bottom of the garden after having read my sister's fairy-story book.

After what seemed a minute, I heard a tiny voice say, "Wake up sleepy one, I've come to take you for a run in my chariot." Before me stood a tiny elf dressed in green and white.

I stepped in, and we began to sail into the air, seeing many sights to the distance. "How would you like to go to the fairy sports to-night?" asked my elfin companion. "I would be lucky," I answered, striking my kitten's fur. Tibby had come with me.

We landed in a grove where great floating and rejoicing was going on. Lanterns were glowing on the trees, and elves in green and white attended on the hand some King while fairies in gold and white supplied the wants of the beautiful Queen, Flora.

I was told that races were to be held, and was put on the starting-line with a batch of elves. I really won because my strides were equal to fifty of theirs. My prize was Tibby, a tiny white puppy.

Suddenly, Tibby sprang at a lantern and snatched it. Instantly everything, including the puppy, vanished, and I felt myself falling into space.

Bolshoi! I found to my dismay that I had fallen from the hammock into the creek. No more day-dreaming for me.

Prize of 3/- to Alice Robinson, 400 Douglas St., Stockton, N.S.W.

Business Manager: What do you think of my new office-boy? I believe you know him personally.
Friend: Ah, yes. He's one of those "Push and Get" boys.
Business Manager: Really, then you think he's quite good!
Friend: Well, not exactly. I mean that he only goes when he's pushed.
Prize Card to Victor Morris, Falcun St., North Sydney.



CHAPTER 13.

BEGGARS' Horses

Continued from
Page 42

THERE were, of course, flies in the precious ointment. Occasionally elephants in it. One of them would bob up quite frequently and stick its ugly head above the surface of the said ointment; and, whether of fly or of elephant, the head somehow bore a strong resemblance to that of the late Colin Mackleworth.

By his mighty strength Easterwood had killed Mackleworth. And, in so doing, had killed that beautiful, delicate thing, his selfless, sexless, boyish love for Daphne.

For the woman who had thrown herself into the arms of her husband's slayer, within a few days of his death, was not the goddess he had worshipped.

Oh, to hell with such thoughts. . . . She was the woman he did love anyway. The warm, living, loving, passionate woman whom he worshipped—with his body.

Boys grow into men, cease to worship goddesses, and love women instead. Women, with all their faults and frailties.

And what about men's faults and frailties?

What of the faults and frailties of Aubrey Easterwood—the strongest man in the world, who was so weak that he now lifted his elbow a little; now did things—and enjoyed doing things—that once he would not have done.

The world, the flesh, and the devil. La Belle Dame sans merci.

Oh, to hell with such thoughts. . . . She was the most enchanting, intriguing woman in the world, ever fresh and ever new—who kept him ever guessing.

Another fly or snake or crocodile or elephant in the ointment of his happiness was his utter, ever-present dissatisfaction with himself, his life, his lack of object and purpose.

His two boyish ambitions had been fulfilled, achieved. He would once have given almost his immortal soul to be the strongest man in the world. And probably to-day he was.

He would once have given almost his immortal soul for the love of Daphne Mackleworth.

He had given his immortal soul. . . . Given it. . . . Lost it. . . .

To hell with such thoughts. . . . Oh, bitter gain—of strength that had killed love.

Oh, bitter gain—of love that had killed strength.

Killed love?

To hell with such thoughts. . . . Didn't he love her with all his heart? Soul?

No. Body.

The fact was that Stacey had been right when he had called him introspective, morbidly inclined, an introvert. Fact was, he was too curiously self-centred, selfish. For ever digging over the garden of his soul—to see how his garden grew.

"Aubrey, Aubrey, face like a straw-berry.
How does your garden grow?
With merry hell's bells and drunken spells
And concubines all in a row."

He had degenerated. Degenerated into a pleasure-seeker, a self-indulgent wallower, a woman's well-rewarded lap-dog.

And that brought to the surface another fly in the ointment of his lovely fleshy "happiness."

A fly in the ointment, or a mammoth—a damned great dinosaur? Stacey!

Could it be possible that this dreadful creature that from time to time

raised its head above the surface of the precious ointment, and leered at him, bore a look of his once dear friend, Stacey Burlestone, the man who had saved him and made him?

God, how he had deteriorated in the past year or two, if he were really jealous of Stacey Burlestone; yes—even if it were possible that the faintest breath of suggestion of jealousy could for one moment float like a foul exhalation above the precious ointment of his happiness. How he had deteriorated if he were jealous of Stacey!

JEALOUS of Stacey Burlestone? Good Lord, what next? Of course, the scores of little flies in the ointment were nothing but—well—little flies. One couldn't be seriously jealous of a panny like Clarence Wellington; couldn't be jealous of a queer wild ruffian like Tim O'Leary; couldn't be jealous of a burly red bear like Hennessy Wogan; couldn't be jealous of a nice chap like Moresby Wallingford.

Why, Wallingford was married to one of the dearest women in India. They weren't really flies in the ointment at all.

Rotten thoughts of a putrid mind. Why couldn't he keep his mind like his body, that still fairly glorious piece of almost perfect mechanism, perfectly controlled.

But then, one can't control one's thoughts.

Oh, to hell with one's thoughts. . . . Let him be thankful to God for the still incomparable strength in which he still revelled; and for the incomparable woman whom he loved and with whom he was so happy.

Of course he loved her. Of course he was happy. Did Stacey Burlestone love her, and was he, therefore, unhappy?

Did she love Stacey Burlestone?

Oh, God, what was he thinking now? He deserved to lose her, to lose her love, to lose his friend.

Shame on him for a hulking mass of deterioration, mental and moral. Not really serious physical deterioration yet, thank God, in spite of a few bad habits that he absolutely must give up. He must smoke far less and stop drinking between meals.

Why had he ever started smoking and drinking? Daphne had wanted him to smoke because she did; and to join her in a cocktail or sherry-and-bitters before lunch and dinner, and in a bottle of wine at meals. She had said it seemed so uncompanionable if he never had a cigarette when she did, and if he never joined her in an aperitif or a liqueur. She said it made him seem more human if he smoked and drank. Heaven knew he was human enough; but, of course, it did look priggish and disapproving to remain a rigid total abstainer and non-smoker when one's wife smoked and enjoyed her drinks.

Anyhow, he'd be a low cad to blame Daphne for the fact that he now certainly smoked too much and probably drank more than was good for him. He must put the brake on, if he wanted to remain what they called him, "The strongest man in the army."

Yes, that was one thing he could do, and would do; must do. It had been easy enough to resign his heavy-weight championship and refuse ever to box again; but there was no earthly reason why he shouldn't continue to beat, in private, and for his own satisfaction and amusement, all weight-

lifting records and similar feats of strength, as they were achieved and published by the professionals.

No one knew it, but he could still do anything that any music-hall strong man could do—and a little more. Sometimes a good deal more. Anyway, thank Heaven that he was due for furlough next year.

They'd go straight to Switzerland, as they both loved that country—summer or winter. Say June and July. Then they'd have some yachting; glorious sun and air. Then Scotland; long tramps over the moors, a bit of grouse shooting, and he'd take her stalking and see her shoot her first stag.

After that? Keep away from London. Might do some sun-bathing on the Riviera and then up to Switzerland again for the winter sports. He'd teach her to ski.

They'd have a glorious leave, and he'd pull himself together, and come back at the end of it as hard and fit as he'd been—well—before his marriage.

They'd be coming back to a different station, too, Yusufabad—and he'd be rid of all these little flies in the ointment. Clarence the Panny, Hennessy Wogan, Moresby Wallingford, and all the rest of them. And it would be beyond even the skill and nerve and brass of Tim O'Leary to get himself transferred from Quetawur to Yusufabad, as he had done from Poona to Quetawur.

And rid of Stacey Burlestone, too. Heaven help him and forgive him—what was he saying? What on earth would he say next? Was he actually rejoicing that he'd be parting from his best friend? Really his only friend—or at any rate, the only man he really loved, or ever had loved. Rid of Stacey?

What had he come to—that he could harbor such a thought as that?

Please turn to Page 46

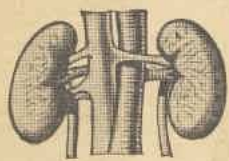


"I HAVE THREE
VERY PRACTICAL
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1. ARNOTT'S FAMOUS SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS are extremely easy to digest.
2. ARNOTT'S FAMOUS SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS supply very valuable food elements and they contain all the precious vitamins and proteins from the whole wheat grain.
3. ARNOTT'S FAMOUS SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS are delicious and exceedingly popular; try them spread with butter and creamy custard, or honey, with butter and cheese, or jam.

ALWAYS ASK FOR ARNOTT'S AND BE SURE YOU GET THEM

BACKACHE starts here



STOP IT

NATURES OWN WAY

IMPURITIES and clogging waste matter in the kidneys are the root-cause of agonising backache. Relief can only be obtained by drinking alkaline mineral water, which thoroughly flushes the kidneys free of these pain-causing impurities. The effect is marvellous—pain is quickly banished—you forget you ever had backache! Drink before breakfast every morning a half-tumbler of water with a little 'Alkia Saltrates' added; this reproduces the essential constituents of the world-famous mineral water spas and acts at once to cleanse kidneys and the entire system. The pain must naturally disappear with the acids and toxins which cause them. You can get 'Alkia Saltrates' from any chemist. Start the treatment to-day—you'll soon find relief from persistent backache. Price 3/3 per bottle.

ALKIA SALTRATES



With... REXONA

After a long, tiring day walking or standing, it's a wonderful relief to come home and bathe the feet, then apply REXONA Ointment. REXONA has a wonderfully soothing effect, it quickly relieves the pain and takes away all signs of fatigue.

REXONA is invaluable for all

cuts and bruises, poisoned wounds and skin blemishes.



MAN WORKED OVER- TIME WHILE LEG HEALED

"Varex" treatment has been quite successful on that bad leg of mine—a miracle, in fact. In five weeks the wound healed up completely and I never lost an hour's work from the first day. In fact, I have been working overtime on it three days a week. I have not failed to tell people of your simple and cheap cure." Write to-day for free Varex Booklet. Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, 75, Building, 5433 George Street, Sydney.

Introc Leslie V. a town, so castle. At folded, now, middle of the

nuine Y-TOX KILLS FLIES AND ALL OTHER INSECTS

CHAPTER 14

SWITZERLAND!

To think that Switzerland and India could exist in the same world! All this glorious air, this ineffable sense of well-being, freedom, health. He'd felt a different man from the day when he had first set foot upon the mountains.

No flies in the precious tintment of his "happiness" here.

For, of course, it was by the purest chance and coincidence that Stacey had turned up at their hotel. Purest chance and coincidence, of course. It wouldn't be for very long, either.

What a mean, jealous swine he was becoming, to feel anything but pleasure at seeing dear old Stacey again. And if it had given Daphne pleasure, as obviously it had, what else mattered?

Besides, it gave him pleasure to see Stacey again. Of course it did.

Anyhow, he'd walk the old beggar off his feet while he was staying in the same hotel. Since he was for ever bucking about his wonderful health nowadays, he should put it to the proof. He'd make him do a climb like this every morning while he was with them.

Well, it was expected to see him in such fine fettle and so hale and hearty again, sound in mind and limb.

Nevertheless, he'd try his wind and limb for him before he pushed off somewhere else; by Jove he would.

"There's the hotel," said Stacey Burlestone, suddenly halting and pointing down into the valley which, as they rounded a great rock, came into view some three thousand feet below them.

"Wonder if that white speck on the verandah is Daphne?"

"Got your glasses?" he asked, looking over his shoulder to Aubrey Easterwood, following a pace or two behind him.

"Yes, here you are," replied Easterwood, taking his field-glasses from their case and handing them to his friend.

"Yes, that's she," said Burlestone, "having a squint up through the telescope. She'll see us better still round the next corner. If I remember rightly, the path runs nearer to the edge."

"Yes," agreed Easterwood. "That nasty bit. She'll enjoy an uninterrupted view of us from head to foot just there."

"Yes," said Burlestone. "From our bowler hats to our 'obnoxious boots.'"

And he strode on.

The "nasty bit" was rather nasty. The narrow path between high rock and cliff edge sloped slightly down-

BEGGARS' Horses

Continued from Page 45

ward and was of uncovered stone. Also damp. And, as Burlestone, whistling merrily, and with quickened pace, strode across it, his iron-shod boots slipped, his feet shot out from under him, he fell heavily, and, as Easterwood sprang to his rescue, rolled downwards, slid, slithered, in spite of the presence of mind with which he flung out arms and legs as widely as he could, and did his best with digging heels and clutching hands, to hinder his swift sliding descent towards the edge.

Easterwood's stooping grab caused him also to lose his footing and his balance, and within a couple of seconds of Burlestone's slip the pair of them slid down the short slope and over the edge of the precipice. Over the edge of the precipice—and on to a narrow, outward sloping ledge, six feet below.

Striking this with his back, and vainly snatching for support, Burlestone went over the edge.

Following on to it in the same second, but on his face, Aubrey Easterwood with his right hand seized Burlestone's wrist and, with his left, grasped the top of a small jagged up-standing ridge of stone, outcropping, or firmly embedded between the ledge and the precipice.

For one long, lasting, terrible fraction of a second the issue was in doubt, their equilibrium was unstable, there was a soul-sickening sense of arm-stretching, of shoulder-breaking, of slipping, giving, and then—equipoise and a brief stability.

The mighty muscles, the iron grip of the Strongest Man in the World triumphed, held firm, made good; and Stacey Burlestone dangled over a three thousand foot drop, held at the wrist by Aubrey Easterwood, himself partly overlapping the edge of the sloping shelf, his left hand and forearm hooked about the jagged tooth of upward-jutting rock.

Which would give first, he wondered, as he drew a deep breath? The hand that gripped his friend's wrist, the arm and hand that grasped the stone, or the stone itself?

How long could he hold on?

Was the stone a detached fragment, or part of the living rock? How long would it stand fast?

How long, O Lord, how long?

For a few seconds Aubrey Easterwood lay still, his face against the stone, breathing deeply. The wrench had been tremendous; the shock and uncertainty as to whether even momentary safety had been achieved of the kind that might well cause one to tremble.

Slowly he raised his face from the stone and looked over the edge.

Stacey's bare head was bent back, his face turned upward, his eyes tightly closed.

Sensible chap. One glance into those awful depths inclined one to turn faint. He must not look down again.

Easterwood rested his head upon the ledge.

What next?

How long could this last? The tooth of rock was hurting the inner side of his left arm, his right arm felt as though it were being pulled from the shoulder-bone.

Good God! Was Daphne watching through the telescope? Would she watch until Burlestone . . . ?

She'd faint before that happened.

No, she must already be shouting for help, for guides to rush out and climb as they'd never climbed before.

Could he hold on while the swiftest of mountaineers climbed three thousand feet?

Well, was he not the strongest man in the world?

And if they arrived in time, could they get Burlestone up?

Yes, if they had the sense to bring a rope. They could swing a slip-knot under him, bring it up beneath his arms, and haul him up to the path above.

Could he hold him till they came?

Lord, what a feat of strength that would be! There'd be some point in having strength that could do that.

Was it for this that he'd worked and labored and trained for all those years—to this end, that he might save the life of his friend?

How strong he felt, now he'd settled down to it, got both his grips firm, and realised that he had a chance, that his position was secure, that it was simply a matter of sheer strength.

Thank God that he was "The Strongest Man in the World," now that Stacey's life depended on the might of his good right arm.

To be continued next week



Smooth as velvet . . . Flattering as Subdued Light in a skillfully planned Restaurant. Fine as Gossamer . . . More clinging than Ivy.

That's 'Australian Rice' Face Powder.

Best value on the market. On your dressing table, the box may not convince your friends you're wealthy; but, on your skin, this powder will convince anyone you're lovely. Take your choice. And let your choice be the wise one—utmost loveliness at lowest cost. Use famous, popular

'AUSTRALIAN RICE' FACE POWDER

and look better on Least Big, good-looking red-and-white boxes 1/3d, all good shops.



When Jean was not so well, mother was very and father was depressed, they all found in Roboleine the ideal food that built them up again to vigorous health.

Doctors everywhere are enthusiastic about Roboleine, and have prescribed it for over 25 years in all cases, at all ages where the body needs building up. The secret of Roboleine's success is the BONE MARROW it contains, together with "VITAD," which is a tasteless essence of cod liver oil. There is no substitute for this delicious body building food, and a short course will achieve amazing results.

Household size, 4/6; Family size (three times the quantity) 12/- at all chemists and Stores.



Send Coupon for Sample

Muir & Neil Ltd. Box 1516, G.P.O., SYDNEY W.W. 18.
Enclose M. in stamps for sample of Roboleine
Name _____
Address _____

Beauty Specialist tells how to improve the complexion

At a recent interview a well-known beauty specialist gave valuable advice on improving the complexion. "Some women," she said, "try one face cream after another in the hope of gaining a clear, smooth skin. If only these women would realise that the complexion needs to be treated from inside as well as outside!

In nine cases out of ten a poor complexion is due to digestive disorders and constipation. Therefore women who wish to improve their complexion should first set about improving the tone of their systems. I myself find that San-Bran is excellent for this purpose. It tones up the entire system and stimulates the bowels to act naturally, thus banishing constipation—the cause of pimples and blotches. You buy San-Bran in packets from the grocer, and merely add two tablespoonfuls to your usual breakfast cereal. San-Bran is deliciously flavoured, so nice to eat. Everybody likes it.***

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought in your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your entries "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

"Up the Pole!"

AN entirely unexpected and unofficial decoration appeared in a Preston street on the day of the Duke's arrival. Pursued by Timmy, an Australian Terrier with more than the usual canine aversion, a frantic cat climbed an electric light pole and, scrambling along the projecting curved iron arm, reached the comparative safety of the light shade (the old-fashioned type). An army of small boys tried various means of dislodging her, but she refused to budge, even when the audience gradually drifted away, including the dog.

From early morning she remained there, a source of interest to all who passed, until, at nearly 9 p.m., rescue came in the form of a constable from the local police station. He arrived armed with a long clothes drop down which puss gladly alighted to safety.—E.P.D.

Inside Information

WHILE holidaying with a country friend I used to assist by gathering eggs. During one of these treasure hunts I had the misfortune to lose a ring which had belonged to my mother. Not wishing to worry my friend, I did not mention my loss, and returned home without it, thoroughly miserable. Visiting my friend again a few months later, I met a new arrival in the district, a bachelor farmer, and before I returned home I had promised to marry him. He asked me to wear a temporary ring until he could get into town, whereupon he produced the diamond ring I had lost a few months before.

A few days after his arrival, it transpired, my friend, taking pity on a bachelor, had sent him a fowl to kill and cook and, on opening it, he had found the ring—and, of course, no one knew anything about it.—C.R.

An Honest Penny?

SOME people living near us owned a Persian cat, and we often noticed it being advertised for in the "Lost" column of a newspaper, with rewards offered on each occasion. We often remarked "Persians are terrible for straying." One day, coming home, I noticed

a man suddenly bend down by a gate, pull his coat over, and disappear hurriedly round the corner.

Next day the usual ad. and reward of 5/- appeared in the daily.

Afterwards, going past the place, I asked whether they had been successful in getting the cat back. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "a man brought him back. Persians are such rompers. We'll have to lock him up."—A.H.

Moral Suasion

COUNTRY friends of ours bought a horse at a sale. The animal was very quiet, and gave every satisfaction until they drove it into the township. A small hotel had to be passed on the way, and, whenever Dobbin got close to this, he used to break into a gallop and cross the main street at a dangerous speed.

When asked for a possible solution, the wife of the former owner said that her husband used to stop at the hotel and leave her waiting in the gig until he thought fit to reappear. To keep him from doing this, she tied a stout hat-pin to the point of her umbrella handle. As they were nearing the hotel she used to poke the horse with this, and her husband could not pull him up until they had crossed the main street.—F.B.

Let Sleeping Hens Lie!

MY daughter decided to take the car and go round the shops on our late shopping night recently, and was quite enjoying herself. However, when she was in the brightest lights she discovered that two old black hens had perched on the hood of the car and ridden there to town. No doubt the hens would have kept quiet in their retreat, but she hastily brushed them off. Then they raised a lot of amusement rushing about the footpaths and into the brightly lighted shops. It took quite a number of small boys to recover them and put them back in the car.—C.N.

The Bridge—"In Dutch"

A FRIEND of mine, while holidaying at Newcastle, decided to join the School of Arts Library. The first book she picked up was entitled "The Affair on the Bridge" by J. M. de Groot.

It was written many years ago, and describes a notorious murder committed on a bridge over a babbling brook in Holland.—"Estrolite."

HOST Halbrook says: I brew a special Vinegar for my Worcestershire Sauce called Halbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar.***

DAVID JONES' MISTAKES OF 1934

Mail your orders or phone them if it's impossible or inconvenient for you to shop in person. There are stocks of all lines on this page to fill mail and phone orders.



McCALL
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PATTERNS

are absolutely the most modern, efficient, and easiest to follow of all paper patterns. They're popular because of their smart styles too! Priced from 1/3.

Snap this up!
5'11, 6'11 Printed
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3/3

Every design in printed Crepe de Chine that you could ever imagine or hope to find, you'll surely get in this tremendous range of floral and multi-colored designs! 36 inches wide. Usually 5/11 and 6/11; it offers wonderful value priced at yard 3/3.

This is NOT
a mistake—

1/4½

for Moroccan

David Jones standard quality Art silk Moroccan is now available at a lower price than ever—don't make the mistake of missing this! Black, white, and 50 well-dyed shades. 36 inches. Usual 1/6; now yd. 1/4½.

4/6 Silk Linen

2/11

You'll love the silky texture and the good wear of this new fabric that drapes beautifully for suits and skirts in a wide range of colors. 36 inches wide. It hadn't arrived so late it would have been 4/6; now it's priced to clear at yard 2/11.

Over-Production in Our
SUNTEX

Usual yd. 5/11

An open mesh weave manufactured exclusively by David Jones. It had caused such a furore in European fashion centres that we over-estimated the demand. Now it's being re-priced and offers a new sensational value for sports attire. Originally priced at 6/11; now at yard 2/11.

SILKS — FIRST FLOOR

Mostly they're due to the late arrival of the hot weather which delayed the purchase of summer goods. Some are concerned with the over-estimation of the demand for certain articles, or to the dozen and one reasons which affect buying and selling... all the better for you, of course, since we're clearing them at special prices! Whatever the source for the mistake, too, you can be sure of getting complete satisfaction. Because they're our buying mistakes, it doesn't mean they're yours!

Overbought
SILKS, COTTONS

Printed Cambrics & Voiles

These cottons have been selling like wildfire all the season, but we bought such tremendous quantities in preparation for a warm summer that now we simply have to clear them at this spectacular reduction. Cambrics, Chiffon, Pique and Leno Voiles are included in colourful two-tone and novel geometrical designs. Usually priced at yard, 1/6, 1/11 and 2/3; some are now half and less than half at yd.

If you purchase material and pattern at David Jones' you can have your garment cut out expertly free of charge.

1/6

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1/6

Usual, yard, 2/3 and 2/6
Hundreds of yards to go!

There are literally hundreds of designs in this group of Dimities, Batistes, and Broadcloths! The colours are all fadeless. 36 inches wide. Usually at yard, 2/3 and 2/6; now specially priced to clear at 1/6.

THESE MATERIALS ON THE FIRST FLOOR

2/11

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Late Summer spoilt
our chance to sell

Hand-plaited
BASKET SHOES



An exciting toeless sandal made of hand-plaited strips in white, or white with brown or black. Sizes 2 to 7. Usual 19/11; now pair 15/11. Cross-plaiting is smart and cool in this sports shoe! Colours are brown and fawn or blue and white. Sizes 2 to 7. Usual 29/6; now pair 23/6.

WOMEN'S SHOES—FIRST FLOOR

We bought too many of these



4/6 Supper Cloths at

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2/11

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"White Elephants"

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300 Prs. 8'11 Twill Sheets

Twill sheets with a soft linen finish. A reliable wearing quality. 14x21 yds.; usual 8/11; now pair 6/11. 21x21 yds.; Usual 15/11; now pair 12/3.

6/11

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you won't forget

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9/11

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TABLE DAMASKS
3/11 Quality goes at

We liked this pure bleached Mercerised Table Damask so much that we bought more than we could comfortably dispose of, so now we're giving you the chance to stock up! The design shows a neat check at the centre and on borders. 60ins. wide. Usual 3/11; 1400 yards specially priced at yd.

2/7½

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Pure Irish Linen Table Damask with a full satin sheen and a rich quality. Grape vine or flower designs on satin stripes. 34ins. wide; usually 6/11; now yd. 4/11. 60ins. wide; usually 7/11; now yd. 5/11. 72ins. wide; usually 8/11; now yd. 6/6.

4/11

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NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

MOROSCO

[ABRIDGED]

By ROLAND PERTWEE



FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

CHAPTER 1.

IN a deck-chair on the shabby grass along the water-front at Dieppe sat Fanny Potts.

Perched upon her head was an immense hat to which a seagull was impaled, even in this year of grace, by pins with malachite heads. It would be hard to picture a figure of such gross and negligent comfort, yet there was to her a remnant of that charm that had captivated the hearts of a thousand admirers and imperilled at least one life.

Everybody knew who she was, for Fanny, like Lily Langtry, was one of those ordinary women about whom the whole world talks. Her ascent from the Gaiety to through the British aristocracy to Courts of Europe was common knowledge. The world had sympathised with her in her marriage to the Grand Duke who had been annulled on his succession to the throne of Morosco.

The headlines "King and Cad" had been freely by the Press. Only Fanny had remained unmoved. Love of change, a taste for taking the rough with the smooth, and something more than sickness of the petty factions and embarrassments of a small European principality, had compensation enough for the loss.

She left Morosco without even halting for a jointure. She couldn't be bothered. There were plenty of other men in the world, and Stephan had always been a good horse and a great liar. On where she sat she could hear a pe-scrape of steel coming from behind the screen alongside the Casino. She did not know that this was young Rupert, son of a sword play with the local maitre d'hôtel.

Her head nodded and she dozed, for Fanny Potts was a little intoxicated, a condition into which she was disposed to lapse when confronted by problems that called for exercise of clear thought.

"Come on, monsieur, let's have another drink," said Rupert.

At the maitre d'armes' reply was an air of toss of the head.

"Adieu, Monsieur."

At the entrance to the canvas arena he turned and spoke volubly in French.

It is not kind; it is not fitting to subject a man to the indignity of defeat. Were I not angry I would compliment monsieur on his skill, his élan, the brilliance of his attack. Such things are not of this age, monsieur is medieval. The best I can wish is that he should meet his superior fighter—with the buttons off.

"Men to that," laughed Rupert.

He was still laughing as he passed the screen in which Fanny reclined. He paused when a shade falling which had come from the light and Fanny opened her eyes.

"Anything that matters?" she asked.

He looked up, surprised to be accosted by a girl of such advanced years, and recognised her.

"I was going to get myself a drink as a matter of fact."

Fanny's eyes sparkled.

"My word, that's a good idea!" said she.

"But I'm stuck."

"I beg your pardon?"

"This blessed chair! Give me a hand, there's a good boy!"

She extended her plump little hands with the gesture of an infant asking to be lifted from its pram.

Feeling that he struck an original note of comedy in supporting that mountain of flesh in so public a place, Rupert was sorely tempted to laugh.

Divining his inclination, Fanny broke into a chirruping laugh herself and told him that it was her legs—that she never could trust them—all over the place they were.

"What next?" he asked.

"That's my villa, so we haven't far to go."

"Munnings would have come for me," she explained, "but he's gone to fetch Mellora from a family in Paris."

"Mellora's a pretty name," said Rupert.

"And such a pretty girl! Twenty, she is, but I don't know what I'm going to do with a grown-up daughter, do you?"

He shook his head; for she had not impressed him as an exemplary mother.

"Puzzle anyone," she sighed. "That's why I'm like this—being puzzled. Well, come along."

"Can't remember ever seeing a nicer profile than yours. Though why you wear that silly scrap of moustache I can't imagine. Stephan had one, but his was a moustache, and how wild he used to get when I laughed at it! Leave the gate to shut itself. Don't ring the bell. I've got a key somewhere."

Her bag described an arc in his direction. With some difficulty he found the key and opened the door.

In the cool gloom of the house her legs became less wayward and the ascent was conducted with no more support than the weight of her hand upon the crook of his arm.

"You're a nice boy," she told him, "and you shall stop and meet Mellora; for goodness knows what I'm going to say to her."

As they approached the drawing-room door it opened and the girl herself came towards them. The light was behind her, but she presented a silhouette of the most pleasing slenderness and grace. She did not advance to meet her mother, but stood in the doorway as though doubtful what to say.

"Oh, dear! You're much too thin," said Fanny, in a tone that suggested that she gave it up. "This is Miter—what is your name, my dear?"

"Rupert Denison."

Mellora gave him a hand that was small and firm but wonderfully light.

Rupert bowed over it.

Fanny nodded approvingly.

"Pretty manners," she said.

It was Rupert who asked whether Mellora had not arrived earlier than she was expected.

"No, I told mother twelve in my letter. She must have forgotten." There was no reproach in her voice. She spoke as if it were the most natural thing in the world that her mother would forget.

"One can't remember everything," said Fanny; "and it's no good trying."

When the butler answered the bell she asked what there was for luncheon.

"Strictly speaking, luncheon is over, ma'am. But we have kept back a slice from the joint and the usual vegetables."

"Oh, serve me something on a tray."

"Up here, my lady?"

"No, on the roof."

Munnings retired, a man compact of dignity.

Mellora moved to the window seat, and Fanny lapsed into a silence from which there appeared to be no hope of rescuing her. As a result, Rupert's position was unenviable. There was nothing for him to do but to retire, but the presence of Mellora made him very unwilling to do that.

CHAPTER 2.

"HAVE you known mother long?" Mellora asked.

"No. A very little while. We've only just met, in fact."

She smiled.

"I see. So it won't be any good my asking her things about you?"

"Not much, I'm afraid. Even if I were to flatter myself you wanted to."

"What do you do?"

"As yet, nothing. I only came down from the Varsity a few months ago."

She cradled a knee in clasped hands and said with a wistful little smile:

"It would be interesting to know what is going to happen to one, wouldn't it?"

"I'd rather not. Life would be very dull without a few surprises ahead. Yours is a very unusual name, isn't it?"

"Mellora? I suppose it is—for England."

"It's a foreign name?"

"Yes, it's common enough in Morosco—where I was born."

"Oh, yes," said Rupert.

So Mellora was the child of Fanny's morganatic marriage with Duke Stephan. The mystery of her aristocracy was revealed. As Rupert realised this he felt a wave of sympathy for her.

Of the four marriages her mother had contracted this one alone had produced a child. And this marriage was without legality in the eyes of the Church or the State. Mellora was a natural child.

The loud voracity with which Fanny attacked the victuals that Munnings placed before her made further conversation impossible. Save for a cup of coffee she drank nothing, but food exercised over her a most cheerful influence.

As she gobbled it down she hummed snatches of old songs or fired off disconnected fragments of speech.

The last noisy mouthful reached its goal when Munnings announced His Grace the Duke of Yardley.

His Grace the Duke of Yardley belonged to that older generation of sportsmen and gamblers that is rapidly becoming extinct. Side-whiskers made up for the absence of hair on his head, and from the corner of his mouth stuck an ear of corn. But for the fact that these adornments appeared to be a natural part of the man they would have given rise to the opinion that he was subjecting his person to a huge practical joke.

Looking from the Duke to his hostess, Rupert felt that the world had gone back at least half a century.

The Duke clapped his knees like a man who is ready for anything.

"Stole a march on you, Fanny, my girl," he cried.

"Oh, go away, Monty. I said six."

"And by then you would have been incapable of making up your mind about anything."

He accompanied this remark with a wink as if to suggest that Rupert knew quite well what he meant by that.

Fanny moaned.

"A little time to think things over, Monty."

"Not a moment and not a drop. I've been had before by that trick of yours."

In a conversation so intimate in character Rupert felt he had no right to intrude and was on the point of taking his leave when Mellora's eyes pleaded with him to stay. But even so he felt that he must at least offer to go.

"Sit down; it doesn't matter," sighed Fanny.

The Duke fixed him with a riddling eye.

"Seen you before somewhere?"

"At the Casino, sir?"

"No. Before that. Oxford it was. You were the lad who washed up my young nephew Knoyle in the fencing finals."

"He was out of luck, sir."

"Fiddle! He was licked by a better man. Never saw a prettier bit of play." Crossing, he slapped Rupert on the back. "See! What's your name again? Deniston, ain't it?"

Rupert nodded.

"This boy's all right, Fanny. Let him stop. Might wring an idea out of him."

This important point settled to his satisfaction, he attacked the problem of Fanny's future.

"Now, as I read the card, you're on your beam ends, Fanny. You've blown half a dozen fortunes and you're broke to the wide."

"But you've plenty of money, Monty."

Rupert rose.

"Sit down," said the Duke, and went on: "You've had four husbands, and in the case of three of them you cleaned up a nice little pile."

"No good talking about what's gone."

"Don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm talking about that girl's father. I'm talking about his Majesty, King Stephan of Morosco."

"Oh, him!" said Fanny, as one who dismisses an unpleasant subject.

"Just because the feller succeeds to the throne and has to marry a flat-faced Central European princess, you walk out on him in a huff."

Fanny chuckled.

"Used to make him so wild when I laughed at that moustache."

Mellora stiffened as she sat beside Rupert on the sofa. He wondered why. Was it from loyalty to the father she had never known? Was it the distaste of an aristocrat for humor so purely vulgar in origin? Either, perhaps, or both.

"My point is this. It's up to a man to accept his own liabilities. I never shirked mine—why let him off?"

"You won't do anything for me," said Fanny, inconsequently.

"You're not one of my liabilities."

Fanny's head went from side to side.

"Aren't I? I don't know. One forgets."

"Pull yourself together—talking like that!"

"Well, I daresay you'd remember. Go on, Monty."

"Answer this question, my girl. To whom should a woman turn for the support of her child?"

"Blame us how should I know? If you think I'm going to fuss round at my time of life looking for another husband you're wrong. I couldn't be bothered."

The Duke looked at Rupert in despair.

"Why couldn't I work?" said Mellora suddenly.

It was the first time she had spoken, and on that account the suggestion was the more startling.

Fanny was outraged.

"At what, my dear? Teachin'? A governess? Hardly do, would it, for the daughter of a reigning monarch?"

"If my father doesn't acknowledge me I needn't say whose daughter I am."

"But wouldn't it be fairer to give him a chance to acknowledge you before takin' a step like that?"

"And live on—charity?"

"Certainly not. What a parent does for his offspring is its birthright. Ain't that so, young feller?"

But Rupert would not commit himself one way or the other.

Fanny spoke again.

"What do you suggest, Monty?"

"Go to Morosco, my dear. Not in your own name, for that 'ud spoil the surprise at the other end and might lead to trouble at the frontier. Change your identity. Call yourselves Mrs. and Miss—what now?—well, I s'pose Potts 'ud do. It's not likely to be remembered. You were Peregrines when you hitched up with the Duke."

"So I was," said Fanny. "Fancy you remembering that now. Jackie Peregrine, of course. A nice boy. I nursed him like a mother through his last illness. So you think we should go to Morosco?"

"Have you a better suggestion?"

"I haven't any suggestions. But I could never make the journey without a man. Not possibly. All the luggage and tickets and everything. And sleeping in foreign hotels. I couldn't do it, Monty."

Rupert was still looking at Mellora's eyes.

"Why not you?" they seemed to say. Without giving himself time to think, he repeated the words with a different pronoun.

"Why not me?"

WITHOUT asking for or seeking thanks, Rupert was unprepared for Fanny's complacent rejoinder: "I told you so, Monty!"

He should have remembered that this woman, from infancy upward, had been used to the services of men, and would have counted it strange if they were not offered. Fanny Potts took everything, great or small, in her stride without consciously accepting any liability on that account.

Rupert's reward came from Mellora—a relaxing of her features—an almost inaudible sigh of relief.

Summed up, that would not appear to amount to much, but it was the greatest compliment ever paid to him, and for one vain moment he felt he had been fitted with the wings of an angel. Then the Duke of Yardley proceeded to pluck out their pinions one by one.

"You? Why the devil you? What makes you think you're fitted for such a job? Need a deuce of a lot of tact. These foreign Courts are a damn sight stickier than our own. What experience have you got in dealing with a delicate situation?"

Rupert was piqued, or he would not have answered as he did:

"I have been dealing with one for the last half-hour, and it has given me a taste for the practice."

"A damned impertinent answer," said the Duke; "but not a bad one at that."

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"And I yours. I like spirit and you

mustn't blame me for puttin' over a see whether you'd rise to it. Can you any foreign languages?"

"You needn't worry, sir. I took degree in languages. I shan't let down in that direction."

But still the Duke was not altogether satisfied.

"What's your object in volunteering the job?"

Rupert did not give his real reason, kept that to himself.

"I thought it might be amusing, sir."

"Humph! I wouldn't count on that, about terms?"

Rupert flushed.

"I would only go on my own terms."

"Now he's going to dun us," said Fanny. The Duke waved her down.

"And those are?" he demanded sternly.

"That I pay my own way, of course."

"Just listen to that," said Fanny. "I wouldn't pay ours, too, I suppose. He knows where the money's coming from, you don't."

"Oh, mother!" said Mellora.

The Duke saved Rupert the embarrassment of a reply.

"No need to worry about that, Fanny. Your friends'll see you through to the extent. Curious thing," he added, gravely, "but you can always get people to raise a bit to send anybody away, but a damn sight harder to persuade 'em to put out for a return ticket. When will you be ready to start?"

"How can I possibly say, Monty?"

So the Duke decided for her.

"There's a steamer calling here Thursday morning on a pleasure cruise in the Mediterranean. I'd take you as far as Durazzo. You can do the rest of your journey overland."

"Oh, if you say so!"

"And now, my dear, you can ring have all the Madeira you want."

"You're a young ass."

"I daresay, sir."

"Any idea what you've let yourself for?"

"None. That's what makes it worse."

"Hell, probably, and a spice of danger into the bargain. Queer things happen in these Balkan States, y'know."

"So I've been told."

The Duke stopped short.

"What are you thinking of, you crab-brained young idiot? The whole idea to get the girl suitably spiced."

"Let's hope that can be done, sir."

The Duke nodded and scratched his head.

"Care to have a bet?"

"On what, sir?"

"Lay five hundred to two you do marry the girl."

YOUNG RUPE

DENISTON spent the evening at the Club des Tribunaux, where he knew that he would find the more serious and better informed citizens of Dieppe.

To the Tribunaux came nightly the merchants of Dieppe, the Mayor, doctors, officers from the Custom house, old soldiers and the like. Any youth with desire for experience and enlightenment might well satisfy it by listening to the talk that ebbed and flowed across the polished tables of the Tribunaux.

The talk that evening centred upon European politics and it needed no special effort to steer it to Morosco. Rupert asked if anyone happened to be acquainted with that State. A gentleman with one eye replied to the question, and offered Rupert a pinch of snuff, which he declined.

"Yes, I went there on a mission at the end of the war. A devil of a journey through the Sanjak of Gouri Bazar over the Carpathians. But what a place when one arrives!"

"You liked it, monsieur?"

The soldier shrugged his shoulders.

"Well enough. The capital, Lema, might be a bit of old Paris, with all

VICES and none of its virtues. A likeable people, but only half civilised—and quarrelsome. My boy, if you should go there never act as you did with me and refuse to take snuff with a man unless you wish to explain your refusal at the point of a sword."

"A sword?" Rupert repeated.
"When I was there duelling was in vogue. It still is for all I know to the contrary."

A gentleman who looked like an undertaker, but who was actually a doctor, mused his way into the conversation.
"Lemmo—Lemmo? Where did I hear that name—and quite recently?"

A polite silence was afforded to promote the workings of memory.

"I have it. From Remartin. It was Remartin, the alienist. A brilliant man." The word alienist was new to Rupert and he repeated it.

"Brain specialist, then. Remartin is the last word on the subject of mental disorders. Yes. It seems he had had a request to go to Lemmo to diagnose a distressing case. Now I come to think of it, he told me that in confidence. Still, no matter. It is unlikely that my betrayal will harm anybody." And taking a sip from his glass, he banished the thought with a laugh.

Fanny Potts was not in the best of tempers when Rupert called take her to the boat. There had been a conspiracy between Munnings and the Duke whereby the key of the wine cellar had been mysteriously lost.

The Duke was at the steamer to see them off. He had handed over to Rupert the money which had been raised to finance the venture, with instructions not to let Fanny get hold of it or she'd blow the lot. "And here's something for you, my boy, The Iron Duke used to carry it when he was a youngster."

The gift was a malacca sword-stick with a carved ivory knob. He waved aside Rupert's thanks and bade him bustle the women on board.

Rupert conducted Fanny to her stateroom and left her fiddling with a little pendulum clock, which she had insisted on bringing, in spite of everybody's assurance that it was entirely useless for travelling.

"I'm accustomed to having it with me. Who cares if it doesn't go? Nobody wants to know the time."

He left her and went on deck as the steamer put out to sea.

He was joined, soon after, by Mellora, who greeted him with a shadowy smile.

"Well, Mr. Deniston, we are in for it."

"Who's complaining?" he replied. "Not I. And don't you think we might be a bit less formal in what we call each other?"

She looked at him, thoughtfully.

"Rupert, do you always do things on the spot of the moment?"

"For instance?"

"Coming away with us like this?"

"The moment wasn't the spur, Mellora."

BUT if she understood what he meant by that, she did not betray the fact. For a while she watched the retreating land in silence, then:

"I expect you'll regret having come—sooner or later."

"Must you talk like one of the major prophets?"

She laughed at that and became serious again.

"Looking into the future was always one of my failings, Rupert."

"You're too young to be a prophet."

"Am I? No. I think I was born old—or do I mean responsible? As long as I can remember I have had that feeling."

"Tell me, do you know your mother well?" Mellora shook her head.

"Hardly at all. Yet, in a way, I know her better than she knows herself."

"In what way?"

"For one thing, I don't suppose she has ever realised how extraordinarily brave she is. Nothing on earth frightens her. She has that blind sort of courage that won't admit the existence of danger."

CHAPTER 3.

THROUGHOUT the long and often tedious cruise to Durazzo, Fanny Potts preserved a most excellent good humor. This, in itself, was a tacit tribute to Rupert and far more convincing than any spoken word of praise. Nothing bothered so long as she was never asked to do anything or make a decision.

The only anxiety she betrayed was in regard to the safety of her personal belongings, but the mental effort required on this account was not enough to cause her to seek the protection of alcohol.

The nearer they drew to Morocco the more silent and nervy Mellora had become. Fanny, who seldom bothered to inquire into other people's feelings, did not seem to notice the change that had come over her, but Rupert noticed, and because Mellora was ever in the foreground of his thoughts he worried about it. For a while he kept the knowledge to himself, then blurted it out rather clumsily.

"Mellora, you're not treating me as a friend."

"In what way?"

"Surely we know each other well enough to share any troubles?"

"There is nothing to tell, Rupert."

"There is—there must be. Are you afraid of what's ahead of us in Morocco?"

"I don't know what is ahead."

"Listen, Mellora. Is it that you hate the whole idea of the thing? Going to your father, I mean, and..."

"No. After all, he is my father—even though he may not care to admit it."

"Because if it should be that—well—there's no reason on earth why you should go."

She put a hand on his arm.

"You are so nice, Rupert. But—but I think I have to go."

"Have to? Nonsense! You can please yourself."

"Can I? I'm not so sure. Do you believe in dreams, Rupert?"

"Yes, that they go by opposites."

"Ever since I was so high I've had a dream—my going-back dream. I call it."

"It can't mean anything, really, but—but—well, there's a great plain, very green, with a river laughing through it and feathery sort of trees. It's a free plain, you know—like a playground for free people—and while I'm there I'm free, too."

She spoke, as though describing a landscape spread out before her. Suddenly she stopped and a sharp note of fear came into her voice.

"But they won't let me stop there, Rupert; they won't!"

"Who won't?"

"The mountains."

"Mellora, what are you talking about?"

"The beckoning mountains. They have fingers of rock, Rupert, that beckon. And you can't refuse. You must climb the road that winds through them—and down the other side."

"And there?" he asked very gently.

"Freedom ends."

"Where is this dream place of yours, Mellora?"

"I don't know. Doesn't exist, perhaps. But if it does..."

"Well?"

"Freedom ends when you get there."

Her voice faded away, and she looked up at him with frightened eyes.

He put an arm round her shoulders.

"I wouldn't give it a second thought. All of us have nightmares. They mean nothing."

"It's easy to say that, Rupert. But it isn't so easy when every day you feel it is coming nearer."

It was late afternoon when the train chugged into the terminus of Zapalato.

Adjoining the station was the inn, a modest establishment of two stories, with walls of bright ochre and a verandah across which sprawled vines of wine-dark bougainvillea. Festoons of onions hung beneath the eaves and filled the air with their pungency.

"My word!" Fanny lamented. "I wish I thought there'd be a good porterhouse steak to go with them."

The alternative was far from palatable, consisting as it did of an omelette, scorched on the underside, and a mess of prunes and meat, strongly suspected of being goat flesh. Of the latter Fanny refused to partake, and rightly.

"Wouldn't insult my stomach with such filth," she said. "Tell them to boil me six eggs."

She ate all six with noisy gusto that ill prepared Rupert for the remark:

"Beastly food! Every one of those eggs was bad! I shall go straight to bed."

And she did.

Mellora and Rupert went out to look at the sunset.

It was a short distance to where the village ended and the vineyards began. By common consent they halted on a donkey-backed bridge and rested their elbows on the parapet.

Beneath them ran a river, green from the melted snows. Its voice rose like the chatter of children at play. Mellora was silent, and realising what she was thinking, Rupert said:

"Thousands of rivers chuckle and laugh like this one, Mellora."

"Look!" she said and pointed over the plains at a bulwark of mountains strung across the eastern sky.

Perhaps it was the mists, rising with the fall of day, that gave their peaks an illusion of quivering instability.

"Everything—just as I saw it," she breathed, and shivered.

"But Mellora, it means nothing—nothing psychic. You have seen it before—as a child."

She nodded. "But then I was coming the other way and now I'm going back. And the mountains do beckon. You can see for yourself."

"A trick of light."

She smiled—a little sadly.

"Then you won't allow my dream?"

"It's a memory."

"You won't even allow that these are the free plains and while I am here I'm free, too?"

He looked at her, and very lovely she was in the golden moment before the sun was gone.

"Mellora, I love you."

A RAMSHACKLE diligence stood before the inn as they approached. A small, grizzled gentleman, with a bristling moustache and an imperial, stood in the light of the side lamp, addressing the driver.

"A huit heures demain. C'est entendu?"

The driver grunted assent and drove away as the Frenchman entered the inn, freeing himself from an old-fashioned ulster that draped him.

In the hall Mellora lit a candle.

"Stay a little longer," Rupert begged.

But she shook her head, smiled a good-night, and climbed the stairs. From the landing above she looked down and fluttered a hand.

A minute later Rupert knocked at the door of Fanny's room.

"Who is it? You, Rupert? Come in; I haven't gone to bed."

She was sitting by the window, watching the moon rise. A picture of contentment she looked.

"Well? Had a good time?" she asked.

But that way the question sounded cheap and cynical.

"I want to talk to you," he said, stiffly.

"Oh, no, you don't."

"About myself."
She relaxed.
"Go on, then."
"I am in love with Mellora."
Her head went from side to side.
"Bless us! Do you take me for an imbecile. You are telling me nothing I didn't know five minutes after you met the girl."
And Rupert believed he had kept his secret so closely guarded. An opportunity was offered and he took it.
"If you knew, I can only suppose that you have no objection?"
Fanny smiled.
"Clever," she said, "but objection to what?"
"My loving her."
"Oh, my dear boy! One might as well object to water running down a hill as to young people falling in love."
"I want to marry her."
"Oh, goodness! Marriage isn't such a catch, y'know."
In her voice was the note of irritability it always assumed when she was confronted by a problem that called for a decision.
"Better ring the bell!"
But Rupert was unwilling to approach the question of his future happiness through the murky fumes of alcohol.
"People are so mean not to give anyone notice of a thing like this. I hate having things sprung on me. Well, what is it you want to do?"
"Take Mellora back to England."
"Got enough money to keep her?"
"Two thousand a year."
Fanny rubbed her nose with the fat little palm of her hand.
"That's nothing. I should want more than that myself."

CHAPTER 4.

"NO," said King Stephan of Morosco. "I have said 'no' and that is final."
But Lola Varenne only smiled and went on smiling.
An infuriating woman! Neither anger nor argument prevailed with her. The obstinacy of the devil, she had. Utterly selfish, too. Lying there in lace pyjamas, smiling at him and sucking a pomegranate, spitting the pits about. Licking her long fingers and smiling.
It would be very pleasant, he thought, to press his thumbs into that white throat and throttle her—but pleasanter to take her in his arms and kiss the scented hollows at the back of her ears and bury his face in those curls that frothed like sea-foam over her abominable head.
His temper died down, and he began to amble towards her, his huge beard swinging like a pendulum as his head went from side to side. A grotesque figure, with massive shoulders and a thick neck. There was something apelike in his movements—purposeless.

"LOLA, be a little kinder to your bear. You ask so much and give so little. Be satisfied for once."
But Lola only smiled, and, plunging her fingers into the pomegranate, tore out a crimson, juicy morsel and popped it into her mouth. Her eyes strayed to her lap—green eyes, almost as green as the emerald necklace that lay there.
"I could send it to Carter's in Paris to be reset," she said. "Who ever heard of a gold setting for emeralds?"
"Will you understand that crown jewels are the property of the State, Lola? It is not within my power to give that necklace."
"Poor king, poor honest king! Always thinking of his subjects." Her voice changed: hardened. "Thank God I'm not one of them. Thank God I can walk out of Morosco any time it pleases me, and if I have much more of your meanness, it won't be long before I do."

He fell to pleading. He spoke with a beggar's whine.

"We might be man and wife, the way you treat me," he complained, and would have said more but that a servant announced:

"His Excellency, the Minister of Trade,"
Monsieur de Ransart walked into the room on the heels of his announcement. A small, frail, resolute man. He bowed to the King, but did not acknowledge the presence of Madame Varenne. Lola Varenne went out laughing.

"Sit down," said the King.

He was obviously nervous, the more so because his visitor betrayed no nervousness whatever.

"I have noticed lately, Ransart, a growing tendency on your part to treat us with disrespect. In your own interests I would remind you that it is a dangerous practice."

Ransart nodded.

"I am well aware of the danger, and in the interests of Morosco, if not of myself, I am ready to face it."

"Do you presume to suggest . . . ?"

"Your Majesty, I intend to be entirely frank. The age has passed when a sovereign is to be regarded as the only person in a State deserving of consideration. That has been amply proved in the last twenty years."

"The people of Morosco are probably the most ignorant and gullible in Europe, but their gullibility will not last much longer. Every day letters arrive from young Moroscons who have emigrated to foreign countries."

"These letters describe the better conditions that exist there. Our people are demanding similar conditions for themselves."

Stephan did not need to be reminded of the fact. For months he had realised that a political storm was imminent.

"Our taxes are less than any other country in Europe."

"And why not?" said Ransart. "Nothing is given in return for them. We have no railways, no motor transport, no public services, and the entire wealth of the country is exploited by penal labor, which costs nothing whatever."

"Our penal system is the finest economic measure to be found anywhere."

"I take leave to question that. No doubt it is highly economic to work mines and oil fields with penal labor, but the method of impressing that labor is morally indefensible."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Moroscons are a singularly law-abiding people. Not one conviction in a hundred is justified by the nature of the offence. Men are thrown into gaol for no other reason than to supply revenue for your Majesty's personal expenditure."

"If I did not know that you were actuated by what you believe to be lofty motives," said Stephan, "I should order your immediate arrest."

"I am sure you would," Ransart replied, and added, with a smile, "although I fear my physical disabilities are such that my labors in gaol would not materially increase your Majesty's profits."

"I think you must be trying to commit suicide, Ransart. I can see no other object in this visit."

"But there is another, and this is it. The time has passed for the enslavement of a nation in order that a ruler can enjoy himself with a Parisian cocotte. You can deal with me as you please, but I warn you that my death will bring revolution as surely as to-morrow is Wednesday. If Morosco is to be saved, it must be cleaned up from within."

"And how do you propose that that should be done?"

"LOLA Varenne must go," replied Ransart firmly. "It is apparent to everybody that your Majesty has reached

a time of his life when these ardent associations are neither desirable nor becoming. Lola Varenne must go immediately."

"It will then be possible for the Princess Heloise, your daughter, to assume her proper position in the Court and be released from what can only be described as imprisonment."

"A father is the best judge of what should be done with a daughter. She is still of a tender age. It is to her advantage that she is guarded from contact with the world."

"I agree with your Majesty that the Court, as it is to-day, is not a fitting place for any young girl, but the rest of the world is not as well informed upon that point as I am. It is generally rumored that her state of health is such that it is impossible for her to leave her apartments."

"It is a lie. Does she not drive through the streets of the city every day?"

"She or another. It is a covered carriage. And if all is well with her, then why has no formal answer been given to the offer of betrothal made by Prince Ethlyn of Therrania?"

And abandoning all formality Ransart gave his reasons. The marriage to Prince Ethlyn would be followed by a treaty with Therrania.

It would mean the birth of trade, the raising of the people from conditions of medievalism, the building of roads and railways; the introduction of motor transport; the harnessing of rivers; the employment of thousands of men and women in different trades.

Ransart was doubtless right in claiming that the marriage and a trade treaty with Therrania would produce these effects. But were they desirable? Was it not better that Morosco should remain as she was—a hundred years behind the times, but happy?

Ransart let him finish without interruption. Then he said:

"Is it your Majesty's wish that I convey what he has said to the nation? In other words, that the people should be informed that they have no future?"

"Why tell them anything?"

"Because they will want to know. Because Prince Ethlyn himself will be in this capital in three days and will expect an answer. I cannot feel that anyone will rejoice if, instead of making a friend of our neighbor, we make an enemy. Therrania needs a corridor to the sea, and if she fails to get it by civilities, she may resort to force."

The King's brows shot upwards as Ransart asked:

"Is there any reason connected with her Highness why this marriage should not take place?"

"None. What should there be?"

"Then your Majesty himself supplies the only obstacle to the union."

Ransart had reached the door when the King recalled him.

"I would not wish you to think that I resent the frankness with which you have spoken. I applaud it. It is rare to meet a man at once so honest and vigorous. You are wasted in politics. There is a vacant directorship in one of our mining concerns admirably adapted to your talents. If you are interested . . ."

Ransart shook his head.

"I think not. Your Majesty's Minister of Finance served, I believe, a sentence of five years in Sing-Sing for fraudulent promotion. I doubt whether I should have intelligence enough to compete against him in matters of finance. I give your Majesty good-night."

And with a crisp little bow he withdrew.

CHAPTER 5.

DOCTOR Remartin was taking his petit déjeuner with an officer in uniform when, next morning, Rupert entered the dining room.

The officer shot an interrogative glance at him and turned to consult the doctor in

low voice. Remartin's reply was reassuring, and, rising, he approached and saluted expert, a shade ironically.

"My name is Jean Colmar, Captain of the Palace Guard," he said. "My friend informs me that, in company with two ladies, you contemplate a visit to Morosco."

"Well, what of it?"

"My friend and I will be preceding you, here is an inn at the frontier station, and, with monsieur's permission, I will tell the patron to have a meal in readiness."

"Thanks very much."

"Monsieur is English?"

Rupert nodded.

"And the ladies?"

He laid a peculiar emphasis on the word "ladies," rolling his tongue round it in a manner which was singularly distasteful.

"Also English."

"Ah! Then there will be no difficulty, could not guarantee so much if monsieur were from the East rather than from the West, and if his nationality were Turkish or even Greek, for, as he is doubtless aware, our relations with these two countries are somewhat strained. But to the rest of Europe we extend a Morosco welcome."

He paused and pulled at his moustache. He seemed to be a person of most formidable intentions and address, but, although Rupert thanked him, he was conscious of an instinctive dislike for the man. However, he had to say something, and asked if the captain could recommend an hotel.

"There is but one place of quality," he replied. "The Hotel de la Couronne. There you will be able to obtain a villa, detached from the main building, and be thus immune from the annoyance of conversing with your fellow-guests. And now," said Colmar, with a glance at his watch, "it is time we took to the road."

Since Remartin had been fetched in a car the diligence he had used the day before was available, and Rupert hired it. Neither Mellora nor her mother appeared until the vehicle was at the door. They came down together, and draped themselves in the veils he had bought for them on the doctor's advice.

Fanny was looking forward to the journey with childlike eagerness. She seemed to have forgotten all about her overnight talk with Rupert, unless her gaiety was due to the fact that she had committed herself to nothing whatever.

The luggage was already aboard, perilously lashed to the boot of the vehicle, an old-fashioned carriage hanging high on the cruzziest springs and drawn by a team of lean but gaily-comparisone mules.

The driver knotted a length of wire to the lash of his whip and gathered up the reins. His son launched a yell and away they went. A number of urchins started in pursuit, and one, bolder than the rest, jumped on to the boot.

"Wipe behind!" said Fanny, cheerfully, and scattered the contents of a box of chocolates into the dust.

The urchin dropped off, and they trotted across the plains towards the mountains and the road that wound so perilously up and over them.

There seemed to be no limit to the mountains through which they climbed. Endless, horizon-filling mountains, tender with trees, harsh with rock and snow; sunlit and shadowed mountains, revealing every shade and description of tone and color.

Rupert felt that the summit would never be reached, but at long last, after endless convolutions and in an air cold and brittle as ice, they crossed the final saddle and looked down upon the plains of Morosco.

A halt was called among the snows, to give the mules rest, and Fanny pointed with her parasol at the spires of a city in the distance.

"There you are! That's Lemno. Looks quite nice from here, doesn't it?"

Mellora and Rupert moved out of Fanny's parashot.

"Do you still believe that freedom ends down there?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"I don't know, Rupert. I thought, last night, my freedom had ended. That I had given it to you. But it wasn't so."

"Why do you say that?"

"If it had been so we should have turned back, but we came on."

"But what's that prove? My love for you is as strong here as elsewhere."

"But not strong enough to turn your back on a danger."

"What danger? I don't understand."

"I told you my dream, and you ignored it."

"I don't understand. You talk of danger and reproach me because I haven't run away from it. If there is a danger—which I don't admit—would you want me to run away?"

"It would be such a brave thing for a lover to do," said she.

That was too complex for him, and he was angry and silent.

She had lifted her veil to look down at Morosco and she let it fall over her face. They returned to the carriage in silence.

THERE was little inducement for Mellora and Fanny to remove their veils on the road to Lemno. They drove in the eye of the wind, through spirals of whirling dust.

Some distance from the city Rupert saw that Mellora was shivering, and asked what ailed her. She shook her head.

"It's nothing. I don't feel very well. My teeth chatter so. I'm a little cold, perhaps."

"A chill," said Fanny. "Those mountains! I picked up a heavy cold myself last time I came through."

But Rupert was more concerned with Mellora's welfare. He took off his overcoat and put it round her.

The sun had set when they passed through the Western Gate, Port Stephan, of the city. In the blue of dusk the narrow streets beyond looked as if they were built of lapis lazuli.

In the big main square, Place Voltaire, they passed a lamplighter and heard the eerie cry with which his duties were accompanied.

"Here is the night. Here is the night." A gendarme directed them to the hotel, and Fanny jumped out fresh as a daisy.

"What a funny thing!" she said. "It was just here they threw that bomb at me. Come along and let's get something to eat."

The patron was on the steps to direct them to the villa prepared for their reception. But when Mellora tried to rise, she was trembling so that they could not stand.

"Carry me," she said.

So Rupert picked her up in his arms and carried her.

Captain Colmar had not exaggerated the comforts of the Hotel de la Couronne. Their villa stood apart from the fellows, fronted by a garden rich in flowers and trees and backed by one of the sheer precipices of the river gorge.

Meals were served from the hotel cuisine. Only one servant lived in the villa, a country girl with eyes like sloes and cheeks as rosy as cider apples. Her name was Marie, and nothing could have exceeded her attentiveness towards Fanny and Mellora.

She was almost as much concerned as Rupert about Mellora's feverish condition, and hastened to warm a bed with a great copper pan filled with charcoal embers. She caused the chef to prepare a bouillon, declaring it was the best cure for such cases.

Between whiles she unpacked Fanny's inexhaustible wardrobe with clucks of admiration at the procession of gowns that emerged from the boxes.

Fanny and Rupert had just finished dinner when Captain Colmar was announced. He had changed his uniform and looked

a tremendous swell in his regimental mess kit. His gallantry to Fanny was superb.

He informed her that he could not rest until he had assured himself that the arrangements made for her comfort met with approval. He was desolated that the younger lady was suffering from mountain sickness. The varying altitudes had this effect upon too many visitors to Morosco.

Rupert seized the opportunity to ask how he could get into touch with Remartin. It was an indiscreet question, perhaps, but he had forgotten for the moment that gentleman's request that his profession should remain a secret. The suavity of Captain Colmar's manner gave place to a sudden brusqueness.

"For what purpose?" he demanded.

"It seems a natural thing to do. I have no other friends in Lemno."

Captain Colmar looked him up and down with a critical stare, for which Rupert liked him no better. Apparently he was satisfied with the result of his inspection, for his severity relaxed.

"Monsieur Remartin," he observed, "will be busy for several days. He will have no time for social intercourse."

It was not in Rupert's nature readily to accept a snub, and he asked for Remartin's address.

"Monsieur is lodging at an apartment house—Les Petits Champs," was the cold rejoinder, "but much of his time will be passed at the Palace."

"Then I may have the pleasure of meeting him there."

I HAVE introductions to his Majesty from persons of grace and high standing in England," went on Rupert formally.

The captain became positively servile.

"That Monsieur is so happily acquainted is inevitable. If I may be permitted to see the letters, delay in obtaining an audience may be avoided."

It was Rupert's turn to present a difficulty.

"The letters are personal to his Majesty, and I feel hardly justified in allowing any lesser person to break the seals."

It was a handsome phrase, and Fanny's observation did little to embellish it.

"That was one in the eye for you, captain."

But either he did not hear or preferred to allow the remark to pass unchallenged.

"Monsieur shows an admirable discretion," he said. "The Palace visitor's book is open for signatures at 11 o'clock each morning. After writing your name it would be appropriate to hand the letters to the secretary who will be in charge."

"Right. I will do that to-morrow."

"Then I have the honor to wish you both a good night and a speedy recovery to the patient."

Before going he offered Rupert snuff, which he accepted and distributed upon the roses as he accompanied the captain to the door.

CHAPTER 6.

LOLA VARENNE came into the King's room as Dr. Remartin went out.

"Who was that?" she asked.

The King's reply was indirect. "You should not be here at this hour. It is indiscreet. I have told you a hundred times that I am not to be disturbed in the mornings."

She laughed, for no woman ever takes notice of what she has been told a hundred times.

"Who was he?" she repeated.

The King's head went from side to side. "Give me this. 'Who was that?' I think you have no other words in your vocabulary. His name is Remartin, and he is a Frenchman, if you must know."

Lola took a cigarette from his table and lit it.

"Business connected with Heloise, I suppose."

He started.

"I have not said so."

"Poor Bear!" said Lola. "I am so easily deceived, of course. I know nothing of your anxieties, do I? Like the rest of this nation, I cannot even guess the reason why Heloise is shut up in her apartment, and no one sees her but you and Colmar and those two who look after her."

"It has never even passed through my empty head that here may be even emptier. What are you doing? Let me go!"

For the King had seized her wrists and was forcing her down into a chair. His cheeks were white as ash and the violence of his emotions shook him. He spoke in a rapid whisper—the words falling over one another.

It was a new and terrible mood that he revealed, unlike the pleadings and grumbings to which she was accustomed. For the first time he frightened her.

"Then it's true, Stephan?"

His temper fell away from him.

"No. It can't be—shan't be. I have sent for Remartin to prove that it is not true. There is some little fondness, perhaps, a simplicity—but nothing worse than that."

It was not a convincing assurance. Lola whistled.

"And Ethlyn is coming here this week?"

"But they need not meet. We can plead that she is indisposed."

"Rather thin, Stephan. Why not say feverish—light-headed? Then they could meet. A royal betrothal at the sick bed. Good publicity. He is young and she is pretty, is she not? Youth is sentimental about sickness."

The King waved the suggestion aside.

"Leave it, Lola. Remartin is with her now. Very soon we shall know. I am worrying myself unnecessarily."

He took a letter from his table and glanced at it. The letter was to introduce Mr. Rupert Deniston, of England. It bore the signature of the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"I must go now. I have people to see. I will come to you later." He tugged at his uniform and ran his fingers through his beard. "I look all right, yes?"

"You look yourself."

An ungenerous woman. He was frowning heavily when he passed through to the audience chamber beyond in company with a number of officers, civilians and ladies. Rupert Deniston attended the King's pleasure in the atrium.

He had been instructed by a secretary, an agreeable young gentleman named Count Maldinavo, to avoid extending the duration of his interview with his Majesty beyond two or three minutes.

Moroscon hospitality forbade a host speeding the departure of a guest, but Rupert was invited not to interpret this courtesy as an invitation to remain.

While turning matters over in his mind he saw Remartin, and sprang to his feet to greet him. The little doctor displayed no enthusiasm, but he gave Rupert a hand and proceeded to pass on.

He seemed irritable when Rupert asked if he could find time to call at their villa during the afternoon.

"It may not be possible, but I will do my best. Good morning."

In company with Captain Colmar he bustled from the atrium.

Once more Rupert settled himself to wait.

Presently his name was called, and he passed the sentries who stood at the double doors of the audience chamber.

King Stephan extended a hand for Rupert to kiss, and, after he had done so, raised it to his lips in the graceful Moroccan manner.

From Fanny's description, Rupert had expected him to cut a figure of fun, but, although he searched the features narrowly he found nothing humorous in them. The pointed moustache, which had caused her so much merriment in the past, had be-

come merged in an immense beard of a blackness only to be accounted for by a liberal use of dye.

Stephan's eyebrows, which were white and massive, were brushed upward, satirically. He had the full cheeks and the bulging neck of a very pompous fellow, but his eyes were furtive and cruel.

IT was evident that he had no interest in making Rupert's acquaintance. He murmured a few words of greeting, and asked what had persuaded Rupert to visit Morocco. He was astonished when leave was asked to answer that question when no other person was present.

"That seems to be a most audacious reply," said he.

Rupert had made a bad start and sought to recover from it.

"I am aware, sir, that it must appear so, but it was dictated by discretion."

"State your business."

Rupert dropped his voice.

"It concerns the Comtesse de Sanspres, your Majesty."

Not a muscle of the King's face moved. Then he raised one hand and beckoned to his suite.

"Examine this gentleman."

Hands ran over the surface of Rupert's clothing with embarrassing thoroughness.

"Unarmed, your Majesty."

"You may retire."

The room emptied.

"Now, Mr. Deniston?"

As briefly as possible, Rupert stated the nature of his mission, what time a frown gathered between the King's brows and his mouth closed in an expression of displeasure. He allowed Rupert to finish before he spoke.

"You are lodged at the Hotel de la Couronne?"

"In one of the private villas."

"Has anyone been informed of the relationship which this lady claims to have existed between us?"

"Claims, your Majesty?"

"Has anyone been informed?" he repeated.

Rupert shook his head.

"You are the first to hear of it."

His face assumed an expression of deep cunning.

"By which you imply that others will be told unless I am persuaded to deal with the situation handsomely?"

"I do not follow your Majesty's suggestion."

"Then it shall be put in plainer language. At a time when national interest demands that the prestige of this Court should be unshaken, you and your confederates have thought fit to levy blackmail against us."

It was not a pretty word in the mouth of a king, and Rupert was sorely tried to keep his temper under control.

"I would suggest, Mr. Deniston, that you have embarked upon a dangerous undertaking, and one that you may well have cause and leisure to regret."

The last of Rupert's last-departed from him.

"My one regret, sir, is that a lady put her trust in a prince, in the belief that he was also a gentleman."

The King's jaw dropped.

"It might interest you to know, sir,"

Rupert went on, "that your daughter Meliora had the strongest objection to coming to Morocco and would rather have worked in domestic service than do so."

"She was persuaded to come by the Duke of Yardley, who was foolish enough to believe that a father sticks by his children in private, even though he may ignore them in public."

For a long time the King said nothing. Then he rose and came towards Rupert with slow movements, like a prodigious ape.

"Mr. Deniston, yours in the kind of impudent courage that leads to the gallows. It is unusual for a king to be instructed in the matter of his responsibilities. For

the sake of argument, let us assume that this lady and myself contracted a morose marriage, and that the child is the issue of that union. What, precisely, do the mother expect me to do about it?"

"Knowing her as well as I do," Rupert replied, "I would say she is relying on you to find a solution to that question. It is not a lady who imposes an undue strain upon her intellectual faculties."

For the first time in the interview, the King's mouth split into a smile.

"A young man of some discernment," said he. "I presume that she would agreeable to a settlement? She is here with any mad idea of remaining. And he looked alarmed."

"I think, sir, it is safe to say that she is more interested in security than in companionship."

"And her daughter?"

"You need not worry about Meliora. Her future has been arranged."

"By whom?"

"By me."

"Young man, you are very glib with your answers, too glib. You would do wisely leave Morocco and take her with you before you offend someone."

"That's what I mean to do."

The King pulled at his beard, thoughtfully.

"Meanwhile the Comtesse and her daughter will remain in their villa to await a visit from myself. If it can be arranged I shall call to-night. The interview is over."

He clapped his hands and the room filled.

CHAPTER 7.

DR. REMARTIN did not hurry himself in forming a diagnosis of the case, and it was more than an hour before he returned to the King.

The latter could barely wait for Colmar to retire before exclaiming:

"Speak up, man! Don't stand there as though you were looking into an open grave."

Remartin was too eminent in his position to tolerate bullying, even from the Royalty.

"I am looking into the grave of your Majesty's hopes," he replied. "And I cannot believe you would wish me to do that with the face of a clown."

The King commanded his temper.

"Tell me what you found."

"An alienated mind. A chronic condition, a softened brain."

"Chronic? I deny that—I deny it. Mental disorders have been cured before and will be again. Our own Court doctors have assured me that the case was curable."

Remartin shrugged his shoulders. "I doubt if they possess any medical knowledge, although it is apparent that they have nothing to learn as courtiers."

"You talk very straight, Doctor Remartin."

"My practice has been built upon the reputation. Where there is hope I say there is hope. Where there is none I say there is none."

The King dragged a hand across his eyes and dropped into a chair.

"What a doctor says is only a matter of opinion."

"Opinion based on years of research into an especial subject. You would do well to face the issue. Her Highness is hopelessly insane. Medical science can do nothing for her."

The bluster had departed from the King's voice when next he spoke, and he fell to pleading as a beggar pleads.

"Not hopeless—not that word. There are things you have not been told—you may have overlooked. When she was barely a year old she was allowed to fall by a nurse. She struck her head. That was the cause of this disorder—that was the cause—the fall—the pressure of bone upon the brain."

"Now, if you were to operate—trepanning, not?—that pressure could be relieved. I know—I understand these things. I must have knowledge of all matters."

"Now, am I not right? An operation she would be as sane as the rest of the family. Operate, doctor, operate! You will operate?"

"Your Majesty," said Remartin gently, "I believe how deeply I sympathise, how gladly I would offer you hope if it were possible."

"It is possible—it is! So much depends on it. It must be possible. That and only can save Morosco from revolution. It shall be possible!"

Remartin shook his head. "In cases of this kind it is not so much the patient we must examine as the doctor's antecedents. Brain weakness is only a matter of heredity."

The King's hands gripped the arm rests of his chair and he leaned forward. "Heredity? What do you know of her antecedents?"

All that there is to be known. The only one on her mother's side. Her uncle, Grand Duke Paul, died in a madhouse. Her grandfather, Prince Louis of Karnopolin, was only allowed abroad if accompanied by—

But the King cried: "That will do—that will do!" Remartin bowed.

"I agree. It establishes my case. Had I wished it, I could quote other instances of support. There is no pressure upon Princess's brain. She is the victim of a hideous legacy from bygone generations. And science has not yet discovered a cure for congenital lunacy."

The effort to browbeat Remartin into an admission that there was hope had failed. For a while the King sat with his head in his hands. Presently he began to mumble to himself.

Until a few weeks ago her strangeness was almost undetectable. Only very seldom did her madness betray itself. She would look quite sanely on many matters. I resolved myself that time and nature were tracing a cure. Then it all slipped away.

Her loveliness was to be the salvation of Morosco. An alliance with Therrania, when that coup I had staked everything on, had when the fear grew in me that her sanity was no more than an outer shell of madness, I could have throttled the life out of her, gladly, gladly."

Remartin made no comment, but that night in his written report of the interview he made a note to the effect that this confidence in the King's might well explain the horror Meliora had shown when first he approached her.

"You were counting on her betrothal to Prince Ethlyn?"

The King nodded. "I cannot understand how you could have invited him to Morosco in the circumstances."

"I did not. He is coming at his own invitation. During the present political crisis, I dared not postpone the visit. Besides, I was looking to you, Doctor, and you have failed me."

"Nature has failed you, not I."

Remartin found it hard to suppress the disgust in his voice. As he made the reply, he looked squarely in the King's eyes and marked how an expression of inimitable cunning came into them. It puzzled him, but he did not have to wait long for enlightenment.

"Doctor, is there no drug known to medical science such as would keep a patient asleep for twenty-four hours? If Prince sees her as she is, it will wreck everything. But a sleeping beauty, Doctor, a sleeping beauty! You grasp my meaning?"

And then Remartin exploded. "To be affronted by such a suggestion... In the whole course of my professional career, I will ask your Majesty to discharge my

fee and make immediate arrangements for my return journey."

But the King had moved across and blocked the doorway. "You shall not leave until I have your sworn oath never to reveal one word of what has taken place between us."

Remartin looked him up and down with contempt. "That is the final insult!" said he.

And brushing the King aside, he threw open the door and stamped out between the astonished sentries.

Fanny threw herself back in her chair so that it was in peril of breaking beneath her. Tears of laughter ran down her rouged and chubby cheeks at what Rupert had told her.

"I don't know," said he, "that it is actually a laughing matter."

"Stephan? He's no good for anything else. I always used to tell him so."

"He wasn't king in those days."

Fanny shrugged her shoulders. "A fine king! All he's fit for is to play the villain in a third-rate touring company. Ha! Ha! Fair lady! Scream, if you will, but none will hear your cries. The walls are twelve feet thick!"

It was evident that during Rupert's absence Fanny had taken a few glasses of Madeira. It was not natural that she should approach the affair in quite so frivolous a mood.

"Do be serious," he begged. "From his point of view, your arrival at the present time is rather inopportune."

"Why?"

"Because he is doing his best to bring off a betrothal between his daughter, Princess Heloise, and Prince Ethlyn of Therrania."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I suppose he feels your presence here might well embarrass the negotiations."

Fanny looked at him sharply. "How was I to know that he'd act in the dirty way he did? He'd better not suggest to me that I was a party to his tricks. He'll hear something he doesn't like if he tries any of that talk."

And suddenly she rose and banged the table with both hands. "Pack," she cried. "Pack everything. I always knew it was a mistake to come here. I said as much to Yardley, but he wouldn't have it. Why, I wouldn't touch a penny of his money if I had to starve in the gutter. We are leaving—leaving now. Go on, pack."

But Rupert did not move. "I am afraid that won't be possible until after you have seen him. He gave orders that neither you nor Meliora were to leave the villa until he came."

Fanny sank back in her chair, her temper dying as rapidly as it had been born. "Very well, I'll see him, but he won't like it. I promise you that."

There was a knock at the door and Marie announced: "Monsieur Remartin."

The little doctor bustled into the room, bowed stiffly to Fanny and peeled off his gloves. "You will forgive me," he said, "if I stay only a few moments. But for the fact that you know my profession and, I therefore assumed, were in need of medical advice, I must have denied myself the pleasure of meeting you again. Now, briefly as possible, what is it?"

When Rupert told him of Meliora's fever he groaned aloud. "Bon Dieu! In the midst of one of the most delicate cases of my career I am invited to drop everything and administer a grain of quinine. It is too much! Have you no consideration—no perception?"

Rupert said that he was sorry, but having heard how primitive were the methods of Morosco's doctors, his thoughts had naturally turned to Remartin. He added that he would be delighted to pay any fee the doctor cared to name.

"And now," cried Remartin, "he insults

me, but I earned it. For the moment I had forgotten that the young lady's malady has the roots of its disorder in a lover's breast. Come! Let me lose no more time. Where is she, so that I may set your fears at rest?"

Rupert rang for Marie and told her to take the gentleman to mademoiselle's room.

Rupert followed them to the hall and waited at the foot of the stairs for the doctor's return. He came down much sooner than was expected, muttering to himself and shaking his head in a most alarming fashion.

"Amazing—unbelievable!"

"She is ill, doctor, dangerously ill?"

Remartin blinked at Rupert through his glasses. "I was indiscreet—speaking my thoughts aloud. Forget it."

"Then there is nothing about the case that is either amazing or unbelievable?"

The doctor hesitated before making a reply. "Unless you can suggest a reason for those adjectives?"

"I know of no reason."

He peered at Rupert as if to test his good faith. "Well, then, neither do I. The young lady is well enough to get up when she pleases, but I would advise her to stop in the house for a day or so, if not altogether."

"Altogether?"

"Ah! Damn the boy! Don't ask questions, for even if I wished to answer them I am not empowered to do so. Later on, perhaps, you will understand, but for the present, good-day."

Meliora did not come down to join them in the salon, but Marie said she had dressed and when dinner was served Rupert took a tray to her room and saw her for the first time for nearly twenty-four hours. Her eyes seemed darker than usual, but she looked well and greeted him with a smile.

"So my royal father wants a private view of the exhibits?" said she.

Rupert nodded. "Are you glad, Meliora?"

She shook her head. "No. It disgusts me. But I suppose a natural child mustn't be too particular about such things."

"No one in the world would dare to think or speak of you like that."

"The world is not so chivalrous as you believe, Rupert. If it were I should not be waiting at the back door like this."

He had never guessed that she regarded herself as a natural child without right or title to her father's name, and reproached himself utterly for lack of insight.

She must have read his thoughts, for she said:—"You are not to blame. You promised to bring mother here and you kept your word."

"And now she is here she won't accept anything from the man."

"The man?" she repeated. "So, already, you have reached the man?"

"At one time I came near to reaching the point of his chin with my fist," said he. "Hm! So he was not too pleased with the news of our arrival?"

"I may be a poor judge of Morosco's manners," said Rupert lamely.

"I like you for trying to teach him better ones. No, I didn't know about mother. She hadn't told me. But it is like her to come all this way merely to make a gesture of refusal. So I am the only one left to provide for?"

"There is no question of that," he replied hotly. "As I told the King."

"What did you tell him?"

"That I was going to marry you. Incidentally, I asked his consent."

Meliora gave a light laugh. "What a joy you are! You have the cheek of a schoolboy and the audacity of a prince. It was worth coming here for you to have done that." From the hall below came the chink of spurs and

the rattle of a sabre. Rupert raised his head.

"He must be here already."
"Go down," she said. "I shall wait until I am sent for."

It was not the King, but standing in the hall was Captain Colmar issuing orders to the waiters who were clearing away the meal.

"Remove this stuff and be off, the lot of you."

The anxious fellows snatched up their trays and fled.

Rupert came down the stairs smiling dangerously.

"Since when have you taken control of our household?"

"I am here by his Majesty's orders to ensure that he is properly received," he replied.

Rupert bowed.

"It is nice to know that Monsieur's ill-mannered conduct was not of his own choice."

"Do you presume to take my actions to account?"

"If they had not been dictated by a superior, I should certainly do so."

"The last man who addressed me in that tone," said Jean, "is now blind in both eyes and walks upon crutches."

It was clear from the first that he was out for trouble and Rupert resolved that he should not be disappointed. Ever since his interview with the King, he had been spilling for a fight, nor did he feel that he had much to fear from a clumsy captain of Hussars.

He choked his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

"I did not suspect that you added to your other boorish traits the profession of common executioner."

"Body of a dog!" exclaimed the captain, "but you shall answer for that."

"At your service."

"My seconds will call upon you."

Rupert bowed.

"As I am without friends in Morosco, perhaps you will be good enough to nominate two gentlemen to act for me."

"With the greatest pleasure. And now, as the King may arrive at any minute, we will lay our private differences on one side."

CHAPTER 3.

THE brief glimpse of King Stephan as he passed through the hall gave Rupert the impression that his nerves were strung up to a final pitch of endurance, and he could hardly believe that anxiety at the prospect of meeting Fanny would account for that.

His entire appearance had undergone a change since their interview during the morning. The hollows round his eyes had deepened and his puffy cheeks had collapsed. If Rupert had not conceived such a violent dislike for the man he must have felt sympathy for his harassment and the look of sick fear that his features betrayed.

While the dialogue between Fanny and the King pursued its course, Rupert and Jean Colmar waited in the hall. No word passed between them, but Rupert could feel the captain's eyes running over him with professional curiosity, which was not disinterested.

Then the door of the salon opened and the King addressed Rupert in two words: "The girl!"

Rupert stood his ground without moving. "The girl!" was repeated in a louder voice.

Jean Colmar sprang for the foot of the stairs, but Rupert was there before him. In his hand was the cane given him by the Duke of Yardley. It was the work of a second to whip the blade from its sheath and present the point to Colmar's throat. "That's far enough!" he said fiercely and turned to the astonished King. "Your Majesty is in need of Marie, the serving maid?"

The heel of the King's hand wiped a cor-

ner of his moustache into his mouth. His teeth ground it angrily.

"I wish to meet the daughter of Madame la Comtesse de Sanepres," he said.

But before Rupert could reply there was a step on the stair, and, turning, he saw Mellora. She wore a close-fitting gown of unrelieved black and her face, pale in the light of the candles, betrayed no emotions of any kind.

"Your Majesty," she said.

The King had taken one step forward, with a gesture of the hand before the eyes as a man might make who looks upon a ghost. Then slowly, he fell back to lean against the wall, with eyes and mouth wide open.

From Jean Colmar came a hiss of breath and a muttered indistinguishable word.

"A strange welcome," said Mellora, and her mouth curled into a smile that was contemptuous and cynical.

Rupert heard Colmar mutter:

"Even the voice!"

But it was the King who held his attention. From wonderment his expression resolved into a look of relief and triumph too great for words. It was as if every trouble he had in the world had suddenly vanished, to be replaced by the certain knowledge that the future was free from care. Then he found his voice and spoke.

"Thank God!" he said, and coming forward took one of Mellora's hands and carried it to his lips. Then, with another swift change, he turned to Rupert. "Who has seen her since your arrival in Lemno?"

Rupert was too surprised at the question to reply, but Fanny, who had joined them in the hall, challenged it, characteristically.

"What's wrong now, Stephan?"

"Who has seen her?" he repeated.

"Just the girl Marie. I told you once, she's been in bed."

"And coming from the frontier?"

"Not a soul! She wore a veil. That dust! Those roads of yours are a disgrace."

"Nobody else?" the King insisted. "On your honor, not another living soul?"

"Oh, bless the man! Don't excite yourself. Yes, there was one other—Doctor—er—Remartin."

Rupert never ceased to blame himself for his failure to foresee and to stifle that admission. A look came into the King's eyes that struck a chill at his heart.

"Remartin?" he repeated, and nodded slowly.

"I can't see what all the fuss is about," said Fanny.

For a moment the King was silent, then he spoke rapidly, flinging orders at Colmar in swift succession.

"The girl Marie will be removed to the Polji of Scarpo to-night. My daughter," and he pointed at Mellora, "will accompany us to the palace now." His glance ranged between Fanny and Rupert.

"I will consider at leisure what is to be done with this lady and gentleman. For the present mount a guard upon the villa, with instructions that they are to shoot anyone who attempts to leave it."

"Yes, your Majesty, but—"

"But what?"

"This gentleman and myself have a difference to settle in the morning."

"Excellent. Nothing could be better," said the King. "Arrange for seconds to call for him at the appointed hour."

"Has everybody gone mad?" Fanny demanded. "What's all this nonsense about fighting duels and taking Mellora away? You can't do things like that."

The King ignored the interruption and addressed himself to Colmar.

"Carry out our commands, Captain Colmar."

"At once, your Majesty."

"And listen! One word from you—a hint—a single indiscretion, and—you understand?"

"I understand."

"Then, carry on."

"One minute," said Rupert.

But Mellora's hand closed on his arm. "I haven't stopped your duel, Rupert, don't interfere with mine."

"But they shan't take you away, Mellora. She shook her head.

"It isn't worth it, Rupert. The odds are too high. And I may need your help, too."

There was nothing he could hope to do with the King's bodyguard within call.

"Get yourself a cloak and veil," said the King.

Two minutes later Mellora and the King were escorted from the villa. The King was the last to leave. At the door he turned to Rupert.

"Young man, this morning you had the effrontery to ask our consent to a betrothal. You may assume that it has not been given."

Rupert found Fanny in the salon. She was hammering her fist hands upon the arm rests of a chair.

"They can't do it—they can't!" she cried.

"Nobody can take what's mine and get away with it. Nobody—nobody!"

Outside they could hear the tramping of the sentry's boots and the mutter of water in the river gorge below.

"For goodness sake, let's have something to drink," said Fanny.

Scarcely a word passed between the King and Mellora during the short drive to the palace, nevertheless he displayed most studied courtesy, handing her into and out of the carriage as though she were indeed a princess.

On arriving she made to remove her veil, but he prevented her with a gesture and a word. She mounted the steps on his arm and marked how proudly he smiled at the funkeys who threw open the great door and at the officers and gentlemen in the atrium beyond.

There he stopped to address a very gorgeous-looking person whom Mellora decided must be a chamberlain.

"You will instruct the Mistress of the Bed Chamber to prepare the Marco Sult for our daughter's occupation to-morrow."

She has arrived at an age when acclimatisation is no longer desirable."

As he spoke he patted Mellora's hand in a way that perplexed her.

The chamberlain bowed and they proceeded to the King's room.

"You may unveil," he said, and when she did so he stood in silence, marvelling at her beauty. Then he held out his arms inviting an embrace.

MELLORA did not move.

"Have you no natural affection for me, daughter?"

"None whatever, and I expect none from you."

"Why, then, I shall surprise you, for, from this moment, all that I possess is yours."

"I am afraid that sounds like a fairy tale. Besides, I am not asking for anything that you possess."

The King nodded.

"It is not to be expected you would understand what I imply, but I give you my word. I speak in all sincerity. In a few weeks, I shall do as you are told, you will be the most envied woman in Central Europe."

Mellora shrugged her shoulders.

"The natural daughter of a King is no usual object for envy."

"Silence!" said the King. "Never repeat that in my presence or elsewhere. From to-night you become as much my lawful child as though you were the daughter of my Queen."

He approached and resting his hands on her shoulders thrust his great black beard within an inch of her face. "You are the daughter of my Queen. Do you understand? You are—you are."

It seemed as if he sought to convince her by sheer force of will and emphasis.

Mellora smiled back into the hot glittering eyes.

"Mother would laugh to hear you call her that."

"That woman!" he retorted. "You will forget her—forget that she ever existed—forget her as completely as for most of the years of your life, she has forgotten you to-night, for the first time, you take your place in Court."

"Why?" said Meliora disconcertingly, and repeated, "Why?"

"Do you believe that every man and woman must fulfil his or her destiny?"

"I suppose so, but I think that my destiny is waiting for me somewhere in England." Once more the King's patience was wearing thin.

"Would it mean nothing to you to be the first lady in Morosco?"

Meliora shook her head.

"I could never be the first lady in Morosco even if I wished to be."

"You could—you shall be that."

Meliora shook her head again.

"You seem to make a habit of forgetting your daughters, father."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that I have no taste for usurping a position that belongs to the Princess Heloise."

He was glad that she and not he had brought their talk to its goal.

"She can never take that position, Meliora."

"And why not?"

"Because she is hopelessly insane."

"Oh!" said Meliora. "Oh, the poor—poor—"

The King drew himself up and filled his lungs.

"From to-night I call upon you to take her place."

With difficulty Meliora found the words.

"But how could I? Even if I would; it's impossible."

The King looked at his watch and spoke his thoughts aloud.

"The guard will have been changed five minutes ago. The relief will notice nothing strange, therefore, in seeing you enter the apartment with me. Yes, it should be safe enough." He put out a hand. "Come, please."

"Where?"

"To look into a mirror, my dear, that will prove that anything is possible."

At the foot of a spiral staircase in the Western Tower an armed sentry stood on guard. He came to attention as the King went by with Meliora upon his arm. Save for her daily drive the princess did not leave her apartment, and it was strange to see her in company with the King.

CHAPTER 9

A SPIRAL staircase is the dirtiest form of climbing, and when, at last, they reached the top Meliora's head was swimming. Before her was a massive door studded with iron bolts, upon which the King rapped.

There was a sound of a key turning in the lock and the rattle of a chain. Then the door opened inwards and revealed the figure of a youth.

The light from a lamp fell upon his face and it was one of the strangest Meliora had ever seen. For, although his features were as smooth as a girl's, his eyes were old with terror and his hair was white as ash.

He opened his mouth in amazement on seeing Meliora, and revealed the horrifying fact that he had no tongue. A formless, gurgling cry came from his throat as he stood aside to let them pass.

"This is Andre," said the King. "As a child he was a victim of a pogrom. His ears were pierced with hot needles and his tongue . . . but you saw for yourself. He can neither speak, hear, read nor write—but he understands."

He motioned with his hand and the boy went ahead and drew back a heavy portiere. The King and Meliora entered a room with windows that looked down upon the lighted city of Lemno.

The King pointed at a door.

"Go in and look, but avoid waking her. Show no surprise. You will see yourself lying asleep."

There was a light in the bedroom, for the Princess Heloise had a childish fear of the dark. A hard-faced woman sat at the foot of the bed, and she rose with a stifled gasp as Meliora came in.

Meliora went forward on tiptoe and looked down at her half-sister, who lay asleep. It was hard to remain silent, for the likeness between them was amazing. Save that the face of Heloise was innocent of any lines of thought, the one could have passed for the other in any company.

As Meliora watched, Heloise moistened her lips with a small clucking sound, sighed and snuggled deeper among the pillows. A little rag doll bore her company in bed.

There were tears in Meliora's eyes when she rejoined the King in the outer room. She asked if there was any hope.

"None, my dear."

"It was like looking at myself," she said.

"The will of God, Meliora. One of His miracles to save Morosco from ruin."

"Why do you say 'to save Morosco from ruin'?"

"We are threatened with danger from the north. Through you that danger will be averted."

"But that's absurd."

"Do you question God's will?"

Once more the sensation came over Meliora that the King was over-acting his part.

The pompous way he spoke made humbug of his words. Then the King played a clever card. He pointed to where Andre stood mute in the corner of the room.

"Look at that boy. As a child of six he and his mother were captured by the Turks. The woman died of a hundred bayonet wounds, but they were merciful and did not kill the boy. They tore out his tongue and pierced his ears with needles."

"If Morosco were invaded from the north, in every town and village, women and children would suffer as they suffered. Do you love the truth so well that rather than tell a lie your conscience would stand for that?"

Meliora was silent then.

"I must think."

The King went to the door of the bedroom and repeated a name.

"Lyra Rutile."

The woman approached.

"The Princess Heloise will spend the night here," he said with a gesture towards Meliora.

Lyra looked confused.

"But, your Majesty—" she began.

"Quiet! The girl Meliora, who is asleep, will leave Morosco to-morrow. Do you understand?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

Then he turned to Meliora.

"I am not afraid to leave you with your conscience. But, remember, from those born to great responsibility Heaven demands complete unselfishness."

He walked from the room to seek Colmar and give orders for Remartin to be removed.

It was nearly midnight when the two gentlemen, appointed to act as Rupert's seconds, presented themselves at the villa. He was glad of their company, for the sensation of being boxed up with no power to act was unbearable.

In one of the gentlemen Rupert had the pleasure of recognising young Count Maldivano, the secretary who had shown him some courtesy when he visited the palace in the morning. By his sober air it was clear that he regretted the circumstances which had brought them together again.

The other gentleman was a stout and clumsy fellow with whose services, had he been a free agent, Rupert would gladly have dispensed. He appeared both stupid and insensitive, which may have been the reason why he was chosen.

However, Rupert was confident he would be well served by the Count, who lost no time in coming to the point.

"Yours is the choice of weapons, as the affronted party," he said.

"Swords," said Rupert.

The Count shrugged his shoulders.

"It is fair to warn you that Captain Colmar is an accomplished swordsman and, between ourselves, quite without mercy."

Rupert grinned. But the Count shook his head rather sadly.

"I have brought some fells in case you wished to supple your wrist before the meeting."

Rupert shook his head.

"I shall be all right."

"Well, then, Monsieur Deniston, we will have the honour of calling for you at nine o'clock in the morning."

Rupert accompanied them to the door and the sentry passed them out.

With their departure Rupert drew up a chair to a table and, taking his head in his hands, tried to find a solution for what had taken place at the villa that night.

There were two problems which completely baffled him. The first was the doctor's astonished ejaculations as he came from Meliora's room, and the second the amazement into which her sudden appearance had thrown the King and Captain Colmar.

That the emotions Meliora had aroused in Stephan, Colmar and Remartin sprang from the same source Rupert had little doubt, but what caused them he could not pretend to understand. He asked himself why the King so urgently demanded the names of any persons who had seen Meliora since her arrival in Morosco.

An uneasy sensation came over him as he recalled the look in the King's eyes when the doctor's name had been spoken. Indirectly he had betrayed a confidence and was in duty bound to put Remartin on his guard.

Opening a window at the back he looked out. The night was dark and starless and rain had begun to fall. Twenty feet to the right of the villa was a Lebanon cedar with a branch spread out across the gorge.

In the room above, which had been Meliora's, was a balcony with iron rails. On the left and equidistant between himself and the cedar tree, was the window of the dining-room, with a similar, somewhat larger, balcony.

With a rope hung from the railings above and its free end cast on to the dining-room balcony, he saw that it would be an easy task to swing across to the branch of the cedar.

After that there would be no difficulty in escaping unseen from the garden while the sentry's back was turned.

With Meliora gone and himself a prisoner, an unobtrusive method of leaving the villa was most desirable.

The cords used to lash the luggage to the boot of the carriage that had brought them to Morosco were in the pantry and were more than strong enough to support his weight.

Taking the coil over his shoulder, Rupert mounted to the room above and knotted it to the rails. But it was some time before he succeeded in dropping the other end on to the balcony below on account of the weight of the sag, which drew it away and left it dangling over the gorge.

However, he succeeded at the fourth attempt and descended the stairs very well pleased with his success.

As he collected a hat and his sword-stick from the hall he heard the sentries conversing outside the front door.

They were startled when he threw open the door and roughly commanded them to make less noise, as he intended going to sleep. They were muttering sulkily, as he shut the door and darted for the dining-room.

The swing across called for little agility and it was only the idea of the thing that was unpleasant.

Swiftly as possible, he knotted the rope beneath his arms, leaned back to take up the slack and launched himself. He was

astride the branch of the cedar a second later. The voices of the sentries were faintly audible as he made the rope fast for the return journey and dropped to the grass.

He knew where to find the doctor's apartment, having passed the house on his return from the Palace, and being impressed by the oddity of its name, "Les Petits Champs." The house was a big barrack of a place, standing like a monolith in its own grounds.

There were no lights in the front windows, and at the back of the house Rupert stumbled over a ladder, thrown carelessly to the ground. Looking up, he saw that a window on the first floor had been smashed.

Attaching no significance to the fact, he returned to the front entrance and rang the bell. A moment later the door eased itself open an inch or two in that half-hearted fashion doors display when operated by a cordon.

In the passage, by the dim light of a tallow candle, he made out the recumbent figure of the concierge. The man lay with his face to the wall, making clucking noises with his tongue, significant of a man having been rudely awakened from slumber.

"Monsieur Remartin?" Rupert demanded.

"First door, first floor. Take the light, if you want one." The concierge did not trouble to turn as he addressed the visitor.

Rupert took the candle and mounted the stairs. The door of the apartment was unlocked and he found himself in a conventional sitting-room, with the bedroom door beyond. On a table by the window were the remnants of a meal and a spirit stand with a copper pot for making coffee.

A thin wisp of steam denoted that its contents were still warm. Alongside an empty plate was an inkpot, a pen and a writing pad, from which some sheets had been carelessly torn, leaving jagged edges.

The impression given was that the writer had been dissatisfied with what he had written and had ripped off the pages in haste or irritation. The habit of curiosity persuaded Rupert to look for the crumpled pages, but there was no sign of them either on the floor or in the basket beneath the table.

Rupert went to the second door and listened. No sound came from within, and he assumed that the doctor must be asleep. Gently to avoid rousing him with a start, he rapped on the panel. There was no reply. He knocked again, turned the handle, and walked in.

The sight that met his eyes was made more dreadful by the uncertain light of the candle. Doctor Remartin lay half in and half out of bed.

One hand trailed on the floor, his head was thrown back and his stiff, grizzled beard pointed at the ceiling as though accusing the gods of justice.

Over his left temple was a great wound, black and clotted, and there was a black pool on the floor beneath it. Whatever the instrument was that had struck him must have brought swift death.

All this Rupert saw in less time than it takes a man to fill his lungs and empty them with a gasp. He turned his head in horror. The room had been ransacked; clothing and papers littered the floor, a leather wallet had been ripped to bits and the money taken.

The breast buttonhole of the doctor's shirt had been rudely torn when the murderers snatched away the solitary stud which he wore there. The sleeve links also were gone.

A breeze from the broken window made the candle flicker, and to prevent it being blown out Rupert shaded the flame with his hand. His palm must have acted as a reflector, for until then he had failed to observe the most hideous detail of all.

A little finger, severed at the lowest joint, was lying upon the disordered dressing

table. It was the finger upon which Remartin had worn his signet ring, and it pointed the motive of the crime more clearly than anything else could have done. He had been killed for gain.

CHAPTER 10.

RUPERT backed into the other room, shut the door, put down the candle and began to think. From the ghastly testimony of that severed finger he tried to persuade himself to believe that Remartin had been done to death for the sake of his money and valuables.

He would have given much to believe that, but he could not. The motive was too plainly written in the dispositions left by the murderer. It was overwritten and underlined.

It was as if whoever issued the order had insisted that there must be no mistake; that the evidence must point in one direction and one only.

Sweat was running from Rupert's forehead as he fumbled for a chair and sat down. And once again he saw the expression on the King's face as he repeated the name "Remartin." Rupert was certain then that, by a thoughtless admission, Fanny had signed a death warrant.

There must have been something the doctor had known or found out—a secret they could not trust him to keep on this side of the grave.

And then Rupert recalled with what relish the King had received the news that he and Colmar were to fight a duel. Was he, too, suspected of sharing that knowledge?

"Excellent!" the King had remarked. No doubt he foresaw as a result of the affair the removal of an unwelcome witness from the imbroglio in which circumstances had placed him.

Any hope of getting out of the mess and redeeming the mistake he had made in bringing Mellora to Morosco depended on thinking fast and clearly. It was not enough to return to the villa by the way he had left it and to trust to the morrow to find a solution to their difficulties.

Something must be done at once, and searching for an inspiration, his eyes lighted on the writing pad.

The window curtains were drawn, and there was no danger of the light being seen from the street. Rupert seated himself at the table and wrote, as far as he knew and understood it, a statement of all that had happened since their arrival in Morosco.

It culminated in a description of the doctor's death and a request, in the event of no telegram being received from him within a week of the arrival of this letter, that it should be put into the hands of the Foreign Office, with a demand that they should exercise their powers on behalf of Mellora and her mother.

He addressed the letter to the Duke of York, and enclosed it, sealed, in a covering letter to the British Consul at Lemno. In this he asked the Consul to keep the letter in his safe and dispatch it to England with his own correspondence should he fail to ask for its return within seven days.

Then Rupert picked up the candle and went out.

The concierge was asleep and did not stir as Rupert put the candle on the table and went out. He had no fear that the doctor's murder would be attached to him, for in mounting a guard on the villa the King himself had supplied him with a perfect alibi.

In the Place Voltaire he found a policeman and asked to be directed to the British Consulate as he had an important letter to deliver.

The policeman pointed across the square. "In that case you might do worse than leave it in that house yonder, for 't is the Consulate."

Rupert thanked him, and after satisfying himself that the information was cor-

rect, dropped the letter in the slot.

The grey promise of dawn was in the sky as he crept through the hotel garden, climbed the cedar and swung across to the balcony.

Then he tiptoed upstairs, freed the rope from the railings, and threw himself on to Mellora's unused bed to await the coming of the day.

Rupert must have drowsed a little, for he did not hear Fanny go down the stairs, and his first knowledge that she was awake was the sound of her voice calling his name from below.

She was quite startled when he appeared at the door of Mellora's room.

"Gracious! there you are!" she said. "I peeped into your room and got quite a turn when I saw the bed hadn't been slept in. I've been making some coffee. Come and drink it."

Rupert was touched that she should have buckled to in such a fashion.

"That was good of you, Fanny."

"Oh, well! Made something to do, and as everything was upside down I thought I might as well. My word, though, aren't you in a pickle?"

Unbrushed, unshaved and in garments he had worn for twenty-four hours, he did not look his best.

"Have to spruce yourself up a bit if you're going fighting duels or what not," said Fanny.

It struck Rupert as rather callous that she accepted the coming encounter so placidly. He had forgotten that men had been squabbling about her for the best part of half a century.

"Never do, going out like that," she added. He assured her that he had no intention of doing so.

Rupert did not find it easy to take part in generalities at a time like that, so he leaned across the table and put a hand on one of hers.

"Fanny, what do you make of it all?"

She hated a direct question, and her head went from side to side.

"Oh, how should I know, Ru? I make nothing of it. But they won't harm Mellora. She's all right, whatever may happen to us."

"Then why did they take her away?"

"Must have wanted her for something."

"For what?"

"I don't know. Stephan's crazy—always was."

Rupert started. Was it for that that Remartin had come to Morosco?

"Oh, not really mad—but impulsive. You never knew with him what he'd be up to next. Why, the night before he chucked me out, he vowed that nothing on earth would separate us. And I can tell you, that didn't go very well with me either."

"During the talk you had with him last night, when you were alone together, was anything said of importance?"

Fanny wriggled her shoulders.

"There was one thing! Yes. It's all right about the money."

"What money?"

"The money for me, of course. He said he would arrange for it to be sent through a firm of solicitors in London."

Rupert looked at her sharply, for the news surprised him. Not that she had accepted what a few hours before she had declared so resolutely she would refuse, but because it suggested that the King planned no harm against her.

He spoke his thought aloud, but Fanny shook her head. Her wits had worked faster than his.

"That won't wash, Ru. He made that promise before he saw Mellora. Heaven knows what he's likely to do now."

"But he wouldn't risk doing anything to—to you?"

"I wouldn't bet on it," said Fanny and smiled.

Mellora had been right. Fanny's indifference in face of danger was amazing. There was admiration in Rupert's voice when he said:

anced nicely in the hand, and he did not doubt that he would be able to use it with dexterity.

Colmar was removing his regimental tunic, and, taking the cue from him, Rupert stripped to the shirt.

They bowed and took up their positions. Rupert guessed that it would not be a gentlemanly fight, and that Captain Colmar had received from a higher authority, orders to make no doubt about the issue. It was to be a real fight for life.

From the word of command to proceed he was lunging at Rupert with a speed and frenzy that no man could have sustained for more than a few minutes. But it was not that that troubled Rupert.

His eyes were keen, his wrists were supple, and speed could be met with speed. Lunge after lunge he parried, nor found the task much harder to accomplish than when he had defended himself against the attack of the *Maitre d'Armes* at Dieppe.

What troubled him was the manner in which Colmar's thrusts were delivered lower and lower, thus forcing down his guard almost to the ground. For what would it serve Colmar to pink him in the thigh or the shin, even if he succeeded in doing so?

Fencing is as much an affair of the brain as of the hand, and Rupert's brain supplied a solution to the problem just one instant before it would have been too late to be of service. He recalled the boasting words that had preceded Colmar's challenge.

"The last man who addressed me in that tone is now blinded in both eyes and walks upon crutches."

The captain meant to resort to an *imbrocata* at the head, the swift-darting figure-eight cut that leaves a man's eyes upon his cheekbones and the world black before him.

With a certitude of what was coming, Rupert leapt back in the nick of time. As he did so he felt the wind of the blade flicker across his face. The *imbrocata* had failed and left Colmar's body open to the point.

In that moment Rupert could have run him through wherever he chose. He never knew whether it was mercy, cynicism, or the will to prove that he had understood the second part of the threat as well as the first that caused him instead to resort to the *Coup de Jarnac*, that severs the tendon of a man's leg an inch below the knee-cap.

Colmar crumpled at his feet like a shot duck and covered his face with his hands.

"I'll spare your eyes, Captain," said Rupert, "but the crutches are yours for the using."

Driving the point of his sword into the earth he left it swinging and went to where he had thrown his coat on the wall of the esplanade.

Rupert was joined a few moments later by Maldinavo, who had formed one of the group round the fallen man. It was evident from his manner that he was sorely perplexed what line of action to take.

He had not believed there was a chance of the young man emerging from the affair alive or with a whole skin. Indecision was written in every line of his face, and his forefinger wandered to and fro across his closed mouth in a gesture of indecision.

"I beg you to be serious, Mr. Deniston, and to realise that I find myself in a situation of great embarrassment. I will not disguise the fact that I have no idea what I am supposed to do with you."

"Haven't you better go and find out?" said Rupert. "I am sure that his Majesty will enlighten you. He has already proved to my satisfaction that he possesses a natural gift for entertaining foreign visitors."

Maldinavo looked him up and down with increasing bewilderment. At last:

"I am inclined to accept your suggestion, monsieur. If you will be good enough to wait here I will return as quickly as possible."

"I shan't run away," said Rupert, and joined the group that surrounded Colmar.

The attending doctor, an ape-like individual with a shock of curly hair, and a beard to match, had already bandaged the injured knee, and was awaiting the arrival of a stretcher for the removal of his patient. As Rupert approached he favored him with a glare of inimitable ferocity.

"You're a nice one to administer a wound like that," he grunted. "Expecting me to deal with a severed tendon at a moment's notice!"

"You are better acquainted with treatment of optical troubles, perhaps?" Rupert replied.

He had not expected Colmar to laugh at that, but laugh he did, breaking off a rumble of oaths to do so.

"How the devil did you know what was coming to you?" he demanded.

"You explained your intentions last night."

"You are right. I talk too much," he admitted, and leaned forward to nurse his knee. "Ah! plague the thing. Where did you learn the *Coup de Jarnac*? I'll say this: you applied it like a master, and if this accursed knee wasn't going to keep me on my back for six months, I'd be glad of the chance to settle the score."

"Nothing I would like better," said Rupert, and took a shot in the dark. "Let's make the appointment now and, when you are well enough, you shall borrow a flight of steps and come to my room by night and wake me with a hammer."

His words were Greek to the rest of the company, but Colmar understood. His jaw dropped and he clinched as though he had been struck in the face.

"What kind of talk is that?" he blustered.

"You dirty thug!" said Rupert, and turned his back to find Maldinavo approaching from the entrance to the palace.

"His Majesty will see you," he said.

CHAPTER 11

As Rupert accompanied the Count, sensations of sickness and disgust ran through him. It was not until they reached the King's chamber that he realised the weapon that had been placed in his hands.

Skilfully used, it was one with which he would be able to force the King to sign a safe conduct for the three of them from Morosco.

The King was alone, and, bidding Maldinavo to withdraw he came towards Rupert with a faint smile pulling at the corner of his mouth.

"You will forgive me for not receiving you in the Audience Chamber, Mr. Deniston, but, unhappily, its windows do not face the esplanade, and I have not yet outgrown a boyish interest in a fight. Well done! You surpassed yourself. I had not anticipated that you would prove such an able exponent of the fence."

His mood was amiable and even ingratiating, and it seemed to Rupert that it would be foolish wilfully to offend him. Accordingly he bowed and murmured a few words of thanks.

"Having emerged so successfully from this affair," the King continued, "the moment is opportune to consider your future plans."

"Sir, you take the words from my mouth." "Just so. To-morrow we are expecting an informal visit from a person of importance. In the circumstances, you will realise that we shall have little leisure to extend to—other visitors the hospitality we should wish them to enjoy."

"With no desire to hasten your departure, we cannot but feel that arrangements should be made to convey you and your party to the frontier to-day."

Rupert could hardly believe his ears, but he managed to conceal his astonishment at the news.

"We have already communicated by telegram with our agents in London, and are confident that the Comtesse de Sanspres

will have no occasion to criticise our generosity."

He dropped the royal plural and went on as one man talking to another.

"I ask you to forget what took place at our meeting yesterday. No one regrets more than I. In extenuation I would beg you to believe that I was imperfectly acquainted with the very distressing circumstances of the case. Indeed, it was not until last night that I realised their tragic nature."

He raised his shoulders fatalistically. His hand described a hopeless gesture, and he turned his back as a man might do in face of a sorrow too deep for words.

"If you are talking about Meliora, sir, perhaps you'd say what you mean?"

But the King did not reply. He looked at Rupert for what seemed an eternity.

"Mr. Deniston, through that window this morning, I had evidence of your courage. It is my unwelcome duty to put it to a further proof. I will ask you to accompany me."

He opened a door in the panelling and exhibited a long, narrow passage, penetrating into shadows. At the further end was another door which the King unlocked.

Beyond was a small stone hallway, where a sentry stood on guard at the foot of a spiral staircase. He presented arms as the King and Rupert started the ascent.

The massive door on the landing above was open, and at the sound of their approaching footsteps the boy Andre came out to meet them.

"Who is this?" said Rupert.

"A deaf mute."

As on the night before, the King motioned with his hand and the boy went forward and drew back the heavy curtain. From where they stood, Rupert could not see into the room beyond, and, as he made to enter, the King's hand closed with a warning pressure on his arm.

"I am relying upon your manhood to betray no surprise," he said. "The change took place last night with a suddenness truly appalling. I would not wish my worst enemy the agony of witnessing it. Come, let us go in."

It was a large apartment, and he thought at first that no one was in it besides themselves. Proof that he was mistaken came from a fountain of torn pages from a book, thrown up from behind the back of a great chair.

The hand that tossed them was hidden from view, but he saw above the chair back a mass of bright, brown hair with coppery lights.

A few paces brought him into the window recess, which the chair faced.

"Meliora!" he said.

Meliora was wearing the dress she had worn overnight and was sitting strangely upright, with her eyes fixed on a book that lay in her lap. She did not raise them as Rupert spoke, but went on patiently tearing out more pages and laying them aside.

"Meliora!" he repeated, and there was stark horror in his voice.

"Such a snowstorm there'll be," she promised. "You wait!"

The plucking ceased. Her hands pounced on the collected pages and ripped them across and across.

"Up and away!"

Once more the air was filled with fluttering bits of paper. Then she lifted her head, looked at Rupert and laughed.

It would not profit to describe his emotions as he looked into that lovely, witless face. Pain, grief and the torments of a broken heart are not softened by advertisement. They are best locked away in a man's inner consciousness.

A surge of resentment ran through him when he recalled the tones of the King's voice as he had spoken of this tragedy. It was an insult to parenthood to have given to an academic grief such lying emphasis.

Meanwhile the King stood behind the girl's chair in a posture of extreme melancholy. It may have been unjust of Rupert

to believe that, under this mantle of woe, the King was nursing a cynical satisfaction in the knowledge of what he must be suffering, but the belief determined him to betray his feelings as little as possible.

Advancing towards the chair Rupert held out a hand to her. For a while she eyed it with suspicion, then, as a child might do, dabbed at it with a forefinger and laughed foolishly.

He had an instinctive knowledge that she was doubtful whether it was safe to accept the friendship of a stranger, for it was as a stranger that she regarded him. Then she looked up at the boy Andre, as though seeking his advice.

He nodded, and, reassured, she seized Rupert's thumb and held it captive. He spoke a few words to her in English, but she did not seem to understand, and he tried again, this time in French.

"Would you like me to take you back to England?"

"Yes," she said.

"You'll enjoy going over the mountains again, won't you? You remember the mountains and the free plains the other side?"

"What fun—what fun!"

A parrot might have spoken the words. "It would be better not to excite her," said the King, and came forward.

As he approached a terrible change came over the girl's features. The childlike contentment died out of her eyes. The look of vacancy vanished. Her pretty mouth curled into a snarl and she shrank back into the chair, fending and clawing with her hands. She looked like a wounded leopardess, full of horror and of hatred.

Rupert swung round on the King and ordered him back.

"You address me?"

"You are not in your Court now. This is my affair, not yours. Get back!"

"In the presence of one of my servants?"

"A deaf mute."

"But he understands."

If it were true, and the boy really understood, Rupert had no need to look twice to realise that Andre was on his side and not the King's. He had the skill to read men's lips, perhaps.

"Get back!" Rupert repeated.

The King shrugged his shoulders and moved towards the door.

"I make allowance for a lover's pangs," he said. "You had best take her to the villa now. A carriage is waiting below."

She seems to have taken to Andre. He can go with you. An escort will be provided to take you to the frontier."

He passed through the curtains and stood waiting in the hall. Then Rupert turned to the girl and asked if she was ready to come with him.

"For my drive?" she asked.

Andre rang a bell, and the woman Lyra Butyle appeared carrying a cloak and the veil Rupert had bought at the frontier. The girl did not want to wear the veil, but the woman made her.

"Do as you're told, lovey," she insisted.

The word sounded strange in her mouth, for Lyra was large and raw-boned and had a face that was chipped out of flint. Rupert resented the way she nodded at him as she knotted the veil under the girl's chin.

"She'll be all right now."

There was an air of competent authority about her which was hard to stomach. It tortured Rupert to realise that Meliora's mind had been overthrown and was now to be controlled by a creature like that.

He offered his hand.

"If you are ready, shall we go?"

He had not taken seriously the King's remark that Andre should accompany them, and he was surprised to see the boy with a hat in his hand and a coat over his arm.

Then they went from the room and down the spiral stairs to where the carriage, with lowered blinds, waited in the courtyard.

The King alone stood at the door to watch them drive away.

The sentry before the villa allowed them to pass without curiosity.

In the hall Rupert laid a finger to his lips and pointed at the doorway of Meliora's room on the landing above. Andre nodded, and, taking the girl's arm, led her upstairs. When the door had closed behind them Rupert entered the salon.

Fanny Potts was lying on the sofa with her mouth wide open and a procession of sounds issuing therefrom that might have been mistaken for a death rattle. Beside her was a bottle of Madeira and a glass. That she should have chosen this moment to collapse was intolerable to Rupert, so he roughly seized her shoulder and shook her into wakefulness.

Her eyes opened and she stared at him with dismayed sobriety.

"Oh, swallow a drop of brandy!" said he, and although her tone was rough the brandy was kind.

"Yes, that's an idea! Let's get drunk and throw ourselves into the gorge! What do you say?"

"Seems to me you must have had a deal to talk like that. What's wrong, anyway? Something to do with Meliora, I suppose? Wouldn't they let you see her?"

"Oh, yes, I saw her. Brought her back with me. We leave for the frontier this afternoon."

He raised his head and looked at her squarely.

"Fanny, do you love Meliora?"

There was something gallant about the frankness of her reply.

"I was never any good as a mother, that's what you mean. Love, as I see it, occurs between men and women. It's good pretending I ever understood the other kind."

"You may thank God for that," said he.

It was a bad start, and he did not feel much better with the rest of the story. But, although he failed in the telling, nothing could have surpassed the courage with which Fanny listened to it all. She and she rose from the sofa and, wadding to the window, looked out.

"Madness is such a dreadful thing," she said, as though speaking to herself. "Ugly, and nothing one can do." Her hands shut into fists. "I don't believe it, Rupert, don't believe it."

But he found little comfort in that said:

"During those years when you were away from her—was nothing ever said to suggest—"

"Not a word."

"It just came suddenly then, like a blight."

"I don't believe it, Ru. I can't see it going up."

It may sound absurd to say that he walked from the room with the carriage of a queen, but so it seemed to Rupert.

He heard her mount the stairs, the click of the lock above and a flurry of sensible laughter.

A minute later the door burst open and she staggered in.

"Cutting up bits of paper with the nail scissors," she said, slumped down at the table and reached for the bottle.

He did not try to prevent her.

But in face of the calamity that confronted them, drink would not bite and she pushed away her second glass with a gesture of disgust.

"No good soaking one's sorrows," she said. "If we are to leave this afternoon, we had better go on with the packing. Come and help, there's a good boy. I'll have less than sitting here thinking."

She laid a hand on Rupert's arm and coaxed him to his feet.

"You can't expect to go through life without a bit of trouble, y'know. Time has healed every wound I've ever had. And we're luckier than some. We haven't been knocked over the head like that poor little doctor was."

Rupert stared at her. Since the moment he had seen the poor mad girl at the Palace every other thought had died, but

Fanny's words inspired in him a sudden question to which there appeared to be no reasonable answer. Doctor Remartin was an alienist brought on Paris to deal with what he had described as the most delicate case in his career. What was that case? Who else the Court of Morosco lay under the shadow of insanity? These and a dozen other problems raced through his mind, spurred by a hope so fantastic that he dared not put it into words. He heard Fanny say:

"What is it now?"
But he did not wait to answer her. He went up the stairs as though the devil were after him, and halted breathless at Mellora's door. It cost him an effort to push lightly and not to plunge into the room, for eagerness makes animals of the best of us.

She was sitting on the window seat, much as she had sat that day at Dieppe when they met. Now, as then, her profile was towards him, and now, as then, she was playing idly with the string of the wind pull.

There was nothing in her face to contribute a letter to the word hope and, looking, he felt the wretchedness of despair rather round his heart again.

His eyes wandered from her face to the hand that plucked at the cord. It was a large hand for a woman—broad and short in the fingers. The nails, too, were bitten to the quick. It was not Mellora's hand.

Rupert could have gone down on his knees and thanked God in that moment of realization. He did not know how he stifled the sob of thankfulness in his throat. He shut his eyes and took a grip on himself.

When he opened them again, Andre was standing before him and, although Rupert had not spoken, his thoughts aloud, Andre read them and was afraid.

"Who is she?" Rupert asked in a whisper.

He had forgotten that the boy could not answer if he would.

"The Princess Heloise?"

As Rupert spoke the name, a wonderful look came into Andre's face. Almost imperceptibly, he nodded. He had no need of words to define his worship. It irradiated from him, like sparks from a knife-grinder's wheel.

To Andre at least, this poor, witless girl was a very princess. His ears were deaf to the nonsense of her talk and, in the barren silence of his soul, her words came to him with the music of violins and were fresh and sane as flowers.

In the brief moment they looked at one another, Rupert felt that Andre was willing to know the uttermost detail of his secret. He was aware, too, that Andre gave him in confidence.

And then a look came into his eyes of mingled fear and supplication. Perhaps he was afraid that Rupert would not fathom him, for he stretched out his arm and pointed urgently at the distant hills that were the frontiers of Morosco.

CHAPTER 12

DOWNSTAIRS he put his arms round Fanny and gave her a great hug and kissed her on both cheeks.

"Don't bother to pack, Fanny."

"In Heaven's name, why not?"

"Because we are staying here; that is, unless you promised the King to act as guardian to the Princess Heloise."

Her eyes nearly popped out of her head, they goggled so. Then, slowly, comprehension came into them, comprehension that burned into a sudden flame of anger.

"That devil!" she stormed. "That devil! Swopped them over, has he? Well, if he thinks I'm going to stand for that!"

"Steady, Fanny! We're not out of the wood yet."

And, as if to prove his words, a heavy knock sounded on the door of the villa.

A young and rather innocent-looking

lieutenant was on the step and behind him were half a dozen troopers.

"Yes?" demanded Rupert.

The lieutenant shuffled awkwardly.

"I have the honor," said he, "to command the escort that is to conduct you and some ladies to the frontier."

"It is an honor that you will have to postpone," said Rupert, with refreshing frankness.

"Yes, but seriously, Monsieur—"

"I am perfectly serious. The Comtesse de Sanspre is indisposed. It is doubtful whether she will be able to leave Lemno for some days."

Rupert did not think for a moment that the King would accept, without protest, their refusal to leave Morosco, and, as the afternoon quickened to dusk, he expected momentarily the return of the escort. But since no one came, nor was any message sent, he presumed that the King had decided it was politic to leave them to go in their own time.

Stephan knew Fanny's temper, and Rupert shrewdly guessed that he might be unwilling to arouse it unnecessarily. He did not believe that the King had any anxieties that the deception he had practised had been found out, and subsequent events proved him to be right.

He asked the corporal of the guard whether orders had been issued to prevent their leaving the villa.

"Why, no, Excellency. I was told that you were leaving."

"Then there is no objection to my coming and going at will?"

"None that I know of, Excellency. Fresh instructions may be issued with the rations. It might be best for me if you stayed at home, but as to preventing you if you have other plans—"

"I shall stay in to-night," Rupert replied, "and go to the Palace in the morning. If it would ease your mind, one of your fellows may accompany me."

"Likely enough, we shall be drawn off before then to line the streets."

"Why?"

"His Highness Prince Ethlyn arrives at the Palace at noon."

This was news to Rupert.

"Ethlyn of Therrania?"

The corporal nodded.

"He is to be affianced to Princess Heloise."

Those words disclosed much that had been a mystery to Rupert. His first inclination was to go at once to the Palace and demand an interview with the King or Mellora. That he prevented himself was because he recalled Mellora's words: "I haven't stopped your duel—don't interfere with mine."

In Mellora's character was no trace of her mother's lethargy. She was the last girl alive to rely upon anybody but herself in a crisis. Rupert knew instinctively that this was so; and as a lover he drew little consolation from the knowledge.

It is poor comfort to realise that a loved one may be so well equipped as to stand alone. Courage in women is an epic quality, which inspires admiration rather than delight in a man.

Rupert would have been glad to feel at that moment that Mellora was stretching out her hands to him and calling for aid; but he knew her too well to deceive himself about it.

He turned into the villa and closed the door.

From the room which had been Mellora's came a chatter of talk from Fanny and the bird-like laughter of Heloise. Plenty of fun was going on there and, since he had no liking for his own company, he went upstairs to join them.

An unusual spectacle greeted him as he opened the door. Fanny, Andre and Heloise were on all-fours, crawling between bits of furniture in a game of follow-my-leader.

Fanny was the leader, and a very uncertain one at that for she displayed a tendency to try and push her bulk into narrow spaces that would not let her through. And

whenever and wherever she stuck, the little princess clapped her hands and crowed approval.

Fanny's face was purple from this unfamiliar exercise, and perspiration beaded through the crust of paint and powder on her cheeks. She would probably have collapsed, if Rupert's arrival had not put a stop to the game.

Heloise edged up to sit alongside and, taking one of Fanny's hands, fondled it and held it to her cheek.

It was the first time Rupert had seen Fanny blush and it must have been a considerable blush to have added to her already heightened color. Her eyes, meeting his, looked almost guilty.

"Y'know, Ru, she's a dear little thing. Aren't you, lovey?" and she gave the girl a squeeze. "Honestly, I don't know when I've taken to anyone like I've taken to her."

She had spoken in English, but she changed into her funny, choppy French.

"No, no more games to-night! It's high time you were tucked up in bed. Plenty of fun to-morrow we'll have!"

"Fanny, you're a grand woman," said Rupert.

"Me? Rubbish! We get on fine together. Y'know, I was wondering, Ru, whether I wouldn't do better to tuck in with her to-night. It's a big bed and, being strange to the place, she might feel a bit—you know. Look! Andre! You pop along and get my night things!"

Andre darted off on the errand. It was uncanny how he understood. A few minutes later when he and Rupert were descending the stairs, Rupert made the discovery that his understanding was limited to the service of Heloise.

Rupert touched his arm and asked if he wanted a drink, but the words meant nothing to Andre. Yet when he said that Fanny seemed happy and at ease with the girl, Andre nodded and made a gesture of reverence that words could not describe.

Rupert doubted whether any of the men who had loved Fanny Potts, in the heyday of her beauty, had ever expressed their admiration so eloquently.

Next morning, while Rupert was eating the solitary breakfast which had been sent across from the hotel, the same young officer who had called the day before presented himself.

He informed Rupert that the King was most grieved to hear of the Comtesse's indisposition and trusted that she would soon be well enough to travel. As a precaution against infection, he had issued orders that no one should leave the villa, with the exception of Rupert, whom the King desired to see at the palace at three o'clock.

"When I shall have the pleasure of accompanying you," the lieutenant concluded.

"Is there anything to prevent your accompanying me this morning?" Rupert asked. "I have a fancy to see Prince Ethlyn ride by."

The lieutenant looked sidelong, to satisfy himself as to Rupert's bona fides.

"You would give me your parole to make no attempt to—er—escape?"

"Willingly."

"And you will understand why, if I keep you covered with a pistol in the pocket of my great-coat?"

"I shall understand."

"In that case," said he, with unexpected frankness, "you are better informed than I am, for I haven't a notion why I must treat you so."

"Have some coffee and don't bother your head about that," said Rupert.

The lieutenant declined the invitation and left with a promise to return a little before noon.

Fanny appeared shortly after he had gone. Usually she was torpid during the early hours of the day, but on this occasion she appeared to be in fine fettle.

"I've been thinking things over, Ru," she said.

He must have shown surprise, for she went on—

"I know it isn't like me, but I have, and there it is."

He asked what were the results.

"Well, it seems to me there is nothing else to wait for here, and we might as well be getting back to England. No, don't interrupt. I know what's on your mind—Meliora."

"Were you thinking of leaving her behind?"

"What else can we do? Besides, it's hardly fair to do anything else."

"Fair?"

"Yes. It's plain that Stephan means to do right by her and make her a real princess. Who else could give her a chance like that?"

Rupert was amazed.

"Fanny, have you no morality of any kind?"

"What are you talking about? I wouldn't be doing my duty as a mother if I was to stand in the way of her opportunities."

"And what are those opportunities?" he demanded. "To pretend to be what she is not! To become betrothed to a prince as a result of acting a lie!"

Fanny slapped her hands at him.

"Never was a man yet who didn't think his love was worth more than ten thousand a year, a town house and a place in the country. And so it may be for a little while, but not when the novelty wears off, and the woman begins to wonder whether she might not have done better for herself."

Rupert nodded slowly.

"That may be true, Fanny," he said, "but don't blame me if I prefer to discover the truth for myself."

"You'd save yourself time and heart-burnings by taking it from me."

"Would you have been happier if you had listened to the gipsy's warning and sat at home stitching a sampler?"

Fanny's eyes twinkled.

"I've had fun, I know."

"Just so," said Rupert, "and I mean to have fun, too, and damn the consequences."

"Not here, you won't," said Fanny. "I feel it in my bones. And let me tell you this, if Stephan suspects that we've found out that this girl isn't Meliora, it's all up with the lot of us."

"Not quite, Fanny."

And he told her about the letter he had left at the Consulate.

"Um! That was clever of you, and I don't suppose he would want to get himself into a pickle with England or France. Still, I'd be easier in my mind if we were out of the place, and that boy Andre feels the same."

"Then you are ready to take Heloise with you?"

"Well, of course I am."

"And to leave Meliora behind?"

"That's different. Meliora can look after herself and that poor baby can't. I know, it sort of appeals to me to have someone so—so dependent. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for that poor scrap. Now, where's that ball of rainbow wool? Here it is."

Tossing and catching it, she hurried from the room.

CHAPTER 13.

THE young lieutenant resented himself a few minutes before the hour. The streets were lined by soldiers and members of the Civil Guard, and thronged with townfolk in their Sunday best.

The young lieutenant explained that the Prince's visit was to have been treated informally. The determination to make a ceremonial of the affair had only been decided late last night.

This news gave Rupert a sensation of uneasiness, and he asked what accounted for the plans having been changed.

"There is a rumor in the city that it has to do with the health of the Princess."

"What's that?" Rupert demanded, sharply.

"One can never put much faith in a

rumor, but it was current opinion that Her Highness would not be well enough to meet the Prince."

"Is there any reason to suppose that her health has improved?"

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders.

"Who can say? I can find no other explanation for all this show."

Thanks to the uniform of Rupert's companion they had no difficulty in securing a place in the front rank. Rupert had not expected the lieutenant to reveal such Prussian characteristics and was embarrassed at the way he dispossessed a couple of middle-aged civilians who had been waiting since early morning to see the procession.

"We could not find a better place," said the lieutenant, "for this is the spot where the Prince and his suite will meet the royal party."

He had more to say, but his talk was drowned by drums and the blaring of trumpets. Then a band began to play and above its music the clocks of Lemno struck noon. From down the street came the clatter of horses' hoofs and Prince Ethlyn and his suite rode into the square.

He reined in his horse a few yards from where Rupert stood and was revealed as a young man in the flower of youth. His shoulders were broad and his hips narrow.

He wore a uniform of white and gold with a helmet of brass and white cock's feathers. His thigh boots were of polished black leather, as also were his gauntlets.

There was about him and his suite and the entire setting a strong flavor of a Lubitsch film production. Instinctively Rupert cast Maurice Chevalier for the role of the prince, but although Ethlyn bore himself with a similar air of arrogant self-confidence, his expression in no way reflected the intangible gaiety of the film star.

Rupert was near enough to study his features closely and to mark the sensuous mouth, the lazy Slavonic eyes, and the expression of unsmiling boredom with which he accepted the tributes of the crowd.

Nor did his expression belie his feelings, for Prince Ethlyn of Therrania was angry and bored by the entire business. Neither marriage nor politics had any attraction for him.

His heart, if he possessed one, was dedicated to the business of soldiering, and it would have given him much more satisfaction to enter Morosco at the head of an invading army than as a suitor.

This point of view he had represented on many occasions to his father; but the King of Therrania, with one eye on the abortive activities of the League of Nations and the other on the exchequer, had pointed out that war, as practised by the smaller principalities, had become distressingly unpopular.

There had been a stormy scene between the King and the Prince on the eve of his departure for Morosco, in which Ethlyn had declared that if the girl Heloise did not come up to scratch he would see his father damned before he would marry her.

The King replied by reminding him that a prince has a duty towards his subjects, beside which personal ambitions carry no weight.

"But why must I be sacrificed for the pleasure of the people?"

"With your motor-cars and mistresses you have already sacrificed so many people to your own pleasure that it is time you did something for them by way of a return."

"If rumor can be trusted," rejoined Ethlyn, sulkily, "the girl is a half-wit."

"Rumor never can be trusted," said the King. "But if it is so, then you two ought to get along admirably."

"Well, I can promise you that she won't get much out of marrying me."

"Oh, I don't know," was the reply. "She will at least enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that you will be spending most of your evenings elsewhere."

They left it at that.

It was five minutes after the hour when His Majesty King Stephan, in a carriage hedged with lancers, drove into the square. There was no cheering. But when a moment later, a second carriage, unescorted, appeared in which Meliora was seated a cry of welcome sprang from every throat.

It would have been impossible for any girl to have borne herself with better grace or composure. Like a very princess she sat pale and still, with the shadow of a smile at the corners of her mouth.

To the people of Lemno the Princess Heloise, seen thus in the full blaze of a public procession, was a revelation. She had been concealed from them for so long that, by many, she was regarded as an almost mythical person.

It was fine to see her in the perfection of girlhood, and to realize that her beauty might spell for them the beginning of a new era of economic prosperity.

It was hard to believe that such loveliness had been shut away behind the grey walls of the Western Tower, and they greeted her now with a warmth of enthusiasm that was boundless.

Her carriage drew up alongside the King's in the square. The massed bands played the Moroscon National Anthem, and Prince Ethlyn dismounted wearily from his horse and stood to attention.

Few National Anthems are of greater length or deeper melancholy than the Moroscon, and, while it pursued its endless course, Prince Ethlyn allowed his eyes to wander towards the girl he had come to meet.

And in that single glance the objections he had voiced to his Royal father vanished. Accustomed as he was to the oval, high-foreheaded, inbred faces of Central European princesses, he believed it hardly possible that fate had decreed that this exquisite girl should be the one to whom he was to be betrothed.

"With such a wife," he thought, "I could almost be a faithful husband."

The music ended. King Stephan handed Meliora from her carriage and, with her fingers resting upon his arm, approached the Prince.

"To our trusty and well-beloved Ethlyn of Therrania, greeting," intoned the King's Knight-at-Arms.

Then Stephan put out a hand.

"Ethlyn, you are very welcome."

Prince Ethlyn bowed so low over the Royal hand that his patent leather sword-belt snapped and his armaments fell upon the cobbles with a crash.

In the crowd, not ten paces away, Rupert laughed. The laugh was not a friendly one, for during the National Anthem he had watched the Prince's face and seen the avidity of his expression as he looked at Meliora.

Meliora heard and recognised the laugh, for her head flashed towards him for an instant, then turned away again. He saw her color rise and heard her catch her breath as the Prince kicked his sword aside and bowed to kiss her hand.

"Delicious—alluring!"

Rupert swung round on his companion.

"I'm getting out of this."

The young lieutenant gripped his arm.

"But that's impossible. A lese-majeste."

But Rupert did not care. The sight of Meliora accepting the addresses of the Prince in public was more than he could endure. He had not troubled to ask himself by what force or specious argument she had been induced to masquerade as the Princess.

Her presence was proof that she was ready to give countenance to a lie. Fanny was right, then, and opportunity ranks higher with a woman than love.

A man is seldom at his best when faced with the knowledge that he has lost what he desires most in the world. Rupert had no thought for the embarrassment of his companion as he towed him through the startled onlookers.

The young lieutenant's face was scarlet with annoyance when Rupert shook himself free at the doors of an estaminet in a side street.

"It was your wish to make a fool of me, you succeeded," said the Lieutenant. "You no respect for the Crown?"

"No," said Rupert.

"In that case, I shall make it my duty to you to respect its officers."

"Those words were spoken in so challenging a tone that their significance could not be understood."

Rupert looked at him and shook his head. "He was a fine young fellow, mettlesome and of good spirit."

"I have already fought one duel in the States," he said. "Don't condemn me to another. I behaved very badly and I'm sorry."

"You were so sincerely apologetic that the young man hesitated."

"I suppose it would be a frivolous matter to fight over, but if I consent to forget it, will you remember that I challenged you?"

Rupert nodded.

"The honors are entirely on your side."

"They certainly are, monsieur, for against an adversary who defeated Colmar, I don't have a dog's chance. Would it be my secret to ask why you refused to accept my challenge? I cannot believe you were deceived."

Rupert shook his head.

"No, I wasn't afraid. In my present mood there are few things I'd like better than a hard point in my throat."

"Come, monsieur, that is very silly talk! Let us enter this house and share a bottle of Tokay."

A few moments later he was lifting his glass in a toast.

To the betrothal of Princess Heloise and the Eublyns."

"By all means," said Rupert.

"In defiance of the King's orders, Lola Heloise caused herself to be presented to the Prince on his arrival at the palace. She added that he was enchanting and lost no time in countering that opinion to Meliora."

"If he wasn't reserved for you, cherie, I should be tempted to have a go for him myself."

"You are very welcome," said Meliora, smiling.

A little later the King detached himself from the dark-skinned members of Prince Eublyn's suite and joined them.

"Come, Mme. Varenne," he said, "there matters I wish to discuss with you. Let us give the young people a chance to enter their acquaintance."

"He spoke loud enough for all to hear. The room emptied and Meliora was alone with Eublyn."

"The Prince had a clearly-marked routine in dealing with affairs of the heart. The dialogue that went with it had been written for him by a young Viennese playwright whose acquaintance he had made on one of his excursions back stage."

His opening gambit:—

"Alone at last, thank God for that!"

"I did to give Meliora the thrill that was denied."

"She made him feel as if he had been guilty of an indiscretion."

"How lovely you are," said he, and quoted: "Fainter than queen or courtesan, or moon—water in the night!"

"Go on," said Meliora.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Tell me that my neck is like white molten, flushing for pleasure of the sun."

"But Eublyn only knew one line of that verse and the rest was meaningless to him. He frowned."

"I think you are making fun of me, Prince."

"I thought you were making fun of yourself."

"That is because you do not understand me," he said, and steered himself back into the scene. "Few people have understood me. My life, until now, has been like a black velvet screen—a night without stars. And then I saw you and everything was changed. In the centre of my darkness came a white light that almost blinded me."

"Was that how you came to drop your sword?" she asked.

It was impossible to forge fine phrases for a girl who deliberately turned poetry into commonplace. Eublyn was not accustomed to being interrupted in his love-making and with any other girl he would have lost his temper. But Meliora made an extraordinary appeal to him.

"Aren't you making it rather difficult for me?" he asked, sheepishly.

Meliora laughed.

"What sort of a man are you—in your own words?" she asked.

The Prince shrugged his shoulders.

"If you want the truth, I hate words," he replied. "Give me actions all the time."

"No," said Meliora.

He looked at her ruefully.

"I forget that you have lived a secluded life and know nothing of the world. You can't understand, I suppose, how a man wants to put his arms round you and kiss you?"

"I have read a great deal, Your Highness. A girl can learn much from books."

"Then perhaps you know that is how I feel about you."

"You have made up your mind about me very quickly," said Meliora.

"At once, and don't imagine that politics has anything to do with it. You wouldn't believe what a row I had with my father about this marriage of ours."

Prince Eublyn smiled at Meliora as he continued: "When I arrived in Lemno this morning I was in two minds about refusing even to discuss a betrothal. And then I saw you and..."

"It was as if a white light..." she broke in, laughing.

"Oh, dry up! I'm serious. I haven't knocked about Europe for ten years without knowing what I want when I see it."

"And you want me?"

"Yes. And I'll tell you something else. I'm the kind of man who gets what he wants in the long run."

Meliora was silent for a moment, then:

"And your feelings have nothing to do with the welfare of the two States?"

"Not a thing. No doubt our marriage and a treaty would be a first-rate move from an economic point of view. Morosco has wealth that has never been exploited. The two States could work jointly and peacefully together to their mutual profit."

"There is bound to be a bust-up sooner or later unless something of the kind is done. But what has that to do with me as a man?"

"Not a thing. And I tell you straight, if you hadn't been what you are my next visit to Morosco wouldn't have been as a bridegroom."

"What would it have been?"

"I'm a soldier," he replied.

A door opened and the royal party returned. Luncheon was announced. Meliora went in on the King's arm.

CHAPTER 14.

THE hard-faced woman, Lyra, whose duty it had been to attend upon Princess Heloise, grumbled discontentedly to herself as she tidied up the empty apartment.

She had made three attempts to leave the Palace, but had been prevented on each occasion by the sentry at the foot of the spiral staircase. And this after the King's overnight promise of a generous pension and a furnished flat at Zengies, by the northern frontier.

It was fine repayment for the services she had rendered to keep her cooped up like a prisoner. For fifteen years she had been the close companion of the Princess and never once had breathed a word to a soul about the reason why Heloise was kept in seclusion.

If ever a woman had earned a reward for fidelity she had. And now the Princess had been taken away and someone else was masquerading in her place.

Lyra Rutze was no fool, and the motive in making that change was clear to her as daylight. She paused in folding some garment to ask herself whether, perhaps,

she did not see it too clearly for her own well-being.

A sudden panic of fear and indignation possessed her, and dropping the folded garment she went to the door with the intention of tiptoeing downstairs to see if there was any chance of slipping past the sentry unnoticed.

As she opened the door her worst fears were realised. In the hallway stood four silent men. One of them held a pistol in his hand, which he levelled at her breast.

"Here, what do you want?" she said.

Another man came forward and put a hand over her mouth and cursed when she bit his finger to the bone. A cloak was thrown over her head and they carried her like a sack down the stairs.

A motor car, with lowered blinds, conveyed her from the city of Lemno.

After her first struggle Lyra made no effort to escape. She seemed to be accepting her fate with admirable fortitude, and it was not until they had reached the open country that she said:

"I can't breathe!"

She was quite helpless, for her hands were tied, but the man on the seat beside her removed the wrappings from her head.

There were three men in the car, including the driver. The latter wore a hard felt hat rather too large for him. He was a short man and his head came just above the back of the front seat.

Ahead the white road stretched up into hills.

"Where are you taking me? This isn't the road to Zengies."

There was no answer, but the man beside her moistened his lips as though he was uneasy about something.

Lyra had lived so long in company with a half-witted girl and a dumb boy that she had got out of the habit of relying solely upon words for enlightenment. Without being told she knew what the end of that journey was going to be. She was taking a journey from which there would be no return.

If she had entertained a thought of turning traitor and telling what she knew her feelings would not have reached the savage indignation into which this lack of trust flung them.

At base she was an absolutely reliable agent, than which no one in the world is more dangerous to double-cross. The knowledge that she was to be done away with to prevent her from disclosing facts that she never would have disclosed filled her with rage and robbed her of reason.

Her hands were tied, but her feet were free, and as the car took a hairpin bend on the hillside she slithered down in the seat, and, raising one leg, brought down her foot, with all the power she possessed, on the driver's hat. The result was completely to obscure his vision.

The man beside him grabbed at the wheel, but he was too late. The car swerved and, riding the bank, somersaulted down the slope beyond.

Lyra felt herself spinning like a teetotum. The top of the car was ripped off by a rock and a mass of twisted metal splintered woodwork and buckled wheels, it catapulted into a brook below.

Water flowing against her cheek brought Lyra back to consciousness. Trussed like a fowl, she had been unable to make an effort to save herself, which may be the reason why her injuries were slight. Save for a blow on the head, she had suffered little harm, but the man beside her was dead of a broken neck.

With difficulty she raised herself and cut the ropes that bound her wrists against the jagged edges of the window glass. A few feet away on the bank another man lay very still in a clownish posture. Then, above the trickling laughter of the brook, she heard a groan.

She climbed through the gaping top of the car and looked about her.

Pinned beneath the engine, so that he could not move, was the driver. His hat

was crushed over his eyes like a Jewish comedian. He lay in the brook, and, every instant, the water rose higher, for the car had formed a dam from one bank to the other. Already the stream flowed past his ears and was reaching the corners of his mouth.

It would have needed a Hercules to save him, for one woman cannot lift a ton of machinery from a drowning man.

There was no very clear plan in Rupert's mind when he presented himself at the palace in response to the King's command. Mellora had chosen the path of royalty rather than of love, and there was nothing more for him to do but leave Morosco and forget her.

But that he knew to be impossible, and he wanted, before he left, to hear from Mellora herself her reasons for remaining.

A vague hope lingered that she was acting under compulsion, and, before he would consent to desert her, that hope must be extinguished.

A ripple of laughter greeted him as he was shown into the King's apartment, for Lola Varenne was there, and she and the King were celebrating the successful issue of Ethlyn's visit.

"You find us in a mood of some merriment, Mr. Deniston," said he. "An agreeable change you will think, and one which I hope you will reflect."

"You have more cause to be jolly than I have."

"Ah, to be sure! Yes—yes—very sad. But you are young and youth is notorious for forgetting its sorrows. Depend upon it the clouds will pass and skies of blue will be revealed beyond."

His hypocrisy was unbearable and Rupert was in no mood for clichés that sounded like song cues from a musical comedy.

"I'm afraid my feelings aren't dependent upon weather conditions," he replied. "That's funny!" said Lola, and screwed up her insolent face into wrinkles of laughter.

The King frowned. "To tell the truth, Mr. Deniston, I am heartily sick of you and your feelings, and I should be grateful if you would lose no time in removing them to some sphere where they are more likely to be appreciated."

The fight was on and Rupert braced himself to take his part in it. "An Englishman in love is quick to notice trifles."

"I am not prepared," said the King, "to listen to a homily on the subject."

"Nevertheless, sir, you may be interested to know that I, for one, find it hard to believe that a girl could have bitten her nails to the quick in a single night."

The words were followed by a tense silence. When the King spoke his voice trembled and was very low.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I don't believe that a brain can soften and hands enlarge quite so suddenly."

"Mr. Deniston!"

"I am sorry to upset you, sir, but I felt you should know that your plans hadn't matured as well as you hoped." From Lola came a sharp intake of breath, and—

"I told you you'd never get away with it!"

The King walked to the window and looked out. When, at last, he turned, his face wore an expression that was full of sorrow.

"It is very sad when a young man willfully signs his own death warrant. You realise, of course, that too much is at stake for you to be allowed to leave here alive."

"You seem to make a habit of assassinating foreign visitors. Poor Remartin! I wonder what the Governments of France and England will say when they hear of our untimely deaths."

"They will be spared the pain of hearing, Mr. Deniston."

"That won't be so easy. I guessed things

might not go too smoothly for me, so I addressed a letter to our Foreign Minister in Whitehall explaining the circumstances of Remartin's death."

"This letter has been sent?"

"Not yet. But it will be sent if anything happens to me."

"He is bright, this boy," said Lola. The King waved Lola to be silent. He was thinking. If that letter left Morosco there would be an end to all his hopes.

"You deposited it—here—at your Consulate?"

Nothing could have exceeded the indignation of Rupert's reply.

"When a man is from home, it is good to feel there is a bit of his own country to which he can turn for support."

The King concealed his satisfaction behind a show of anger.

"What you suggest about Remartin is a lie. You know nothing of the affair. On the night of his death you were at the villa with a guard at the door."

But Rupert would not allow him to score a single point.

"Quite true," he admitted, "but with the aid of some rope I managed to swing across on to the bough of a tree. It's a pity that I arrived at the doctor's apartment too late to meet your gorillas."

"You were there?"

"I was. The concierge told the police about a visitor, if you remember."

Rupert was surprised to see the King smile and nod at his mistress.

"That was a very foolish admission, Mr. Deniston. For who else but that visitor could have killed Remartin?"

"The men who entered by the window from the garden. No, sir, you won't find it easy to pin a charge of murder on to me. And I can't believe that Mellora would remain silent if the case was tried in camera."

Suddenly Rupert lost his temper and paced the room. "Listen to me! You have muddled and cheated and misruled this country until you have brought it to the verge of revolution, and Heaven knows what, and now you are trying to save it for yourself at the price of other men's and women's hearts and lives. There isn't a clean, honest instinct in you."

As his rage enlarged, he shook a fist in the King's face. "I don't know by what lies you persuaded Mellora to pass herself off as her half-sister and consent to this betrothal, but I do know, if it is the last thing I do on this side of the grave, that she is going to learn the truth about you."

Often the rage of one man has an infinitely soothing effect upon another. There was something quite paternal in the way King Stephan replied to the charges against him.

"Allowance must be made for youth and ignorance," he said.

But Lola interrupted:

"Oh, don't talk like a book!"

"No, no, my dear! It is clear to me that this is a young man of deep sincerity. Until now, it is improbable that he has confronted any affair of greater importance than a game of cricket. For how should he?"

"It is not to be expected that he would appreciate the diplomatic and patriotic motives that command the actions of a ruler. To him human life is sacred and, according to his limited scope, he is right; but from the viewpoint of a great community one life means no more than a grain of sand upon the beach."

"If that grain of sand clogs the machinery of the State, then it must go—without malice and without regret. You have thought fit to describe me, Mr. Deniston, as a liar and a murderer, but what you call a lie I call diplomacy, and what you call murder I call a necessary elimination."

"I am not so foolish as to suppose you will accept my definitions, but there is one person here who may persuade you to see as I see. I refer to my daughter. This

evening arrangements will be made for to talk together."

"You will be allotted a room where one will disturb you, and the guards who escort you there can only speak Arabic language of which I doubt if you are master."

He went to the door, opened it and spoke with the sentry outside.

Three dark-skinned men in Zouave jackets and baggy trousers of scarlet cloth entered the room. Rupert bowed to Lola and left in their company.

CHAPTER 15

A BALL was held at the palace that night, to which all Lam society had been invited.

From the window of his locked apartment Rupert saw the procession of carriages which brought the guests to the courtyard of the palace.

What a travesty it is, he thought! Hundreds of people summoned to celebrate the betrothal of a princeling to the natural daughter of a king.

Rupert was not afraid for himself, but solitude had brought his spirits to the level of despair. Hour by hour he had waited for Mellora, but she did not come and, though he fought against it, the sensation that she had forsaken him grew and grew.

Then a key turned in the lock and the king came in. With a hand that fumbled somewhat, he closed the door, and approached Rupert unsteadily. His red mouth was twisted into a moist smile, and needed no imagination to realise that was a little drunk.

"A delightful evening!" he generally said. "Everything splendid. Ethlyn a fine fellow—admirable in every way! Drinks a makes love like a gentleman."

Rupert said nothing and the King went on:

"Even Ransart delighted! No more talk of revolution. No more veiled threats. Everything cleaned up . . . 'cept you."

His brows came down; the smile vanished and he poked his hairy face into Rupert's.

"Worried about you—puzzled! You men in love—nuisance. Then I saw solution—saw it clearly."

He steered an uncertain course to the window and pointed towards the city. Rupert watched he saw a tongue of flame licking upward.

"A fire," said the King, "serious fire: as to celebrate our daughter's betrothal. The Fire Brigade given a night off duty. The old houses burn like tinder."

The flames burned higher.

"Cleaning fire! Grand spectacle!" as he broke into a chuckling laugh of infinite delight.

"It seems a pity your Majesty hasn't lute to go with it," said Rupert.

The King laughed outright.

"Very amusing! But the joke is against you, Deniston. What do you suppose ails down there in the city?"

"I haven't a notion."

"A letter, that's all—an indiscreet letter written by a young man who hadn't wits to keep his mouth shut."

And then Rupert knew that his despatch had been signed.

"The British Consulate?"

"You've guessed, Deniston, you've guessed. It only shows how the elements conspire on behalf of the right. Well, young man, you played a bold hand and failed. Failure is bitter food for the young; but never mind."

"Soon you will have something else to think about. You will be arrested for the murder of Dr. Remartin. Mellora will help. She has been told that you have Morosco."

Rupert's hands twitched and into his eyes came a cold and dangerous light.

"If I am to be hanged for murder," he said, slowly, "it will be for one that I have committed."

But although the King was drunk, he

wary. As he stepped back from
Rupert's advance, an automatic slipped
from his sleeve into the palm of his hand.
"Oh, no," he said, lifted his arm and took
first pressure on the trigger.
From the door came an imperative knock
and a voice crying:
"Sir, your Majesty!"
The King let the pistol fall.
"Yes. Come in."
A man hurried into the room. He was
not to speak, but stopped on finding the
King was not alone.
"Well, what is it?"
"If I might speak to you in private?"
"Say what you have to say. This fellow
is not matter."
So the man took a deep breath and spoke
boldly.
"The car which was taking the woman
into the hills! It has been found,
returned among the stones of a brook.
The three men were dead."
"And the woman, too? Yes?"
The man shook his head.
"No, your Majesty. She was nowhere to
be found—was gone."
"Mother of God!" said the King, and
repeated: "Mother of God!"
The King hurried from the room. It
was inspiration that led Rupert to follow
him. The King did not look back, and for
the sentries knew to the contrary the
young man might have been told to follow.
The King hastened down a corridor and
was lost to view.
Rupert lingered until the sound of foot-
steps had died away, then went cautiously
down the stairs.
* * *
In a room at Ransart's house a number
of men were gathered together. They were
mostly young and of the student class, but
there was in the company a sprinkling of
elders.
Their faces were keen and passionate and
of a better intelligence than those of the
average Moroscon. They leaned forward
displaying a nervous interest in what Ran-
sart was saying.
"I cannot but believe, my brothers, that
his betrothal may prove the first step to-
wards the political and economic redemp-
tion of Morocco. We may be rebels, but
we are not anarchists."
"Our aim is not the annihilation of the
monarchy, but the raising of the people to
a higher standard of living. If that aim
can be achieved, as I believe it can, with-
out the destruction of the present consti-
tution, then I feel it is our duty to support
the throne in this, its first effort to im-
prove the lot of the people."
"There is no need to enumerate the ad-
vantages that an alliance with Therrania
would bring to us. I do not say that we
could not achieve similar advantages by our
own personal endeavors. Indeed I am con-
fident that we could; but against that
achievement is the state of this country's
finances."
"In an alliance with Therrania we have
another and easier alternative. Therrania
is rich. Moreover, she is willing and
anxious to invest capital in Morocco."
"As a monarchic State it is unlikely that
she would form a similar alliance with us
were we under any form of democratic rule.
Thus, so far as I am able to outline the
present and look into the future, is the
position."
"It is for us to decide whether we shall
lend our support to the throne, or attempt
to overthrow the present monarchy and
form a government of the people for the
people."
As he sat down, a servant came into the
room and whispered in his ear. Ransart
shook his head and frowned.
"Not now."
"She said it was most urgent, your Ex-
cellency."
"Very well." He rose and spoke to the
company. "I will leave you for a minute
or two to make your deliberations."
As he went from the room a babel of

tongues broke loose. He could still hear
them as the servant conducted him to his
private study some distance away.

A woman, her face covered in a shawl,
rose as he entered. She did not speak
until the servant had retired, then she re-
moved the shawl and came towards him.
Her hair was dishevelled and there was a
great black bruise on her forehead. Her
hands were scratched and her clothes
covered with mud.

"Excellency, you know me?"
He shook his head.
"My name is Lyra Ratske."
"A woman of that name served the Prin-
cess."

She nodded eagerly.
"The girl who drove through the streets
of Lemno to-day—the girl the crowds
cheered—she wasn't Heloise. Oh, no. She
was another... like as two peas. Heloise
has gone, gone. God knows where."

She trembled as she spoke. Her mouth
twitched and her fingers plucked at the
caked mud on her gown. Ransart looked
at her from beneath lowered brows.

"You must be mad to talk like this."
"No, it is not I who am mad, although I
have reason enough. Here, see here!" and
she pointed at the bruise on her forehead.
"I got this when the car overturned. The
King's men were taking me away to polish
me off. I knew too much to be safe, he
thought. I was better dead."

"But I was too smart for them. They
were killed in the smash—all three—and I
escaped. If the King knew I was here, I
shouldn't last that long!" And she snap-
ped her fingers.

"You are lying if you are not mad," said
he. "I have seen and talked with the
Princess this very day."

"Not with the real Princess. I swear
that by the Virgin."

Ransart poured some brandy into a glass
and gave it to her.

"What is it that you are trying to sug-
gest, Lyra?"

"It was his one chance to save the throne.
But Heloise was an idiot. There could
have been no betrothal. Then came this
other girl."

He felt he must humor her.
"Who is this other girl?"

Lyra shrugged her shoulders.

"I do not know, but I guess. The daugh-
ter of the woman he lived with before
he became king, perhaps."

Ransart looked at his watch. The
woman's sincerity was hard to disbelieve.
There was still time to return to the palace
before the ball ended and speak to the
King. If there was any truth in the story,
he felt sure that the King would betray
himself when confronted with it. But it
was fantastic.

"I will see you to-morrow," he promised,
and rang the bell. To the servant who
answered it he gave the order: "Let this
woman go out by the side door."

Then he returned to the room where the
others awaited him.

Their spokesman said:
"We have decided to support the throne."

It was some while before Ransart re-
plied:
"Important business takes me to the pal-
ace. Until my return I would be glad if
you would remain here. I think we will
regard our deliberation as being in abey-
ance."

They looked at him in surprise as he
went out.
Keeping under the shadow of the houses
and to menial streets the woman Lyra
pressed through the night towards her
cousin's house. As she walked she chuckled
to herself in a satisfied sort of way. At
a street corner she came face to face with
two men of the Civil Guard.

One of them snapped the question:
"Who are you?"
"I'm nobody."

The shawl was dragged from her face.
Not far away a house was burning. By
the light of that fire her features were
recognised.

"It's her right enough," said the second
man.

An old couple, asleep in a room above,
woke at the sound of a double shot. Fear-
fully they crept to the window and looked
down. The body of a woman was lying
on the pavement. Apart from that the
street was empty.

CHAPTER 16.

RESISTING his first im-
pulse to follow the King to the ballroom
and find Melora, Rupert moved cautiously
from one part of the palace to another.

The palace was a maze to him and he
did not even know to which floor he had
descended, for the corridors were without
windows and the stairs led from one story
to another and were not built round a
single well.

The approaching footsteps of armed men
drove him to take cover. Opening a door
he darted into an apartment, illuminated
by a battalion of candles. The candles
were so numerous that he thought at first
that he had entered a shrine; which, in-
deed, he had; but it was a shrine of love
rather than sanctity.

Seated at a dressing-table in the flim-
siest underwear of coral pink was Lola
Varenne. She stared round with a wide-
eyed stare. She was surprised to see him,
but it was evident that she was vastly
amused.

"Pale blue smoke!" she exclaimed. "How
did you get here?"

"I heard some soldiers and I thought
they might be looking for me, madame."

"Then—you were not set free?"
Rupert shook his head.

"I freed myself. I was always an oppor-
tunist."

She smiled.

"It would certainly seem so." And cross-
ing her bronze stockings legs she smiled
again, most provokingly.

"But not in the way you translate the
word," said Rupert, and with a chivalrous
bow he handed her a wrap which had been
lying on a chair.

"Thanks," said she, "but I am warm
enough without that."

"I can well believe you," Rupert answered,
"but my disloyalty to the King is such
that I might relish an opportunity to prove
it."

Lola laughed outright.

"I do not think that you admire poor
Stephan as you should, Mr. Deniston."

"You are right, madame. I imagine he
is the most contemptible sovereign in the
world."

Lola twiddled her fingers in delight.

"Oh, but how I agree."

Rupert shook his head sadly.
"Isn't there one honest person in the
whole of this State?" he asked.

"Until I met you I would have said there
was not. You, cherie, appear to be very
honest."

"In that case," Rupert suggested, "sup-
pose you go and sit somewhere else?"

Lola laughed as though he had said
something really funny.

"What a blessed change," she crowed,
"to find a man who isn't always grovelling
and asking for favors. That Stephan fol-
lows me round on all fours like a whipped
cur. Wouldn't you like to kiss me before
you die?" and she pursed her cherry lips
most conveniently.

"I would not, madame."

Rupert smiled at the tempting little face,
raised to his own.

"Tell me, of what offence is the King
guilty that you should act with such friend-
ship towards me?"

Lola made a moue, and shrugged her
naked shoulders.

"Forbade me to attend the ball until the
presentations were over. I am to be al-
lowed to steal in later on like a child at
dessert. It is not fitting that the King's
mistress should meet the King's natural
child in public."

There was a black look in Rupert's eyes

when he replied:

"You will choose your words more carefully in speaking of Meliora, madame, unless you want—a hiding."

"La, la, la!" she cried, jumping up and capering before him. "He means it, too! Come on, then! I dare you."

"So you would like that?" he said, and added: "What a little gamine you are!"

"That did not offend her."

"Do you love this solemn girl so well that your eyes must go black when you speak of her?"

"Yes, madame."

"But I am more desirable, surely?"

"But less admirable."

"Admirable!" she retorted. "Is it admirable in a single night, for the sake of a plume in her hair, to throw a lover overboard? Were I a man I should reward such inconstancy in a similar fashion."

There was no doubt as to her meaning. Rupert shook his head.

"Were you a man, madame, no woman would be safe."

"That is a very chivalrous answer," said she, and snuggled nearer, "but it would have been prettier to say that you do not feel very safe yourself."

"That would not be true, madame."

"Would it not?" she retorted, and danger signals flamed on her cheeks. "I am a generous friend, but not a safe person to offend."

The veiled threat did not alarm him.

"You could ring a bell and say that I had made a brutal assault on you, but would I be worse off if you did? And isn't it foolish to accuse a man of assaulting you for no better reason than that he has not done so?"

She pouted.

"Then why did you come to my apartment?"

"To escape, madame, not to add to my difficulties. A man who is devoted to another woman and is in peril of immediate death does not make the best casual lover."

But in her rebellious mood Lola Varenne had no taste for logic. She lived for the moment, and it was rare for her to try to extricate herself from a situation of danger until she had multiplied its risks.

"I think you are very stupid. Not many women would have been as kind as I have."

Rupert saw an opportunity and seized it.

"Then prove that by bringing Meliora to speak to me here."

It was not a tactful suggestion, and as he made it a mischievous light came into Lola's eyes. She nodded slowly.

"Now, that is a very good idea," said she. "On my soul, I think I will. Virtue like yours deserves to be rewarded."

"Then, at last, I shall be in your debt," said Rupert.

"Oh, you will," said she. "Go into that powder closet and wait."

Which he did, leaving Lola to stamp her little foot.

The King repeated to himself with relish the words of the message Colmar had sent him.

"The blackbird did not sing before it died."

That was pleasing news—news that called for a glass of wine. As he drank it he looked across the room to where Meliora and Ethlyn shared a divan.

From the flush on the Prince's face it was apparent that alcohol and passion were working in sympathy within him. He did not sit; he lolled.

With one hand he plucked tentatively at the fabric of Meliora's gown, and with the other described in the air a variety of gestures to embellish a recital of amorous exploits in which he claimed to have played a leading part.

Under the influence of wine he was presenting to Meliora a very different picture of himself from the one he had drawn earlier in the day. Gone was the ascetic—the misunderstood hermit—the man whose monkish life was one black screen.

Instead there emerged upon the canvas a portrait of a modern Casanova—a lover irresistible—a very devil of a fellow.

"Mine," said the Prince, "is a free spirit. You know—wings and all that."

"This isn't a flying ground," said Meliora. Her senses were in revolt. It was impossible to believe that marriage with this young man could have any political significance whatever. Hour by hour the conviction was growing in her that the reason for it, given by the King, was a lie—as great a lie as her pretence to be Heloise. How could this union benefit anybody?

CHAPTER 17

THE night before, lying awake in the huge four-poster in her apartment, she had drilled herself to believe that what she was about to do was a duty unavoidable. But for her, the King had said, death and ruin would come to Morosco.

Yet not one word about duty or responsibility had Ethlyn spoken. His addresses made her feel that she had been picked up, haphazard, from a row of girls in a house of ill fame.

She thought of Rupert and of how he had left Morosco without even saying goodbye. She decided that it was not fear, but anger that had driven him away.

Ethlyn loved her, too, with the swift eagerness of a body accustomed to control its own mind. And she was to marry Ethlyn so that he might find pleasure in her and so that Morosco need not suffer invasion and massacre, but could balance its budget and exploit its natural resources, and have a railway of its own.

"If only you weren't serious!" she said. "That's where you're wrong! Nothing serious about me!"

Nothing serious about me! And Ethlyn shook his head, closed his eyes, and sleep came to him suddenly.

Meliora did not move. She felt, if she got up, that she would scream—that she would denounce herself. She clung to the arm rest of the sofa, while emotions surged through her furiously.

At the far end of the room she saw her father at a table on which there were many wine bottles. Some officers were with him, and he seemed in excellent spirits. So many people had been presented to her that day that she did not remember Ransart by name when he approached.

"May I speak to Your Highness?" he asked.

She liked the sober tones of his voice—his appearance of sincerity. She nodded assent.

"Please do."

He drew up a chair beside her and shot a glance at the Prince.

"The life of a prince is very fatiguing," and of a princess, I imagine," she said. De Ransart went on after a moment:—

"You have not yet had much experience of the duties of royalty?"

"Two days, monsieur, but it seems longer."

Her restraint and composure appealed to him intensely, but he was not there to admire.

"Eventful days in the history of Morosco," he said.

She turned her head, and her eyes fell upon the extended legs of the sleeping Prince.

"I wish I could be sure of that, monsieur."

Her sincerity made it hard for him to believe that there was the slightest foundation in the story the woman Lyra had told him.

She looked away from the Prince's legs and saw Ransart's eyes fixed on her with close analysis.

"You are a politician, Monsieur?"

He nodded.

"A reactionary. His Majesty has found me a thorn in his side, I fear."

"Why?"

"I do not say 'yes' as readily as other words."

"Then tell me something. Will this marriage really be of good to Morosco?"

Ransart deliberated.

"The result of any marriage is a gamble, Princess, but on the face of it, there should be benefits. I do not think the present constitution would survive long without it."

"You mean my father's rule?"

Ransart nodded.

"Feudalism is out of date—even Morosco. There would be a revolution very soon."

Meliora looked puzzled and dissatisfied.

"Something worse, surely? Revolution only a change of government."

"You mean, would we be invaded?"

"Yes, yes."

"It is hard to say," he replied, "but I think the odds are against that. The greater Powers are not so tolerant now days about the squabbles of the lesser. War in the West has lost its popularity."

He was surprised at the indignation that burned in her eyes at the statement of the simple fact. It was not to be supposed that he would understand what inspired it.

"Then why," she began passionately, "was I told . . ."

She did not finish the sentence. The King was standing before them looking Ransart with every token of displeasure.

"You were never remarkable for tact, Ransart," he said, "but I did not know you had appointed yourself Lord High Tertius Quid to these young people. On such an occasion, their own company is sufficient."

It was Meliora who answered.

"I asked Monsieur Ransart to talk to me. I'm sorry we have been interrupted."

The King exhibited an expression of indulgent parenthood which was not altogether convincing.

"Eros and politics do not make good companions," he said. "I cannot believe Ransart's conversation would fit your present mood." And he tilted his head toward Ransart in a gesture of dismissal.

But Ransart was not so easy to detach.

"I was hoping for a word with your Majesty."

"You must wait until to-morrow."

"It is a matter that can be dealt with in a single answer. It concerns a woman who, until yesterday, was in the service of the Princess."

The King's eyes were fixed upon the bright lights on the points of his shoes. He did not raise them and he did not start, but Ransart had an impression that his body had become rigid. It was as if he was bracing himself to receive a blow.

"Many women have served the Princess," he replied untruthfully.

"The one to whom I refer is named Lyra Rutile. Her services, I understand, have been dispensed with. I thought that she might be of some use in my household."

The King threw up his head and laughed. "Upon my soul, Ransart, you surpass yourself."

But Ransart had not done.

"The woman called on me an hour ago," he said.

Once again the King's body went rigid. All the control he could command was needed to speak the words:—

"In that case you will have discovered for yourself the cause for her dismissal. Lyra Rutile was mad."

He walked from the room without looking back.

Ransart turned to Meliora.

Ransart nodded slowly. His voice when next he spoke was cold as ice.

"Good-night . . . mademoiselle."

She watched him go in silence. Mademoiselle, he had called her! Why? Did he suspect? A sensation of fear and hope ran through her, and hope was uppermost.

A wave of perfume filled her nostrils and turning, she found Lola Varenne beside her.

"You are not very clever with your lovers," Lola said, and nodded towards the Prince. "One sleeps beside you—and the other . . ."

Meliora looked up sharply.

"What do you know of the other?"

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That is why he proceeded homeward through the network of meaner streets that flanked the main thoroughfares. Fate and chance conspired that it was he who found the body of Lyra Rutale sprawling in a gutter.

There was nothing to be done, and as Ransart straightened up, pity was in his eyes, but it soon gave place to a look of fixed determination. The surest testimony that her story was true was sworn by her death.

The room was still crowded when he entered it. One or two of the brotherhood were asleep and others were yawning at the long delay. They stirred to activity as Ransart came into the room.

He said, "I have grave reason to believe that King Stephan is perpetrating against the people the greatest fraud of his career. Until I have absolute proof that I am right, I ask you to allow me to keep what facts I already possess to myself."

"To obtain that proof it is necessary to scour the city—and we must lose no time. I would be glad if you, Grenatz, and you," he pointed, "and you, and you Max, would accompany me. I believe that I may find what I am seeking at the Hotel de la Couronne."

"I cannot exaggerate the importance, nor, it is probable, the danger of this mission. Come, let us go."

As they crossed the Place Voltaire and passed the smouldering ruins of the British Consulate, they saw the figures of a young man and a girl in a cloak.

Rupert and Meliora broke into a run.

"Put that thing down and don't fuss so," said Fanny Potts.

But Andre went on fidgeting with the sword-stick that Yardley had given to Rupert. The weapon fascinated him. He could not leave it alone. Only while it lay in his hands was he still.

Separated from it he ranged the room, moving swiftly from door to window—listening with his eyes—sensing danger—catching his breath and peering. Nerve racked.

Fanny had not seen him behave in that way before. Every so often he would edge up to her, pluck at her sleeve and point, as it were, to some far-off place.

"Can't get out of here, so you may as well settle down," she said.

More than a little drunk was Fanny Potts. She had never before been shut up for so long a time. If there had been no guard to prevent her from going out she would have remained indoors in perfect contentment, but compulsion was unendurable to her free spirit.

Ignorant of what had become of Rupert she concluded he had forsaken her. She would like to hit him in the face—or hit somebody. Things were not so bad before Heloise went to sleep. Then there had been games to play and childish jokes to pass the time.

But now there was nothing to do but drink and be pestered by that boy Andre. A regular curse he was. Frightened out of his wits about something. Lord knew what! One wanted a drop of comfort to help one to put up with it.

Andre was at her side again, mewing and nodding towards the ceiling above.

"She's abed and asleep, silly."

The mewing increased.

"She's all right. You'll see plenty of her to-morrow."

No good! The mewing assumed a pleading note.

Fanny Potts gave it up.

"Oh, very well! Go up to her if you want to. Sit outside the door or inside. I don't care."

Queer how he understood anything to do with Heloise. Devotion like that was almost frightening. But it was a relief to have him out of the room.

She listened to his footsteps running up the stairs and the faint click of the latch

above. Rupert's sword-stick had gone with him.

"Sick of this place I am—sick to death of it," said Fanny as she refilled her glass.

She remembered, as a girl how she used to run down to the corner for her father's beer and take the head off it as she brought the jug home. A lot of fun those days!

Then she began to worry about what she would do with Heloise. It would work itself out all right. The child was soft but she wasn't dangerous. It was nice to think that Meliora had been got off so satisfactorily. Meliora was all right, but too clever. Always thinking about three streets ahead. Heloise was an easier proposition.

"We'll manage fine," she said.

Outside, the sentry challenged.

"Halt!"

"I wonder if that's Ru?" thought Fanny

Potts, and went into the hall to see.

She was facing the front door when it opened to admit the King. She did not see his face, for he had turned to give an order to the sentry.

"Take your men to the garden entrance. I am not to be disturbed."

"What are you doing here, with a party going on and everything?" Fanny asked.

The King closed the door and turned. His face was greenish and ghastly. His upper lip was drawn back and, for lack of saliva, had stuck to one of his canines. He breathed in little puffs with a sound like the exhaust of a single-cylinder engine. He did not answer her question, but stood there staring.

"Oh!" said Fanny, backed to the foot of the stairs and sat on the second step.

As though he were moving a prodigious weight the King edged towards her.

"That'll be far enough," she said. "Not wanted here. Better go away."

But he did not go and his eyes were terrible.

Fanny sensed the danger but she was not afraid. Only wished she had drunk rather less—or more.

With a dry throat he said:

"I have come for her."

So that was it. He had come for Heloise.

Well, he wasn't going to get her, that was all.

"No," said Fanny, grimly.

"Yes—yes. Where is she? Don't you see—everything depends on it."

She had fought with him before and had never given in. She wouldn't now.

"There is nothing here that you can take, Stephan."

"I can't help myself," he wailed. "I must."

She recognised fear in his voice, and despised him for it.

"Get out of here," she ordered.

She saw then that there was a pistol in his hand, and the sight gave her greater strength, determination, obstinacy. But she knew that she must be cautious and clever. A pistol is a dangerous weapon in the hands of a frightened man.

"Well, you are in a state of nerves," said she. "Give me that before you hurt yourself with it."

The King licked his cracking lips. He knew, unless he did quickly what he had come to do, that his courage would fail him.

Fanny laughed.

"You won't get the better of me. You should know that, Stephan. How you used to rave at me! Remember? And the points of your moustache wagging like a semaphore."

Then Fanny's voice struck a new note—harsh and imperative.

"Hand over that pistol!"

It was a battle of her will against his, and hers was the stronger.

"I must do it," cried the King, raised a shaking hand and pointed the pistol at her.

She would not give way—not an inch. Rage shook her, not fear. The banister she was clutching cracked in her hand. An outward push—a tug and it was free. Armed,

she stood up—her massive body blocking the stairs. Her eyes, fixed on him, glittered like jet. It must be now or never. He was a King, muttered nothing.

"Take that!" she cried, and struck him with all her strength.

The mahogany banister snapped and his shoulder as the pistol exploded.

She felt a burning blow as the bullet cutting through her hair, grazed her temple, and sped on to splinter the panel of the door above. She felt her senses flying away.

She heard a scream of terror from above and cries, and the sound of running on the gravel path outside. All this she heard as she crumpled on the stairs, rolled to the King's feet.

With a grunt he flung himself up the stairs and threw open the door of Heloise's room.

By the light of a single candle she saw him, screamed, and cowered back to the balcony. He raised his arm to shoot, but the boy Andre sprang between them and a light came in his hand that pointed him accusingly.

The King gripped the cane to draw from the boy. It was the rankest folly to have shot first, for all he did was strip the scabbard from the blade. The bullet he fired missed its mark, and robbed him of the power to shoot again. Behind the sword point a smile of terrible hatred played on Andre's face.

"No, I am your King," Stephan cried.

There was a flicker of light as the pistol passed into and through the King's torso. He lurched this way and that—but fell horribly. A fight for air sent him stumbling towards the balcony.

He reached it as the door burst open and the room filled with soldiers and assassins. His clawing hands smeared Heloise's body. She shrank further and further from him, whimpering. It was his falling weight that tilted her over the rail and into the gorge.

Her scream was echoed by another wrung from the soul of a man. Rupert was not quick enough to prevent the boy Andre leaping like a hurdler to join the mistress among the rocks and in the sea water two hundred feet below.

CHAPTER 20

RUPERT was about to speak when Ransart silenced him with a glance.

One of the revolutionaries asked the question:

"The girl who fell—who was she?"

In that ill-lit room no one had seen her features.

The soldier replied:

"Must have been the daughter of the woman below. She had been sick for several days. But why should the King . . ."

Ransart cut him short.

"What were the orders he gave?"

"That he was not to be disturbed. To retire to the garden gate and allow no one to approach. But you were too many for us. This is a frightful thing, Excellency."

Ransart nodded.

"Bad beginnings have had ends. Go to the palace and arrange for the body to be removed."

The soldier saluted.

"Yes, Excellency."

"And listen; a message is to be given to Prince Ethlyn that the King is dead. For the rest keep your tongues quiet."

"Yes, Excellency."

The soldiers went out. Then Rupert said:

"You don't seem to understand."

"I understand, monsieur, that what has occurred may plunge this State into chaos. I believe"—he hesitated and came to a sudden resolve—"that Her Highness is downstairs. It is very necessary to talk with her before this story is made public."

Once again his glance silenced Fanny, and he addressed his bewildered followers:

"Be good enough to wait for me."

Rupert went with him from the room.

and they entered the salon. Fanny had been laid on the sofa and Meliora was placing her temple with cold water.

"It's only a graze," she said.

Fanny opened her eyes and blinked wearily.

"Which of you is it now?"

Before Meliora could answer fear came into Fanny's face. She wept noisily.

"Poor child—poor—poor! And that wife! What of him?"

It was not very flattering to the King's memory that he should be recognised from the definition given.

"The King is dead, madame," said Ransart. "A sword point through the throat."

"That would be Andre," Fanny nodded.

"Yes, he jumped after her into the gorge."

"He would be happier that way. Perhaps it is for the best." Her eyes settled on Meliora.

"Then that only leaves—"

"Just so, madame," said Ransart, "and it is for us to decide very quickly in what direction her duty lies."

Meliora came to her feet and stared at him.

"Who are you, mademoiselle?"

Meliora looked towards Fanny.

"Her daughter, but I think you know that."

"I think, also, I might forget it were I convinced that it was for the good of the State."

"An hour ago you were not convinced."

"An hour ago the King was alive—and the Princess Heloise. While he lived, no matter what influences were brought to bear, the Court would have remained a hotbed of intrigue, corruption, and waste."

With his death that danger is averted."

"No, no, no," said Meliora.

And from Rupert:

"As we came here together, Meliora spoke of you as an honest man. It seems she was wrong."

Ransart looked at him tolerantly.

"I know what you must be feeling, and I sympathise with it, but a State cannot be run on cardinal virtues alone. Expediency plays a large part."

Then Fanny spoke.

"I don't know how you can think twice about it, Meliora. You're not likely to get a chance like this a second time."

Meliora threw up her head in despair.

"Oh mother! A chance!"

"Well, you can't call it anything else. You've plenty of guts and none of the others have any at all."

Ransart did not resent the remark.

"There speaks wisdom and experience," said he. "For although I might form a republican government to-morrow I doubt whether it would inspire either the confidence or the enthusiasm that would arise from the sight of this young lady driving in an open carriage through the streets of Lemno."

Rupert crossed to Meliora and took her hand. With the King's death he believed freedom had been given back to her, but it seemed now that she was more deeply entangled than ever.

"It's up to you, my dear," he said. "But you can see what lies before you—what support you are likely to get. It's going to be a fight in which no one will help. I haven't much to offer, but what there is is yours if it is any good to you."

Meliora was silent for a moment, then she raised her hand and held it to her cheek.

"You are wrong to say you have little to offer. You have more than I shall ever find in anyone else. But—right or wrong, I think I shall have to go on with it."

Her sincerity was beyond question or argument.

"Very well," he said, carried her hand to his lips, kissed it, and looked at her with a shy smile. "Very well, Your Highness."

There was a knock at the door and Ransart went to open it.

Prince Ethlyn was in the hall. With an order to the gentlemen who accompanied him to wait, he came into the room and closed the door behind him.

Lola Varenne had scrambled into the

Prince's carriage as it was leaving the door.

Ethlyn shook his head at her.

"You should not have come. Have you no tact?"

But she cared nothing for his opinion. After the first shock her mind had begun to work swiftly. The King was dead and with him her means of support. It remained to be seen if anything was to be salvaged from the wreck of her fortunes.

"I can hardly put you in the street, madame," said Ethlyn.

"You would be a fool to do that," she replied. "I think, very likely, you may need a friend."

They did not speak for the rest of the journey. At the villa Lola went upstairs to where the King was lying.

From those who watched beside the body she learnt how the end had come.

"And the girl?" she asked.

"Her Highness is downstairs with Ransart, an old woman, who was wounded, and another man."

"Her Highness?" Lola repeated, then: "How did she seem?"

"Very calm, madame."

The reply told her which of the two girls had survived. She nodded and laughed a little, but the watchers frowned, and one of them said:

"The King lies here dead."

"Then there is at least one person I shall not offend," said Lola.

Lola crossed to the bed and lifted the sheet from the King's face.

"How old death makes a man," she said, and went from the room.

It was not a generous panegyric to speak over a man who in life had squandered thousands of his own and the people's money upon her. The watchers looked at each other and shook their heads as the door closed behind her.

Ethlyn could not see why an old woman and a fiery-eyed young Englishman were present while he made his condolences. The old woman's composure perplexed him, for had she not just lost her daughter in a terrible and violent fashion? Her attitude was unnatural.

The Princess, too, seemed to be accepting the tragedy of her father's death with unusual calm. He supposed that they had had little in common. Even by his standards King Stephen was a shameless old reprobate. The words of praise that he felt it his duty to utter stuck in his throat like plum-stones.

"His name will go down through history as a great ruler," he said.

His knowledge of English was not precise, but he had the impression that he heard the word "Rubbish" pass the lips of Fanny Potts.

"What was that?" he asked.

Fanny did not reply, but Rupert said:

"Your Highness has done more than justice to the late King's memory. He was a sounder, and the less said about him the better."

"Who the devil asked for your opinion?" exclaimed Ethlyn, who resented the intrusion of commoners.

"Since His Majesty has turned our villa into a shambles, I feel entitled to express it. He is dead, and a good thing, too. Your attempt to present him as a model of virtue is an insult to this lady's intelligence."

Meliora shook her head at him, but Fanny was delighted.

"Good for you!" said she.

Ethlyn rose.

"I am not used to having my conduct instructed by strangers. If it were not for the tragic circumstances that have brought us together I would give myself the pleasure of striking you across the face."

"There would be a fight if you did so. I had better get out," said Rupert, and went.

In the garden he cursed himself for the way he had behaved. He had so loyally intended to support Meliora in her resolve, even though he knew that to do so meant he had lost her for ever. But nature had proved stronger than intention.

It was impossible to occupy the same room with the man she was to marry and

not to quarrel with him. He saw that the only way he could serve her was to leave Morosco at once. His continued presence was a danger. Speaking his thoughts aloud he said:

"I'll take Fanny, and we'll get out of it to-night."

He was startled to hear a woman's voice breathing the words:

"Why do that?"

In the starshine he saw that Lola was beside him.

"I was talking to myself," he replied, and added, "What brings you here?"

"I came to mourn my dead," she said, and he saw her smile.

"You do so very cheerfully, madame."

"Death and separation only matter where love is, my Englishman."

"I see. And the King was just an investment?"

She nodded.

"He has paid his last dividend. As a business woman I must seek another. They tell me, my friend, that you come of a great family in England."

Rupert looked at her wearily.

"I find it hard to-night, madame, to discuss genealogy with enthusiasm."

"Nevertheless, it is so, is it not? A great family with well-filled coffers."

"That is so, madame. Also we have a great love for solitude."

"I think not," said Lola. "I think it is the thought of the solitude before you that has brought you into this garden so haggard and woe-begone."

"Perhaps," he admitted.

Lola edged closer to him.

"What would it be worth to you if I were to tell the truth? No, let me go on. Lovers are fools and their greatest folly is self-sacrifice. What good can a child like that do on the throne? She will be just a pawn."

"She has persuaded you to give her up and persuaded herself that she can do without you. But in a little while both of you will regret that."

"As a gentleman of honor you cannot speak, but I have no honor. I have a head for business and I like young people to be happy and enjoy themselves. Come on, now, how much?"

The temptation was great and was not easy to resist.

"Madame," said Rupert, slowly, "when first we met, the King spoke of murder as necessary elimination. He proved his belief in that policy to-night when his daughter was thrown into the gorge."

His hand went out and shut lightly but firmly on her slender throat. "The gorge is only a few feet behind us at this moment."

Lola made no effort to free herself. Her eyes fastened on his in the darkness.

"Is your love for her as great as that?" said she.

"It would be risky to try to find out."

"But you would not dare?"

"One is apt to pick up the habits of a country, madame."

"Very well. Let me go."

"But not that way," said Rupert, as she turned towards the villa.

"One way or another makes no difference. And suddenly she took his face in her hands and kissed him. "You are most adorable!"

She was laughing as she moved towards the garden gate.

From the porch of the villa came Meliora's voice:

"If Your Highness would be good enough to have a carriage sent for me in half an hour."

And Ethlyn's:

"My own is at the gate."

"In half an hour," Meliora repeated.

Rupert saw the Prince bend over her hand and kiss it.

CHAPTER 21

"BUT certainly," said Ransart. "Your papers are in order. There is nothing to prevent you passing the frontier when you please."

"But not to-night, Ru," Fanny protested, "with me wounded and everything."

But Rupert was determined. "Yes, to-night—now." He turned to Ransart. "We could get a car, monsieur?" Ransart shook his head. "There are no cars in Morosco, save those that belong to the Court. But my private coach and four horses are at your disposal. May I say how much I applaud your decision to leave to-night, Monsieur Deniston? It is not an inconsiderable sacrifice."

Rupert shrugged his shoulders. "Like yourself, I am not looking for applause," he said. "Shall you be making any announcement about—about the Princess to-night?"

"To-morrow will be soon enough. I shall need until then to think of a suitable explanation as to why the King came here." Fanny chuckled at that.

"He was a liar while he lived, and I suppose he deserves a good lie to see him out!" She staggered to her feet. "Well, I must struggle with my packing now."

Before she left the room she went to Meliora and kissed her.

"It's a comfort that some good has come out of all this mess. Write us a line sometimes. Half a page. I never could bother with long letters. I ought to wish you all sorts of things, I suppose, but I daresay you'll get along without that. The women on my side of the family generally managed pretty well for themselves."

She displayed no emotion as she kissed Meliora and waddled from the room. Then Ransart went out to arrange about the coach and to send away the men who had accompanied him.

Rupert and Meliora were left alone. "This is the last time we shall be together, Rupert."

He nodded. "Unless you send for me I shall not come back."

"And if I should send?"

"From wherever I might be I should come."

She moved towards the window, opened it and leaned on the sill. From below came the hungry voice of the river pounding through the gorge.

"That poor boy Andre! He must have loved her very deeply to die willingly like that."

"I think it was forgetfulness he was seeking."

"But all of us do forget—in time, Rupert."

"Oh, come here," he pleaded. "We have so little time left to us."

"I daren't, Rupert. If I were to let you kiss me I think I shouldn't have the strength to go on with it. I mustn't have the will taken out of me."

"I love you so," he said.

"And I love you. That's what makes everything possible and impossible. Stay there! Let me be lonely. For if I am strong enough to be lonely when you are near me I'll be strong enough afterwards for anything."

"I suppose it would be wonderful to be the fairy godmother of a nation."

"Nothing but the belief that I might be that could make up to me for . . . for . . ."

"For what, Meliora?"

"I would like to have been the mother of your son," she said simply.

Their hands met and for a moment he held her in his arms. That was all.

"Good-bye," he said.

Rupert watched as the carriage rocked and swayed over the uneven cobbles and was lost to view. His thoughts were too numbed with grief for him to notice the fact that the road they had taken was not the direct route to the palace.

Meliora was gone—taken from him in an ugly hearse-like vehicle with a dent in the back panel and some luggage strapped to the boot.

Then Rupert turned into the little salon where Ransart waited.

"How much longer are we to wait for that coach of yours?"

"It should be here any moment."

From outside came the clatter of hoofs and jingle of harness.

"There!"

"Time enough, too," said Rupert, and went to the foot of the stairs to call Fanny.

He was in the hall when a man presented himself at the front door and breathlessly asked for Ransart.

Rupert nodded towards the salon, the door of which was ajar.

"In there, but I doubt if he will want to be disturbed."

"My news would disturb anybody," said the man. "The body of the Princess Heloise has been found in some fishermen's nets where the gorge ends."

Rupert took a step forward and seized his arm.

"What are you saying?"

In his excitement he was unaware that Ransart had come from the salon and was standing beside him with his face white and set.

"You are wrong, Melchior. It was not the Princess."

But the man shook his head.

"It was a miracle how she passed through those rocks and was still recognisable. Not a feature was injured. One of the fishermen has gone to the Palace with a message."

Ransart closed the front door behind him.

"You see what this means?" he said. "Fate is against us. It will no longer be possible to carry out our resolves with regard to that other."

Rupert did not attempt to analyse his emotions as Ransart spoke those words. He hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry that Meliora's dream of power was shattered. He only knew that he must reach her at once. He took Ransart by the arm.

"We must go to the Palace."

Ransart did not seem to understand.

"Why to the Palace?"

"To warn her. She will be there by now. If this news has reached them . . ."

"Just so! It will be difficult for her to explain."

"Come along. Hurry!"

But Ransart held back.

"I am the only man in Morosco with power enough to form a government. In the circumstances it would be fatal for me to identify myself with . . . with . . . a pretender."

"Good God!" said Rupert. "Yet half an hour ago you were willing enough to support this lie!"

"Half an hour ago I believed the body of Princess Heloise would never be recovered. I also believed that I had found in this lady's daughter a girl who would serve the State faithfully and selflessly. It is unfortunate that Fate has denied her the chance to do so."

"So you leave her to face the music?"

"With the deepest regrets I have no other choice. My coach is at your disposal. Beyond that I can do nothing."

Fanny well understood what was passing through Rupert's mind at this desertion, for she laid a hand on his arm and spoke almost caressingly.

"Don't worry, boy. They are all alike, these politicians. He's right, too, according to his lights. We'll get her out of it somehow."

The fairy lights in the Palace courtyard had burnt out when the coach drew up before the main entrance.

"You'd better wait here," Rupert told Fanny.

"You'll manage," she said confidently.

She was blowing up a small pneumatic cushion as he jumped out and ran up the steps. Luck favored him in finding Maldinavo, who had acted as his second in the duel with Colmar. The Count looked at him in surprise.

"I thought you were under lock and key, but everything is topsy-turvy to-night."

"His Majesty set me free."

Maldinavo shrugged his shoulders.

"I must take your word for that. You will never be able to deny it. What do you want?"

"I have an urgent message for Her Majesty."

"Then you will need a passport to deliver that, monsieur."

So the news had reached the Palace. Then the rumor that she is drowned was true?

Maldinavo nodded, and made the Cross on his breast.

"Yes."

Rupert hesitated. Then:

"About an hour ago a lady arrived in a carriage?"

"Mme. Varenne with the Prince?"

"No, later than that—much later."

"I have been here since ten o'clock except for the messenger who brought news of the Princess' death, no one arrived."

"She entered by another door, perhaps?"

"Every other door is closed."

Rupert was puzzled. There was a shadow in the Count's face to suggest that he was lying.

"But you must be mistaken. I saw her leave for the Palace myself."

"There is no mistake."

"But tell me," Rupert insisted, "when the Prince arrived did he not order a carriage to be sent to a villa at the Hotel de Couronne?"

"The Prince ordered a carriage, but said nothing about the hotel. He left himself." A look of panic came into Rupert's eyes and the Count added: "Nothing strange in that?"

"What kind of carriage?"

"A very disreputable one, to my thinking. No window glass and a great part of the back panel."

Rupert was silent for a moment, but the muscles of his face were twitching.

"You say that the Prince arrived with Madame Varenne?"

"What of it?"

"That is what I am going to find out," said Rupert, and made a dash for the stairs.

He needed no guide to direct him to the room, nor did he stand on ceremony outside the door.

The many candles had been extinguished, and it was lit now by an electric lamp beside the bed, and another on the dressing-table.

Lola Varenne was sitting up in bed, holding some jewellery on the counterpane. She opened her mouth to scream as he came into the room, but shut it on a gasp as she recognized him.

"Come to say, 'Thank you,' mon cousin?" she asked. "You see, I didn't talk seriously after all."

Rupert crossed to the bed.

"You may find I have come to carry you out, unless you tell me the truth."

"About what?"

"Where has he taken her?"

"He? Her? I don't know what you're talking about."

"You told him she was not the Princess?"

"You—um—"

"Well, what did he say?"

"Oh, he swore very badly, but afterwards he laughed. I did not like the way he laughed." She swept up the jewels and cupped hands and thrust them beneath a pillow. Then she patted the bed. "All here, and say 'Thank you' nicely."

But before he could reply the door was thrown open and three of the men who formed his guard burst into the room. Behind them, in a wheel chair, with a bandage round his head, was Colmar.

"There's your man! Get him!" he called.

Rupert leapt behind the cover of the dressing-table before the first shot fired by Colmar, shattered the mirror. Rupert's hand darted out and seized a pair of scissors.

There was a tiny blue arc and a fix as he cut through the flex of the electric standard. The light fused.

Lola called upon the name of the Virgin as the room was plunged into darkness.

Against the dim glow of the lights in the corridor Rupert saw two of the men standing bewildered. Luck put into his hand a large globe-shaped bottle of Lola's perfume. It struck the nearest man on the forehead and blinded him with the drenching spirit.

"Oh! Aie!" he cried in anguish. The sword he carried fell with a clatter to the floor.

The odds were shortened when Rupert's fingers closed round its hilt.

In the corridor Colmar was yelling orders and curses. Twice he fired into the darkness.

What followed was funny, save from Colmar's point of view. The chair spun in circles. One of its wheels fouled the top stair. He cried out in terror as it heeled over and they rolled together to the landing below. Came a series of heavy thuds and the snap of a neck breaking. Captain Colmar had gone to join his master.

The rest was easy. The remaining man was strong, but a poor hand with a sword. In less than a dozen passes it was wrenched out of his grip and clattered to rest in the shadows.

"Excellent!" he pleaded.

But Rupert silenced him with the hilt.

Then he looked the door on Lola and the fellow who was nursing his perfumed eyes. He invited no risk of meeting further obstacles and delays in the main hall, but descended by another staircase and dropped into the courtyard from one of the ground floor windows.

To the driver of the coach he gave the order:

"Porte Stephan and go like hell."

Fanny was asleep in her corner as Rupert jumped into the coach.

CHAPTER 22

MELIORA had driven the best part of a mile before she realised how long was being taken to reach the Palace. With so much to occupy her thoughts she had scarcely noticed that the windows were boarded or how stuffy it was in the carriage.

Leaning forward she rapped her knuckles against the boards and called. There was no response.

At a loss to understand why she should be shut up in such a fashion, she knocked again and called louder.

This time they heard, for the carriage came to a standstill, the door opened, and a man entered and sat beside her.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"All right. Drive on," said he.

The door shut with a snap.

Meliora could not say whether she was relieved or not to recognise the voice of the Prince.

"You shouldn't have called for me. I would rather have been alone," she said.

"You are much too pretty to be alone."

His voice was thick and his words were blurred.

Meliora moved as far from him as the seat allowed.

"I am not in the mood for compliments. Your Highness. Why are we taking so long to reach the palace?"

"We aren't going to the palace."

Meliora was grateful for the darkness. It hid from him the expression that must have betrayed her. With an effort she managed to ask:

"What do you mean by that?"

"I know everything. Not such a fool as you thought me. Clever plot, but not clever enough. The woman Lola told me the truth."

Meliora closed her eyes.

Prince Ethlyn did not interrupt her reflections. He had sent a telegram in code to his father stating that King Stephan and his daughter Heloise were dead and that he might be expected in Therrania

when he turned up. Then he had ordered the carriage and now—this.

He had not expected Meliora to accept in silence the news that her pretences had been unmasked, but he assumed that conscience and shame held her dumb. For something to say, he voiced that opinion.

"No, I am rather proud of myself," was her reply. "That I was willing to take my half-sister's place even though I had to be betrothed to you."

If she had struck him in the face he could not have been more affronted.

"That's very good!" said he. "And what was your opinion of me?"

"A conceited and spoilt young man who cared for nothing but himself."

"I think I am right in believing that you are a natural child?" He laid stress on the word natural.

"Perfectly right, but you would be wrong to believe that I am likely to behave in a natural way with you because of that."

He reached for one of her hands and gripped it like a vice.

"You are asking for a lesson in manners," said he.

"From you?" she inquired.

He tossed her hand away.

"All right, all right, there is plenty of time before us."

Until then she had not troubled to ask what his plans might be. The carriage was rumbling on into the night and she knew that the city of Lemno must be far behind them.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Out of Morosco. We shall pass the frontier a little after dawn."

"Into Therrania?"

He gave a short laugh.

"Is that likely?"

Meliora's spirits leapt. If it was not to the frontiers of Therrania they were bound then they would surely be making for the mountain pass and the village of Zapalato in the plains. That meant they were upon the same road along which Rupert and Fanny would travel that night. She did not betray her excitement, however, but said:

"I suppose you would not want your own people to be about when I was getting the lesson you promised me."

"I would not," he agreed.

"To Zapalato, then?"

"Yes."

The road was full of potholes and the carriage swayed from side to side. The atmosphere inside was thick and heavy.

Ethlyn gave an outward breath.

"Like a ship at sea in here! Can scarcely breathe!"

He drove his elbow against one of the window boards, which splintered and fell outward. A rush of cooler air entered.

The Prince leaned out to suck it into his lungs. Over his head Meliora saw stars and beneath them plains, and far away, like ghosts in the moonlight, the mountains.

In the peary light of dawn, looking down upon a curve of road miles below, Meliora saw a coach and four horses. Tiny as ants they looked as they toiled at the slope.

The Prince slept on.

Washed, shaved, and entirely sober, Prince Ethlyn took his place at the breakfast table in the inn at Zapalato. The fare was not of such excellent quality as to prevent his mind from wandering to more important matters.

Meliora had gone upstairs to tidy herself and, left alone, Ethlyn reviewed his conduct of the night before. He no longer felt the same bitter resentment against her that had prompted him to carry her off.

The savage mood had given place to one of regret that she was not indeed the Princess Heloise to whom he was betrothed. The chance to wed so lovely a girl does not often fall to the lot of princes.

It was a very scandalous thing that he should have been imposed upon by Stephan and his natural daughter, but he could not help wondering if he had not been the greatest possible fool in failing to allow himself to be deceived.

Probably the woman Lola Varenne would have consented to keep her mouth shut at

a price; and any others who might have been in the secret. He asked himself if it was too late, even now, to take her back.

The other plans he had made for her future had lost their charms under the sobering influence of the morning sun. She did not belong to the class of girl from which a man recruits a mistress.

As Prince Ethlyn cracked the shell of his second egg he sighed despondently. He was sighing as Meliora came into the room.

Unaccountably confident she looked. She took her place opposite to him at the table without a tremor. Her composure was not very flattering to his amour propre, for he had not said a word to justify the belief that she had nothing to fear from him.

He could not be expected to know how much of her confidence sprang from the knowledge that a coach and four was covering the last few miles of its journey to Zapalato at a lumbering trot.

As she poured out her coffee she smiled at him and, in his new and sensitive mood, he thought he detected a shade of pity in the smile.

Resting his chin in cupped hands he looked at her sorrowfully.

"Our first breakfast," he said.

"First and last," he frowned.

"What reason have you to say that?"

"Because you aren't really a bad fellow, Ethlyn. If you were I shouldn't have found you sighing over your egg."

He resented the imputation of purity and remorse, as would most other young men of estate.

"A man isn't necessarily a saint because he sighs."

"Nor a villain because he loses his temper and takes a girl for a ride."

"Do you hate me for that, Meliora?"

She shook her head.

"I'm rather grateful, really. Sooner or later the truth was sure to have come out—and then what?"

"That's what I have been asking myself. Would it have come out? If I hadn't been drunk last night I believe I would have accepted you—like and all."

"For myself, Ethlyn, or because you believe that way, things might have been better for your country and mine?"

"For your beautiful self, my child."

"At least that's honest," said she. "Now, as things are, I suppose you'll go back to Therrania and make as much trouble for us as you can."

"Why should I? There is another possibility. Suppose you and I were to return to Morosco?"

A sudden fear came into her eyes and she shook her head. "No, no, not again."

"But why not. You are a King's daughter. Most husbands are deceived. Wouldn't it be a sign of grace if I allowed myself to be deceived willingly?"

"It is too late—it must be too late."

"Why must it? You were brave enough yesterday. Of what are you afraid to-day?"

"Oh, don't you see? You've given me my freedom, Ethlyn. You can't take it away again."

"How have I given you freedom? We are together here. I can do what I please."

"No," she said. "You want me to go back because you love me and that would be the simplest way to get me; but I won't go back because I love someone else."

Prince Ethlyn glared at Meliora.

"That young Englishman, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes."

She raised her head and listened. From down the road came the clot-a-clot of horses' hoofs.

"He is coming for me—now."

Ethlyn pushed back his chair.

"We shall both be glad to see him," he said.

CHAPTER 23

ANY drama that might have attended the arrival of Rupert and Fanny was dispelled by her first remark to Meliora.

"So he got you here all right? I told

Ru there was nothing to fuss about, but it's a wonder he didn't break our necks for all that. My word, I ache all over!" She plumped down in a chair and fanned herself with a table napkin.

Mellora crossed to her.

"How is your head, mother?"

"Rather sore, and the plaster pulls a bit when I smile, but it isn't anything." She turned and addressed Ethlyn. "Don't know what would have happened if you hadn't got her out of Morocco when you did. A few minutes after you left they found poor little Heloise and recognised her."

So the last thread that might have pulled Mellora back to Lemno had snapped. She looked at the Prince and lifted her shoulders.

"You see," she said.

But he made no answer. He was watching Rupert and Rupert was watching him.

"If you are not too tired after your journey we might have a stroll together," he suggested.

"At once," said Rupert.

Mellora moved towards him, but Fanny shooped her away.

"Let them fight it out. You know what men are. Never satisfied any other way."

Rupert held open the door.

"After you, your Highness."

"Highness be damned!" said Ethlyn, and thrust Rupert before him on to the verandah.

For some distance they walked in silence and in their eyes was a light of keen and joyous anticipation. On a stretch of foreshore beneath the donkey-backed bridge where Rupert had first declared his love for Mellora, they stripped to the waist and the Prince exhibited a pair of shut fists.

"It is unfortunate we have no other weapons but these," he said, "but I shall do my best to kill you with them."

"The last man who boxed with me dislocated his shoulder because he hit nothing but air. A very famous boxer, who was present, personally complimented me on my ability to escape punishment."

"If he were here to-day he wouldn't," said Rupert, and with a straight left landed smartly on Ethlyn's nose.

The Prince's surprise was so complete that he dropped his guard.

"Damnation," he exclaimed, and covered up as Rupert waded into him.

Five minutes later, bruised and panting, the two men staggered apart. In the absence of a timekeeper, they rested by tacit consent. Rupert found a rock to lean against, while Ethlyn sat on the sand and looked at his knuckles ruefully. He was in very bad shape.

"Your body is very hard," he complained. "I think I hurt myself more than I hurt you. It is a pity, perhaps, that we did not fight with swords. I am better with a sword."

"We might go and look for some," Rupert suggested.

Ethlyn shook his head.

"Perhaps not, with my hands in their present condition. It would have been more fitting if we had fought with pistols."

"We can, if you like. Unless you would rather we threw stones at each other."

"It seems to me," said the Prince, "that that is just what we are doing. Verbal stones," and he smiled at Rupert rather charmingly.

Rupert heaved himself away from the rock and came forward.

"How about getting on with it?"

"As you wish, but I have an unpleasant feeling that I am going to be knocked out. Tell me, Mr. Deniston, do you think my successes in previous contests were due to the fact that I was opposed by members of the Court?"

"Is it important?"

"To me—yes." He fingered a swelling above his right eye. "You make a most indifferent courtier, Mr. Deniston."

In spite of the indignation he had felt

for the Prince, Rupert could not prevent a smile. Ethlyn shook his head sadly.

"I can only conclude from your silence that you are of that opinion. It is very humiliating."

"What's troubling you?"

"The thought that I may have succeeded through birth where skill would have failed me. For years I enjoyed the belief that I was invincible alike in love as in the manly arts, and in the last few hours that belief has been shattered. Who would be a prince?" And he sighed gustily.

"As to that," said Rupert, "I don't mind confessing that this time yesterday I would have given everything I possess to have changed places with you."

"That is small consolation," Ethlyn replied, "since, now, there is no man alive I envy more than yourself. The loveliest girl is in love with you, and in a very few minutes you will enjoy the satisfaction of having knocked out her most ardent admirer."

It was not with any hope of escaping punishment that he expressed this conviction, but rather as one who accepted with melancholy, the inevitable laws of nature.

"Look here," Rupert suggested, "suppose we put on our shirts and call it a day."

"You can call it what you like, Deniston, but to me it will be nothing but the darkest night. You perceive in me a man who has lost everything—his betrothed, his hopes for the future, and a large measure of his self-respect."

Picking up a bundle of clothes, Rupert dropped them into the lap of the dejected Prince.

"I wouldn't take it so hard," said he. "You've had an unlucky break, but things are never as black as they seem. In a month you will be laughing over the whole business, if it hasn't passed out of your mind."

He spoke with conviction, voicing a sentiment that he would never have endorsed twelve hours earlier. He added:

"You'll find plenty of others to help you forget."

"That," said the Prince, "is probably true, but what is less probable is that I shall ever get my head through this shirt."

"You have got it the wrong way round," said Rupert, and came gallantly to his rescue.

"I think I have got quite a number of things the wrong way round," said Ethlyn, and casting gloom aside, he broke into a laugh.

In the enjoyment of that intimacy that springs into life after violent conflict, the two young men retraced their steps to the hotel. As they walked they talked agreeably to one another.

It was a happy inspiration of Rupert's to profit by Ethlyn's amiable mood and persuade him to use his influence to improve the friendly relations between his country and Morocco.

Watching from the verandah, Fanny turned to Mellora with a sniff.

"Look at those two fools! Can you beat it? Wouldn't surprise me if Ru doesn't make him his best man yet."

The train did not leave Zapalato until three o'clock that afternoon. About an hour before it was due to depart a very resplendent motor car drew up before the hotel.

Rupert recognised it at once as the car which had been sent for Remartin. But on this occasion no soldiers or liveried servants accompanied it. Its interior was crammed roof-high with luggage. A woman was at the wheel—Lola Varenne.

Her mischievous little face, strained from long hours of driving, broke into a smile at the sight of Rupert. He did not return the smile with equal warmth and she was swift to understand why.

"Don't flatter yourself that I've come after you, because I haven't! That Ran-

sart threw me out of Morocco. He went through my boxes, too, as if I were a servant. Not that he found much," she tapped her breast suggestively.

Fanny, Mellora and the Prince joined them. Bager questions were hurled at Lola.

"Oh, I didn't do so badly. I made send me in the palace car and, when driver was drinking at the frontier brought it on myself."

"But what is happening at Lemno?" Mellora insisted.

"Excitement—flags—cheering crowds. That Ransart declared a republic. It's hardly decent with the King unborn. Everybody has gone mad. It's the people—the people—the people wherever you go. Perhaps I was lucky to get out of it as I did."

"Oh, I hope . . ." said Mellora, and the sentence unfinished.

The Prince came forward and bowed. "And what are your future plans, madame?"

Lola shrugged her shoulders.

"To drive on to Vienna—Paris. I have thought."

The Prince mused.

"Vienna, Paris! It is curious, but I am going that way myself."

Lola Varenne looked at him, appraisingly.

"Can you handle a car?"

He drew himself up.

"Can I handle a car? I would have known that I have responded to no fewer than seventy-four summonses for driving to the public danger."

Lola smiled.

"I might be ready to take the risk," she said. "Give me some food and we will eat it over, mon ami."

CHAPTER 24

WITH their elbows on the parapet of the bridge, Rupert and Mellora looked across the plain towards the frontiers of Morocco.

And Mellora said:

"The mountains—they are quite new, Rupert. They beckon no longer."

"Are you sorry it is all over?"

"How could I be?"

"Dreams of greatness gone? Having to do with little things again?"

"I never wanted to be great—only useful. Will it be all right over there, do you think?"

"I can't think so far away when you are beside me."

She turned and smiled for him.

"It's dangerous to be important, Rupert. Never let me be too important, will you?"

"You could never be anything else but me."

"To myself, I mean. Like I was when I thought I could give you up. What would have happened to you if I had given you up? Would you have gone off with Lola Varenne, or something?"

He lifted his shoulders. He could not see himself without her.

"I don't know. How can I tell? When love ends or smashes everything changes in a man. He becomes new—different—better, perhaps, or worse. He can never be the same man again."

Mellora drew closer to him, so close that her cheek rested against his.

"Perhaps it is as well things have turned out this way," she said, "for I would have you different for anything in the world."

From the station came the whistle of an engine.

"For us," said Rupert.

Linking an arm through one of his, they turned their backs on Morocco.

(The End.)

(All characters in this story are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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